THE LAUREL MUSIC SERIES

The Laurel Music-Reader

C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY

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Julian Miller

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THE

LAUREL MUSIC-READER

EDITED BY

W. L. TOMLINS

BOSTON
C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY
1907

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INTRODUCTION.

We offer this present collection of songs to the musicians and educators of the country in the hope that it will be found to maintain the high standard of general excellence for which its forerunner, The Laurel Song Book, is now so justly famous. The editor has endeavored to make the volume equally as representative of the best in standard and contemporary musical art, and to admit only such texts as would merit the praise of the lover of good literature and bring to the student the riches of an uplifting sentiment or ennobling thought. Music being the art *par excellence* wherein the complexity of man's nature finds completest expression, it follows that any collection of songs, to be superior, must be characterized by a many-sided content, and therefore the editor has so compiled this work as to give voice therein to all the emotions of hope, love, worship, and joy, and to all the immemorial thoughts and feelings of home, fatherland, religion, and beauty in which our humanity finds its best and truest ideals. Side by side with the appealing homeliness of the Folk-Song, will be found the majestic concepts of the great masters, and along with these the beautiful music of the present with its unique intermingling of simple melody and subtile harmony, and all the rich color and rhythm of our wonderful modern world. Naturally, and (as the editor thinks) quite justly, the same relative place of importance has been accorded to these in the present work as in The Laurel Song Book.

The faith expressed by the editor five years ago in the introduction to that book regarding the worth and beauty of our contemporary American music, has been amply justified by the praise and recognition given to many of our composers by the entire world, and also by the preference shown by a great number of singers for the American compositions contained in The Laurel Song Book.

As time and experience have demonstrated the worth of contemporary musical art, whose characteristic is a rich many-sidedness, so time and experience have proved the value and correctness of contemporary methods of vocal instruction, whose object is to develop the fullest and most complete power of self-expression in the singer, and in its presentation of a number of songs which provide for a full and rich self-expression, consists the distinctive pedagogical contribution of the present collection.

To the many teachers familiar with the editor's educational faith, this doctrine of self-realization through music will immediately be recognized as the evangel to which he has dedicated all the best and most earnest years of his life. As far back as 1884 the editor opened up the way to complete vocal expression for countless little ones by demonstrating that up to the age of puberty the voice of the boy is identical with that of the girl, namely, soprano. Previous to that time, the musical expression of the young boy had been restricted to a very small range in the lower compass, the notes of which, moreover, were harsh and unnatural, necessarily so, since for the most part they were improperly produced.

There is no period in life in which complete expression is more essential than during the period of adolescence, and both from a practical and ethical standpoint, in withholding from a boy the opportunity for using every natural tone in his voice, there is danger not only of depriving him of the inspiriting privilege of thorough self-expression, but also of impairing his changing voice. Now a sufficient number of songs have been selected for this book to insure complete expression and exercise of the entire range of the boy voice during this critical and momentous period of dawning manhood, while many of the pieces are written in a quite limited compass.

There is another and most important reason for the selection of material presenting considerable diversity of range in a book intended to be used by the adolescent boy — namely, the

requirements of the mutative voice. What these requirements are we shall discover by considering awhile the peculiar nature of this voice and its changes. It is commonly supposed that the shrill and uncertain tones emitted during the period of adolescence are indicative of a general breaking up of the child voice, presaging its total destruction, and ushering in the new and entirely different voice of manhood. This is far from being the truth. The fact is that the child voice, instead of breaking up and being lost, is simply growing *lower, heavier, and more resonant.* This change is very gradual, in some cases almost imperceptible.[1] It is therefore the duty of the teacher to coöperate with nature at this time by assisting her in the process by which she causes the voice to become *lower, heavier, and more resonant.* Now it must be borne clearly in mind that even as the voice is growing *lower, heavier, and more resonant,* it will still have its relatively high tones, which require for their development careful training and systematic exercise. The old proverb says, "Nature does nothing by leaps"; this is particularly true with regard to the transformation of the adolescent voice. She does not change it over night from a high to a low voice, but discards the high tones one by one as she develops in their stead the lower, heavier, and more resonant tones of young manhood.

Wherein lies the significance and utility of these facts for the teacher? In the first place, the careful teacher will see to it that material is chosen from the book to meet the special requirements of the transforming voice at each stage of nature's lowering process. Again, recognizing in the so-called "breaking" voice of the boy his natural voice undergoing a lowering process, they will consistently inhibit the use of the harsh, injurious chest voice, and constantly encourage the pupil to develop the natural and properly produced voice.

What is the meaning of this phrase, "The natural and properly produced voice"? The answer is, that *the only natural voice is the "head voice," and that any other voice is false, forced, disagreeable, and injurious, and that therefore when the head voice is used for every tone high and low throughout the entire range, producing one unbroken register, then, and only then, is the voice properly produced.*[2] *The natural voice of adolescence, for instance, is produced by the same mechanism, and in precisely the same way as the head voice of childhood.* If this truth were never lost sight of, there would not only be a general improvement in the quality of all male voices, but many good tenors would be saved to us, for it will immediately be seen how the natural tenor voice can be impaired beyond remedy, or irrevocably lost, by permitting pupils to use the false or so-called chest mechanism in the production of tones during the changing period.[3] Therefore, no matter how quavering and thin the head tones of their true voice may be during the adolescent period, the embryo tenors should never be permitted to give them up for the so-called chest tones.

Let us cling to what is natural, to "the gifts the gods provide," remembering that

"Nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her."

Through faith in the potentialities of the natural voice, much good will come to the cause of school music and an immediately apparent improvement in the choral work of the pupils manifesting itself in an even quality of tone, a sweeter, more pleasing speaking voice, a greater ease in expression, and therefore a greater charm, resulting from a faithful dependence upon native power and (most desirable of all) a continuous development in the direction of a juster interpretation

[1] This whole question is treated in the thorough and lucid exposition of Mr. Davidson Palmer in his admirable pamphlet entitled, "The Voice of Boy at the Breaking Period;" also by Mr. John J. Dawson, in his excellent work, "The Voice of the Boy."

[2] The so-called chest voice, so often heard in the singing of the schoolroom of to-day, is produced through an incorrect use of the vocal chords, and is consequently an absolutely false voice. The low tones as well as high tones of all the singers should at all times be sung by the use of the mechanism of the larynx which produces what is commonly referred to as the "head voice." This voice is at once recognized by all teachers as the voice that is produced easily and without strain or harshness.

[3] Instead of using the "head tones" (head mechanism) continually, *instead of exercising and producing all the tones in the same way as the head tones of childhood,* and thus giving nature a chance to bring the *natural tenor voice unimpaired, and even improved, through the changing (lowering) period,* the young singer is apt to resort to the false tones of the unnatural chest voice, with the deplorable consequence that his true voice is either atrophied through disuse, wofully injured, or hopelessly ruined.

and deeper enjoyment of the inestimable treasures of the spirit whereby art ennobles and adorns the life of man.

There is another point which the editor believes worthy of earnest consideration; that is, the relation of text and music. Only of late years has this momentous subject received the attention which it merits, and the sympathizers of the ideal for which the editor and his publishers are striving will certainly pardon him for pointing to the fact that in no work intended for schools, with the exception of The Laurel Song Book and the present collection, has any *consistent* endeavor been made to give good literature its rightful place of relative importance in the art of song. The better the verse the better the music, all things being equal. That beautiful and abiding melody has been written to jingling texts we are fain to admit, but (to follow the thought of Carlyle), nothing great and good ever yet came from badness, whether in verse or morals, and wherever there is found a noble melody, clothing and enriching beggarly verse with its loveliness, be certain that it is noble and good, not because of the jingle, but altogether and solely in despite of it; also because it is the work of a master whose music could not well be other than noble, beautiful, and good. And is it not reasonable to assume a superiority of vocal interpretation when the texts of the songs rendered appeal compellingly to the singers, when the thoughts and emotions which attracted and inspired the composer become in turn an attraction and inspiration to both supervisor and pupil?

Leaving æsthetics, and narrowing our view of the matter to the practical, it will be seen that the meritorious verse when compared with the trite and *untuneful* jingle, offers to the singer certain advantages which cannot fail to make his preference of the good text immediate and definitive. In the first place, the literary text is usually rich in mouth-filling vowels, smooth consonants, and alliterative phrases, whereas the "jigging" verse is wanting in these elements. In the second place, when these metrical virtues are properly adapted to music, the effect is seen in a declamation which is as grateful to the vocalist as it is delightful to the auditor; and here let it be remembered that incorrect accent inevitably begets bad tone. In the third place, the literary text encourages intelligent, even dramatic rendition, since the singer follows the changing moods of the poem, and therefore sings vitally, interpreting with his mind and emotions instead of slavishly depending mechanically upon the musical symbols, and interpreting through the eye alone. Finally, the good text, for all these above-given reasons, invites completeness of self-expression because it appeals, if it be in organic relation with the music, to the heart as well as to the senses.

The editor is encouraged to believe that the generous welcome and ready appreciation accorded The Laurel Song Book will also be given to this collection.

May it prove a worthy companion volume, its equal in excellence, interest, and popularity.

THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

In The Laurel Music-Reader certain provisions have been made to meet the conditions with which the supervisor is frequently confronted in the choruses of the upper grades. One year, for instance, there may be a number of good bass voices in these grades; the next year, the bass element may be deplorably wanting.

To successfully master the difficulties created by this unstable bass element, the book presents a number of songs wherein the bass part is to be sung *ad Lib.*, so that whether this part is used or not, the songs will be found complete.

In addition to these there are compositions in which the bass is essential to the harmony and designedly tuneful in character, the melody in a number of cases being given to this part. In the daily routine, the teacher should have no hesitancy, when a sufficient number of basses are not available, in assigning the bass part of these songs to the alto-tenor (in the octave). It must be remembered, at all times, that the first consideration of the teacher is to protect the changing voice of the adolescent boy.

The editor has for many years noted the bad effect upon girls' voices of too exclusive and continuous use of the lower range of the voice. It is necessary that all the natural tones of this voice should receive continuous and systematic exercise.

The alto part in this collection is of more than usual range, so that the girl singers may not be limited to a comparatively small compass. The considerate teacher will, however, arrange for the alternate apportionment and exchange of parts.

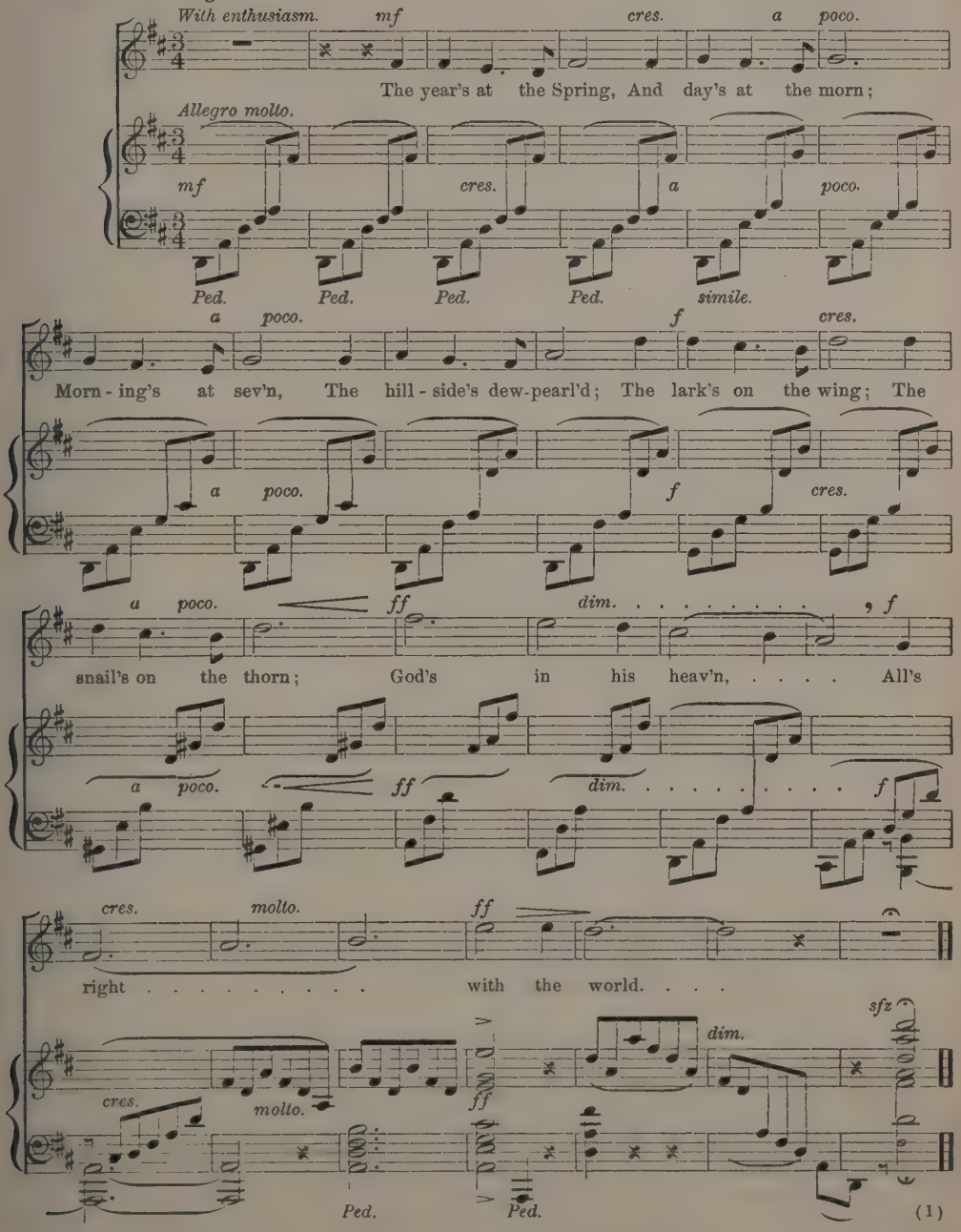
The second alto and tenor parts, except in possible rare instances, should not be assigned to any of the girls, but should be sung only by the boys.

The predominance of unison songs is a feature of this collection. It is in these pieces that all the singers of the grades will be enabled to express themselves with a generous degree of musical completeness; also the weak tones of the changing voice will in these unison songs be frequently called into use, and so be greatly strengthened and improved, always provided that such tones be rightly produced.

Ample opportunity is offered in the present collection for the singing of the tenor from the bass staff, the importance of which practice will be appreciated by all teachers, when they consider that in much of the music outside of the music of the schools, as found, for example, in the various collections for church and home, the part for this voice is printed on the bass staff.

PIPPA'S SONG.

Robert Browning. **W. W. Gilchrist.**



GIPSY SONG.

Mary Frances Galvin.

Roumanian Folk Song.
Arr. by N. Clifford Page.

Allegretto grazioso.
f
1. Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, The
2. Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, The
Staccato e ben marcato.
mf
La, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra
BASS
ad lib.
La, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra
world be-longs to me, A gip - sy lad, Whose life is glad, I
free - dom of the downs, Is dear - er far Than rich - es are In
la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra
la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra
love what-e'er I see. Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, My days are filled with
pris - on walls of towns. Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, Oh, come and live with
la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra
la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra
poco ritard.
joy, And all the earth Is sweet with mirth For me, a gip - sy boy. Ah! how
me Where sum - mer shines On sing - ing pines And calls you to be free! Ah! how
la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la. Ah!

Valse moderato.
mf
simile.
good, . . just to be! . . . When the blue . . deeps of night . . Bring their
p
Ah! how good, just to be! When the blue deeps of night
p
peace . . to the wood . . Where we live . . . with de - light! . . . When the
Bring their peace to the wood Where we live with de - light!
cres.
f
fire . . . sings its tune . . . And the sweet . . voi - ces ring . . . In our
cres.
When the fire sings its tune And the sweet voi - ces ring
cres.
molto rit. e con forza.
poco ritard.
hearts, . . Then 'tis June . . . And the gip - sy lad's a king! . .
mf poco ritard.
molto rit. e con forza.
In our hearts, Then 'tis June And the gip - sy lad's a king! . .
mf poco ritard.
molto rit. con e forza.

* To be sung by a few selected voices.

a King!

MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS.

Harmonized by Stanford.
Arranged by Geo. Lowell Tracy.

Allegretto con moto.
legato.

1. My love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor-ders of Lene, So slen - der and
2. But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry, And snow - y the flow'r, That bright-en to -

cres.

shape - ly In her gir - dle of green, And I meas - ure the pleas - ure Of her
geth - er The ar - bu - tus bow'r, Per - fum - ing and bloom - ing Thro'

f *dim.* *ril.*

eyes' sap-phire sheen, By the blue skies that spar-kle Thro' the soft branching screen.
sun - shine and show'r, Give me her bright lips And her laugh's pearl-y dow'r.

pp

A - las, fruit and blos - som Shall lie dead on the lea, And time's jeal - ous

rall. *cres.* *f*

fin - gers Dim your young charm, ma - chree; But un - rang - ing, un - chang - ing, You'll

dim.

still cling to me, Like the ev - er - green leaf To the ar - bu - tus tree. . . . .

James Leroy Sanford. **SONS OF HERMAN.** *G. W. Chadwick.*

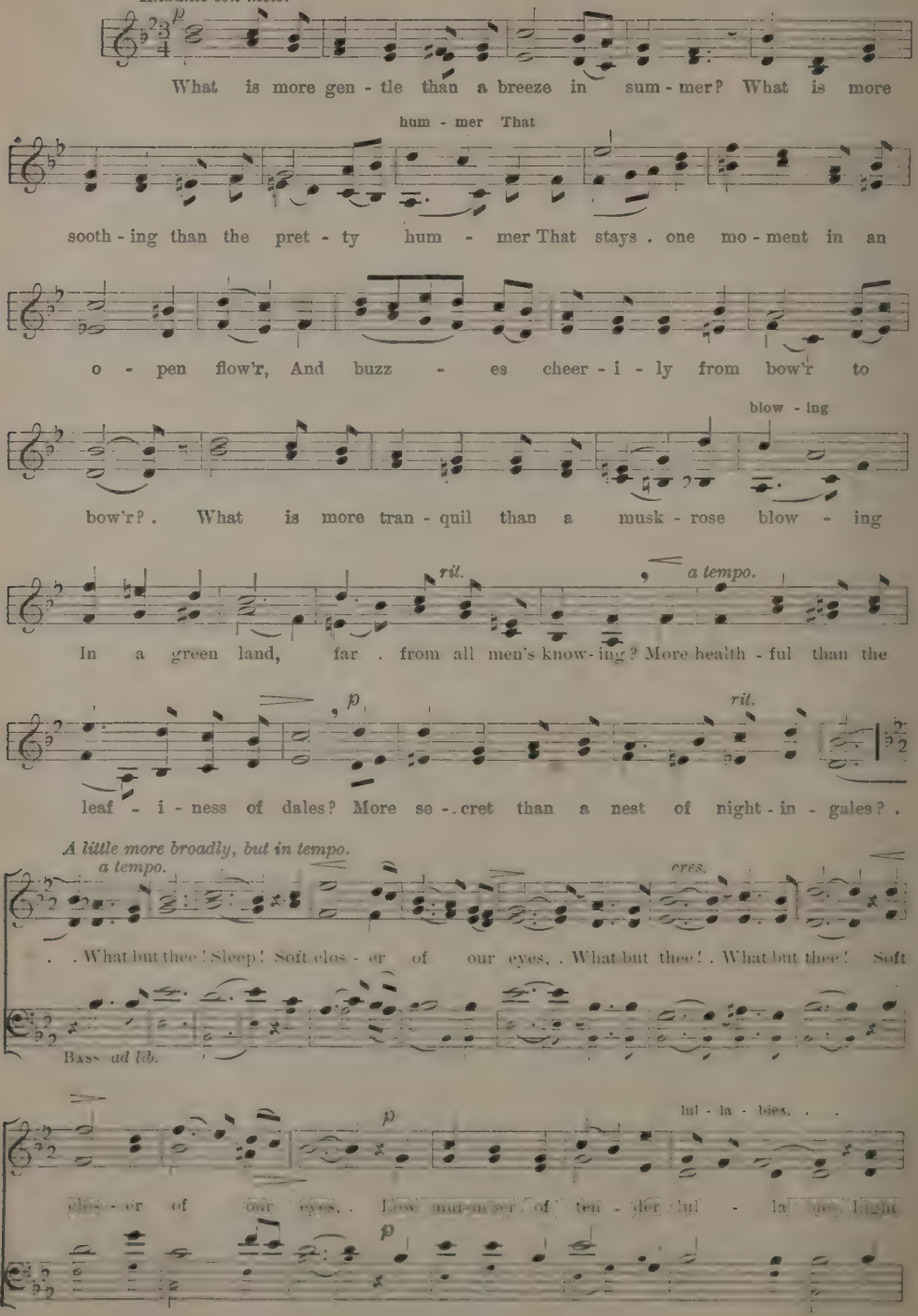
March tempo.

1. Heart so light, . . . eye so bright, ... Arm so stal - wart
2. Hear it soar . . the wild wood o'er . . . . Through the oak tree
1. Heart so light, ... eye so bright, Arm so stal - wart
2. Hear it soar . . . the wild wood o'er Through the oak tree
in the fight; . . . . Seek - ing fame . . . All whose name . . . .
gray and hoar . . . . Loud and long . . . Swells the song . . . .
in the fight; in the fight; Seek - ing fame, ... All whose name
gray and hoar, gray and hoar, Loud and long . . . . Swells the song
p
From great Her - man came. . . Sing-ing, shout - ing, broth-ers,
From the youth - ful throng.
p
Sing - ing, shout - ing, . . . broth-ers, come, . . .
ff
come, Let us gai - ly wan - der home. . Strong and free, true are we, . .
ff
Let us wan - der home. . . Strong and true are we, .
Stars ap - pear, . . . shin - ing clear, . . .
Slower.
p
Shall our watch-word be. . Stars, . stars ap-pear, shin-ing, shining, clear, Let us all be
Stars ap - pear, . shin - ing clear, . Let
broth - ers here. Fa - ther - land, Ho - ly band, . Lead us,
us be brothers here. Ho - ly band, Lead us, Lead us
Tempo 1 mo.
Lead us hand in hand. . Sing-ing, shout-ing, broth-ers, come, let us
hand in hand. . Sing-ing, shout-ing, . . broth-ers, come, . . .
ff
gai - ly wan - der home, . Strong and free, true are we, . Shall our watchword be. .
Let us wan - der home, . . Strong and true are we, . Shall our watchword be. .

SLEEP AND POETRY.

John Keats. *Henry F. Gilbert.*

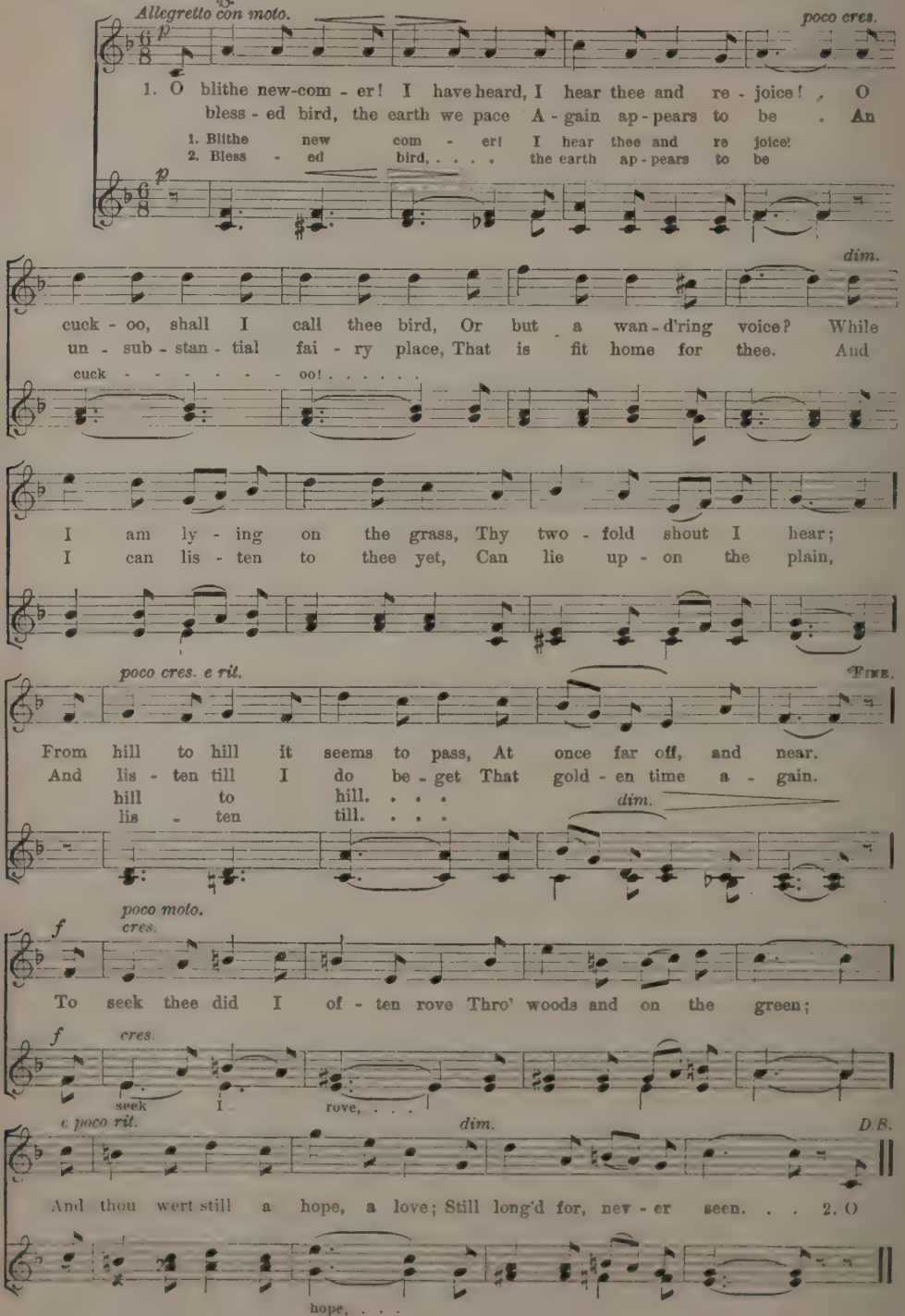
Andante con moto.


p
What is more gen - tle than a breeze in sum - mer? What is more
hum - mer That
sooth - ing than the pret - ty hum - mer That stays . one mo - ment in an
o - pen flow'r, And buzz - es cheer - i - ly from bow'r to
blow - ing
bow'r? . What is more tran - quil than a musk - rose blow - ing
rit.
a tempo.
In a green land, far . from all men's know - ing? More health - ful than the
p
rit.
leaf - i - ness of dales? More se - cret than a nest of night - in - gales? .
A little more broadly, but in tempo.
a tempo.
cres.
. . What but thee! Sleep! Soft clos - er of our eyes, . What but thee! . What but thee! Soft
Bass ad lib.
p
lul - la - bies, . . .
clos - er of our eyes, . Low mur - mur of ten - der lul - la - bies. Light
p

pil-lows, . .
hov - er - er a - round our hap - py, hap - py pil-lows, Wreath-er of pop - py buds and
pil - lows,
p a tempo.
weep - ing wil - lows, What but thee! Sleep, Soft clos - er of our
rit.
clos - - - - er of our eyes.
eyes, What but thee! What but thee! Soft clos - er of our eyes.
cres.
f
mf
tress - es
Si - lent en - tang - ler of beau - ty's tress - es, Most hap - py list-'ner when
f
p
morn - ing bless - es Thee for en- liv - 'ning all the cheer-ful eyes, That glance so
cres.
brightly, that glance so bright - ly at the new sun - - rise. .
new, at the new sun - rise.
f
new, new sun - rise. .
ril.

TO THE CUCKOO.

William Wordsworth. *Henry Waller.*


Allegretto con moto.
poco cres.
1. O blithe new-com - er! I have heard, I hear thee and re - joice! O
bless - ed bird, the earth we pace A - gain ap - pears to be An
1. Blithe new com - er! I hear thee and re joice!
2. Bless - ed bird, ... the earth ap - pears to be
dim.
cuck - oo, shall I call thee bird, Or but a wan - d'ring voice? While
un - sub - stan - tial fai - ry place, That is fit home for thee. And
cuck - - - - - - oo! . . . . .
I am ly - ing on the grass, Thy two - fold shout I hear;
I can lis - ten to thee yet, Can lie up - on the plain,
poco cres. e rit.
FINE.
From hill to hill it seems to pass, At once far off, and near.
And lis - ten till I do be - get That gold - en time a - gain.
hill to hill. . . .
lis - ten till. . . .
dim.
poco moto.
cres.
To seek thee did I of - ten rove Thro' woods and on the green;
cres.
seek I rove, . . .
e poco rit.
dim.
D.S.
And thou wert still a hope, a love; Still long'd for, nev - er seen. . . 2. O
hope, . . .

A MORNING GALLOP.

Victor Hugo.
English by William Chandler.

St. Saens.
Arr. by James Ford.

Assai moderato. ♩ = 88.

mf

Mount and gallop while day is young, Let the re-veil-le now be rung, Clear and

mer-ri-ly, Loud and cheer-i-ly, While our banners to heaven are flung. Like the mists when winds a-

rise, Like the leaves when sum-mer dies, From the glan-ces Of our lan-ces How the

morn-ing shad-ow flies. . . . . Ah . . . . . See the

meadows with jew-els hung; Let the re-veil-le now be rung, Sound it cheer-i-ly, Bold and

f

mer-rily, Up and gallop while day is young, Sound the trumpet, silver strong. (PIANO.)

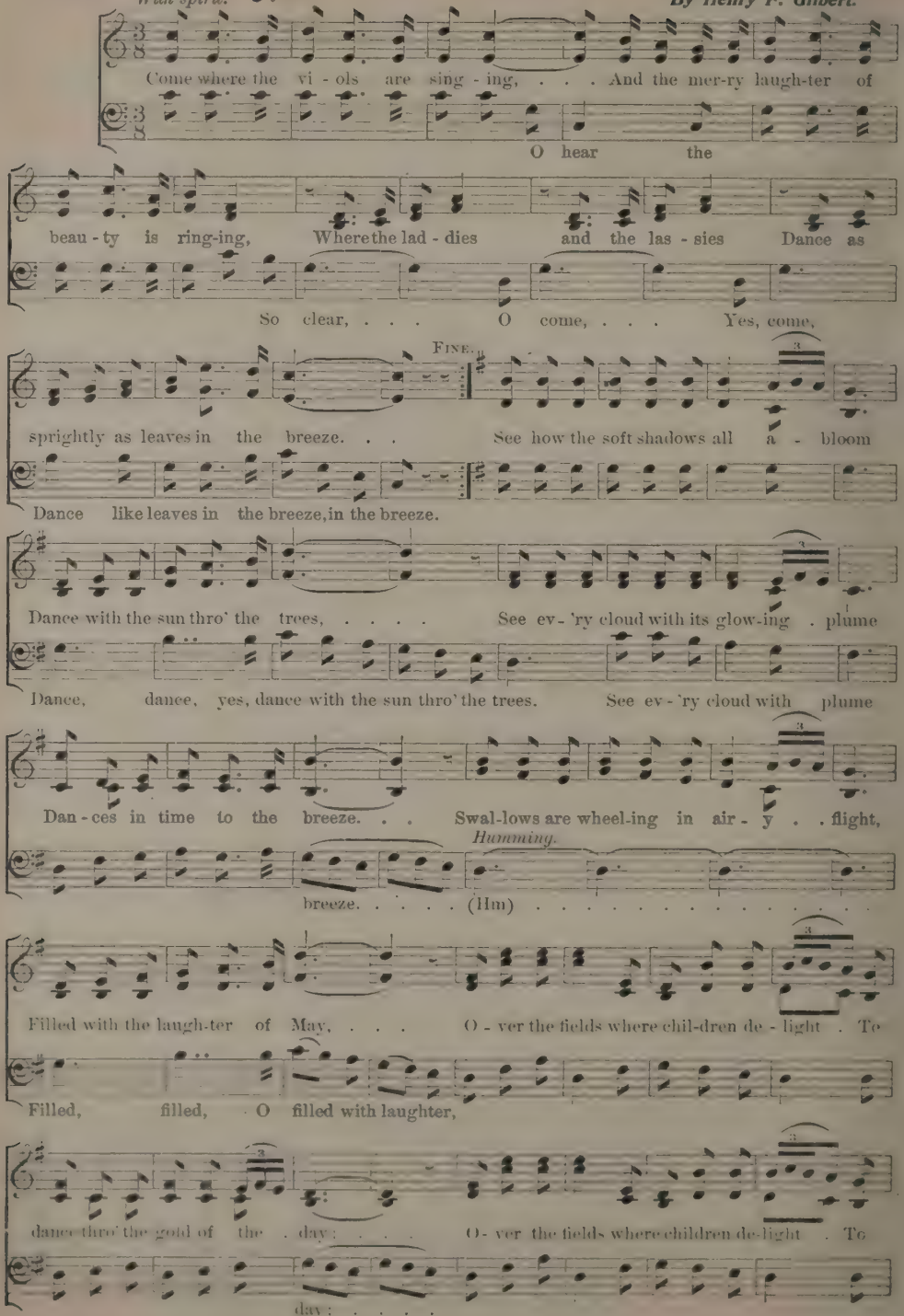
f *ff*

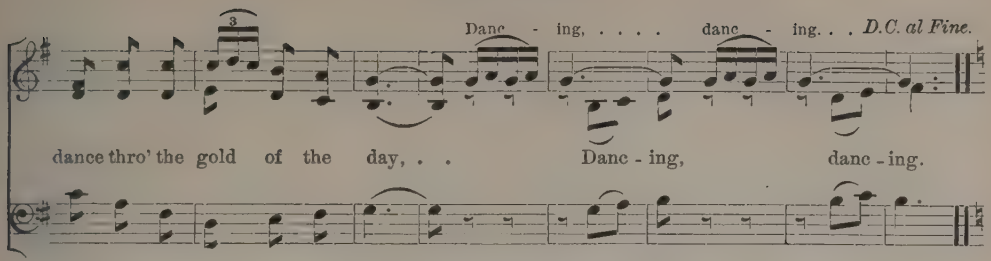
THE DANCERS.

From the Spanish.

With spirit. ♩. = 64.

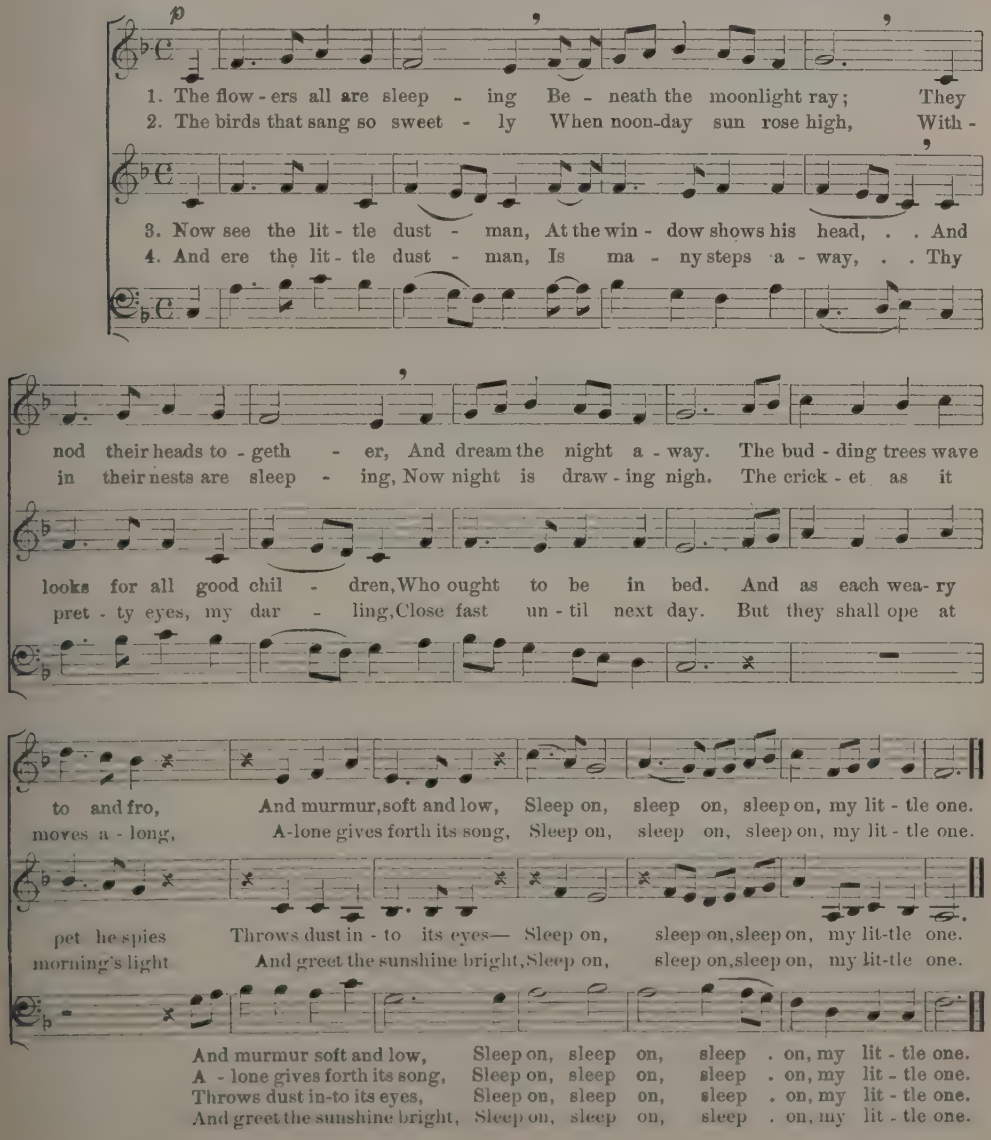
Arr. from P. Lacome,
By Henry F. Gilbert.


Come where the vi - ols are sing - ing, . . . And the mer-ry laugh-ter of
O hear the
beau - ty is ring-ing, Where the lad - dies and the las - sies Dance as
So clear, . . . O come, . . . Yes, come,
Fine.
sprightly as leaves in the breeze. . . See how the soft shadows all a - bloom
Dance like leaves in the breeze, in the breeze.
Dance with the sun thro' the trees, ... See ev - 'ry cloud with its glow-ing . plume
Dance, dance, yes, dance with the sun thro' the trees. See ev - 'ry cloud with plume
Dan - ces in time to the breeze. . . Swal-lows are wheel-ing in air - y . . flight,
Humming.
breeze. . . . . (Hm) . . . . . .
Filled with the laugh-ter of May, . . . O - ver the fields where chil-dren de - light . To
Filled, filled, O filled with laughter,
dance thro' the gold of the . day: . . . O - ver the fields where children de-light . To
day: . . . . .



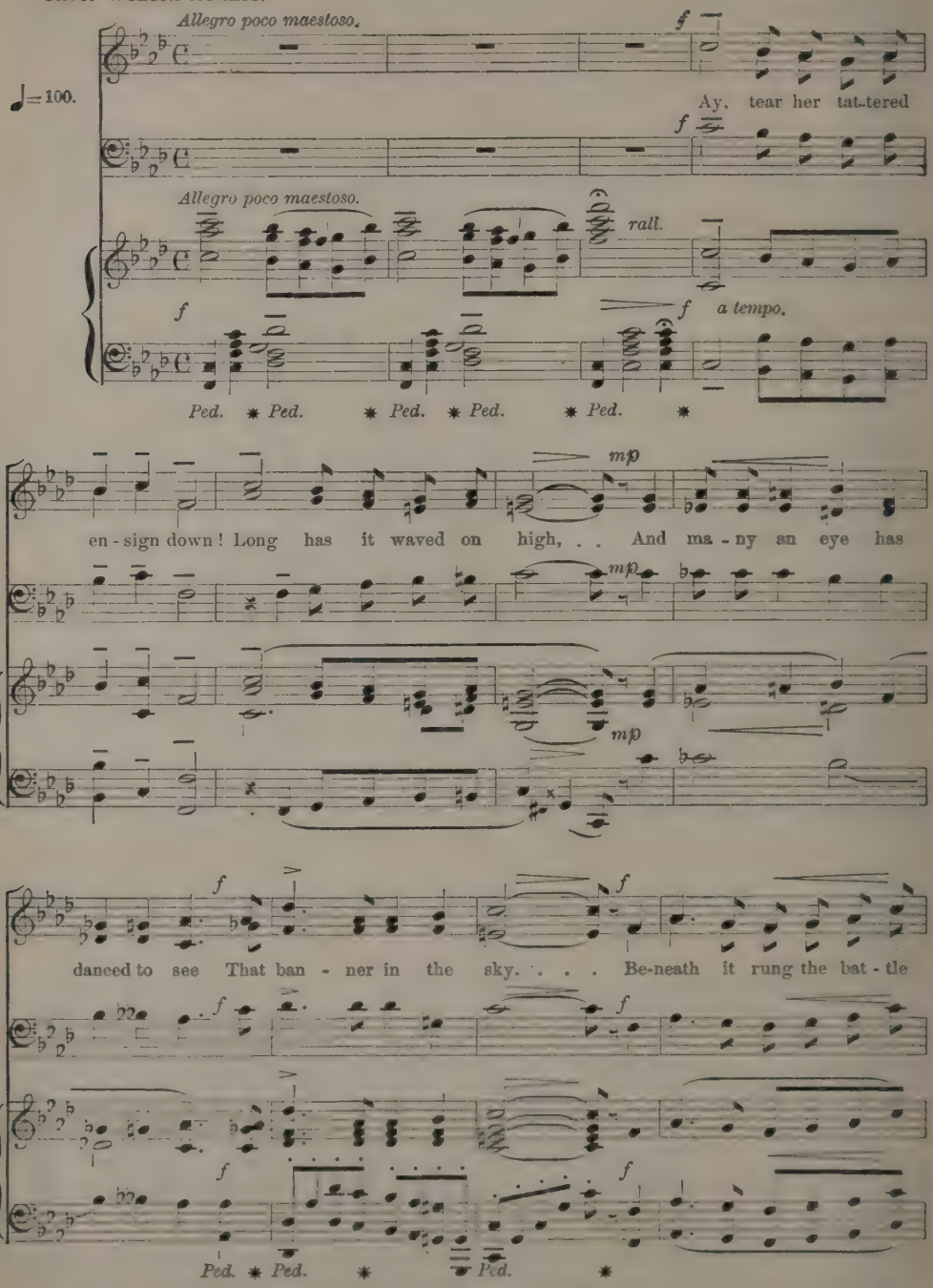
THE SANDMAN.

Brahms.
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist.


1. The flow - ers all are sleep - ing Be - neath the moonlight ray; They
2. The birds that sang so sweet - ly When noon-day sun rose high, With -
3. Now see the lit - tle dust - man, At the win - dow shows his head, . . And
4. And ere the lit - tle dust - man, Is ma - ny steps a - way, . . Thy
nod their heads to - geth - er, And dream the night a - way. The bud - ding trees wave
in their nests are sleep - ing, Now night is draw - ing nigh. The crick - et as it
looks for all good chil - dren, Who ought to be in bed. And as each wea - ry
pret - ty eyes, my dar - ling, Close fast un - til next day. But they shall ope at
to and fro, And murmur, soft and low, Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on, my lit - tle one.
moves a - long, A-lone gives forth its song, Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on, my lit - tle one.
pet he spies Throws dust in - to its eyes— Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on, my lit-tle one.
morning's light And greet the sunshine bright, Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on, my lit-tle one.
And murmur soft and low, Sleep on, sleep on, sleep . on, my lit - tle one.
A - lone gives forth its song, Sleep on, sleep on, sleep . on, my lit - tle one.
Throws dust in-to its eyes, Sleep on, sleep on, sleep . on, my lit - tle one.
And greet the sunshine bright, Sleep on, sleep on, sleep . on, my lit - tle one.

OLD IRONSIDES.

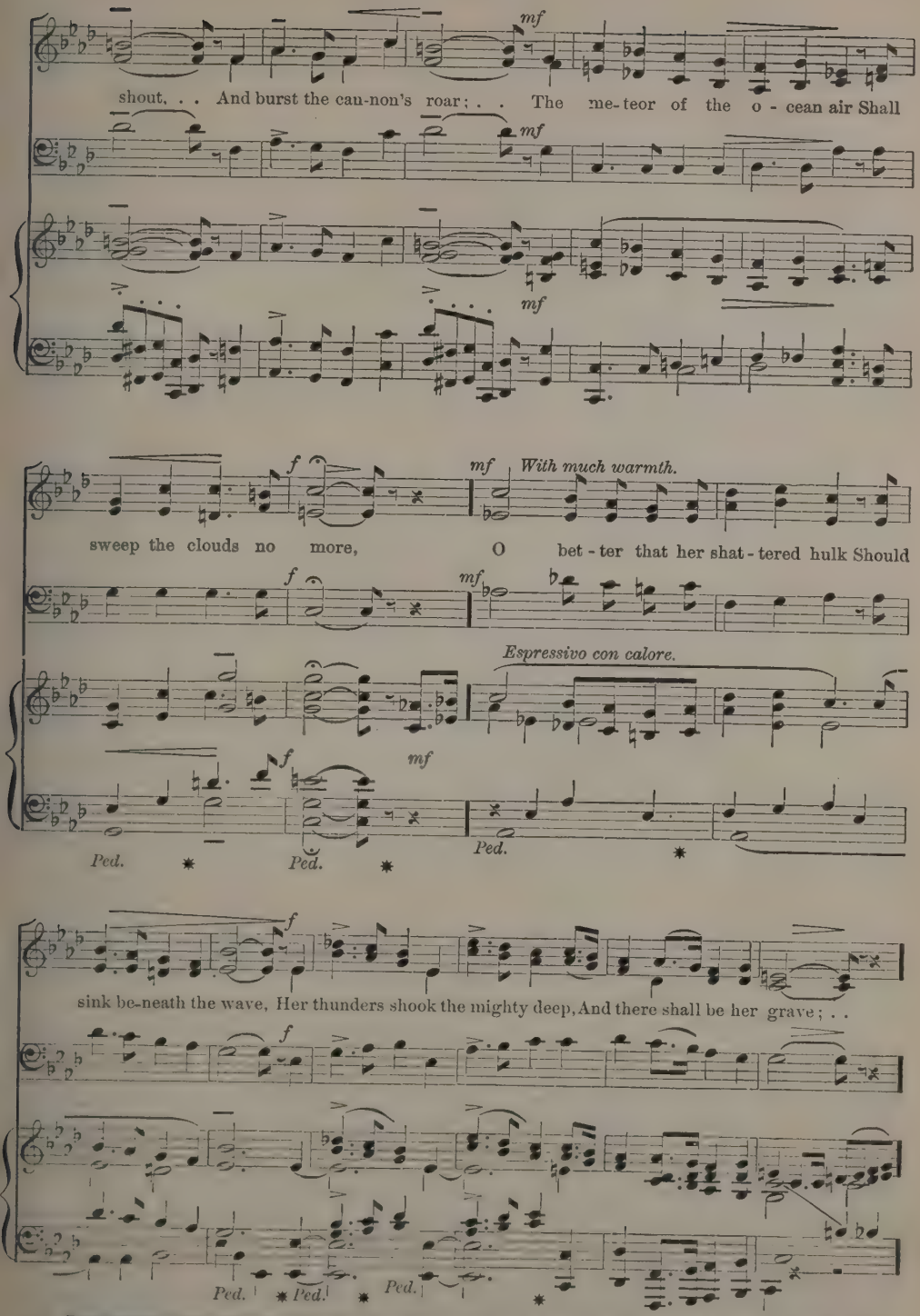
Oliver Wendell Holmes. *Bruno Oscar Klein.*


Allegro poco maestoso.
♩=100.
Ay, tear her tat-tered
Allegro poco maestoso.
rall.
a tempo.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
en-sign down! Long has it waved on high, . . And ma-ny an eye has
danced to see That ban-ner in the sky. . . . Be-neath it rung the bat-tle
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

1. An indignant protest against the proposal to dismantle the heroic old "Constitution," our most famous battleship.

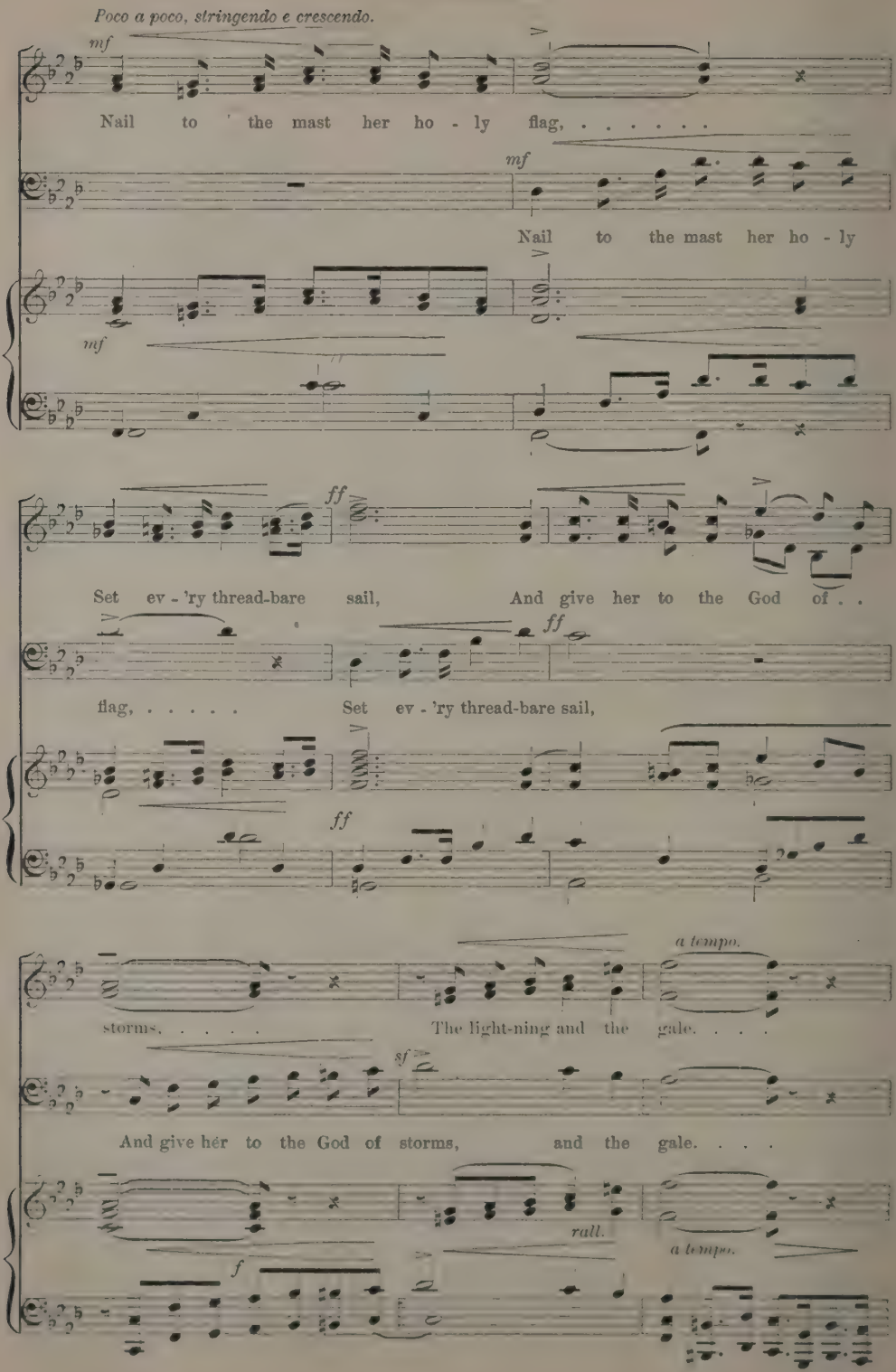
2. The poet begins in scathing satire (Ay, tear her tattered ensign, etc.) through which runs a strain of sadness engendered by the thought of man's forgetfulness and ingratitude.

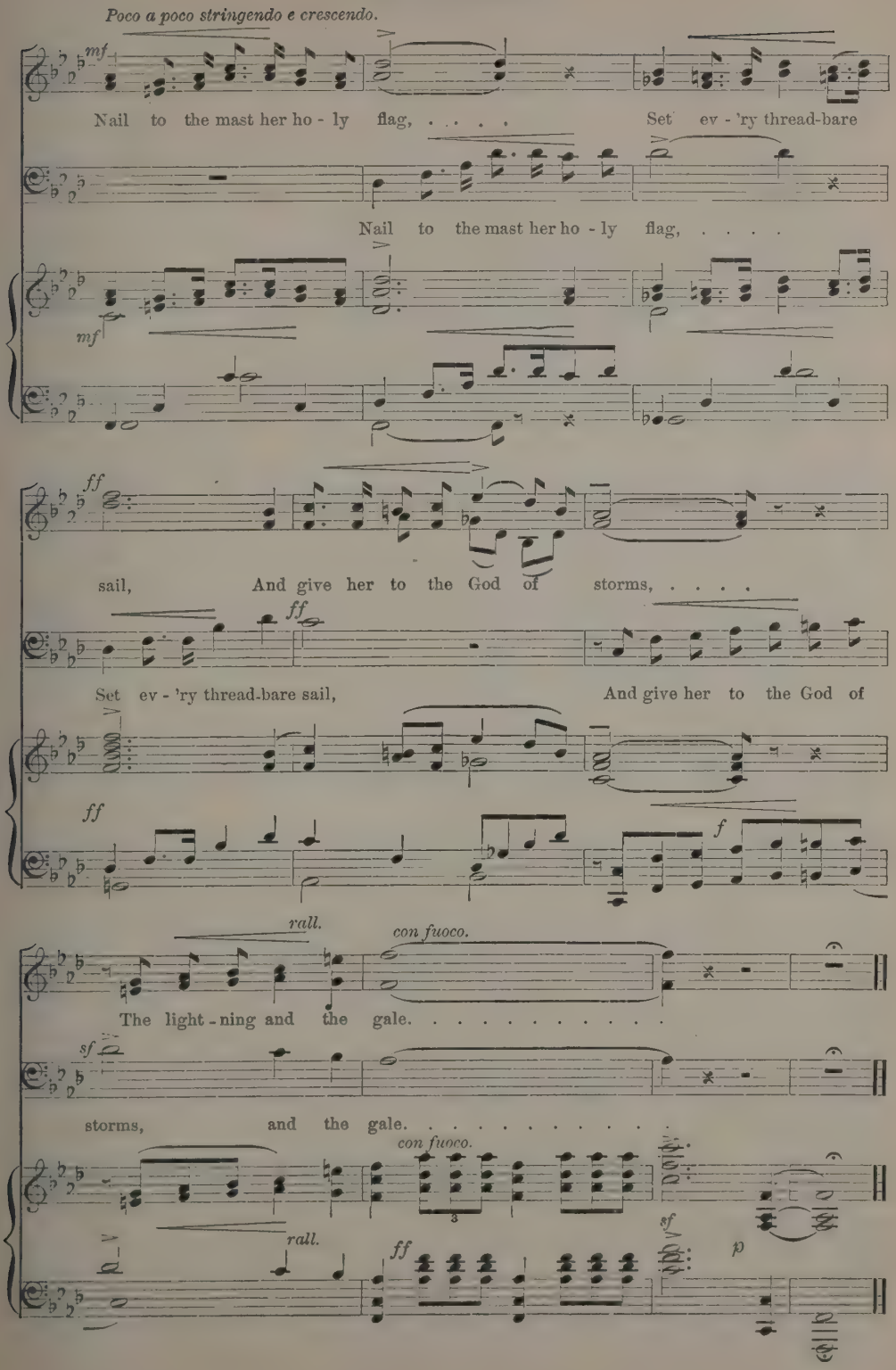
3. But his emotions soon become too strong to permit of any indirection of expression, and he speaks out with impassioned boldness, exhorting his fellow-countrymen to cherish the memory of the illustrious deeds associated with the name and history of the old ship.



4. Then in notes of epic strength, he bids them send the vessel forth to perish amid the scenes of her former triumphs and glory,—to the illimitable sea, which defiles not, and to the tempests and lightnings, whose rage and fires are alone worthy of being the conquerors of a ship never subdued by the rage or fire of an enemy.

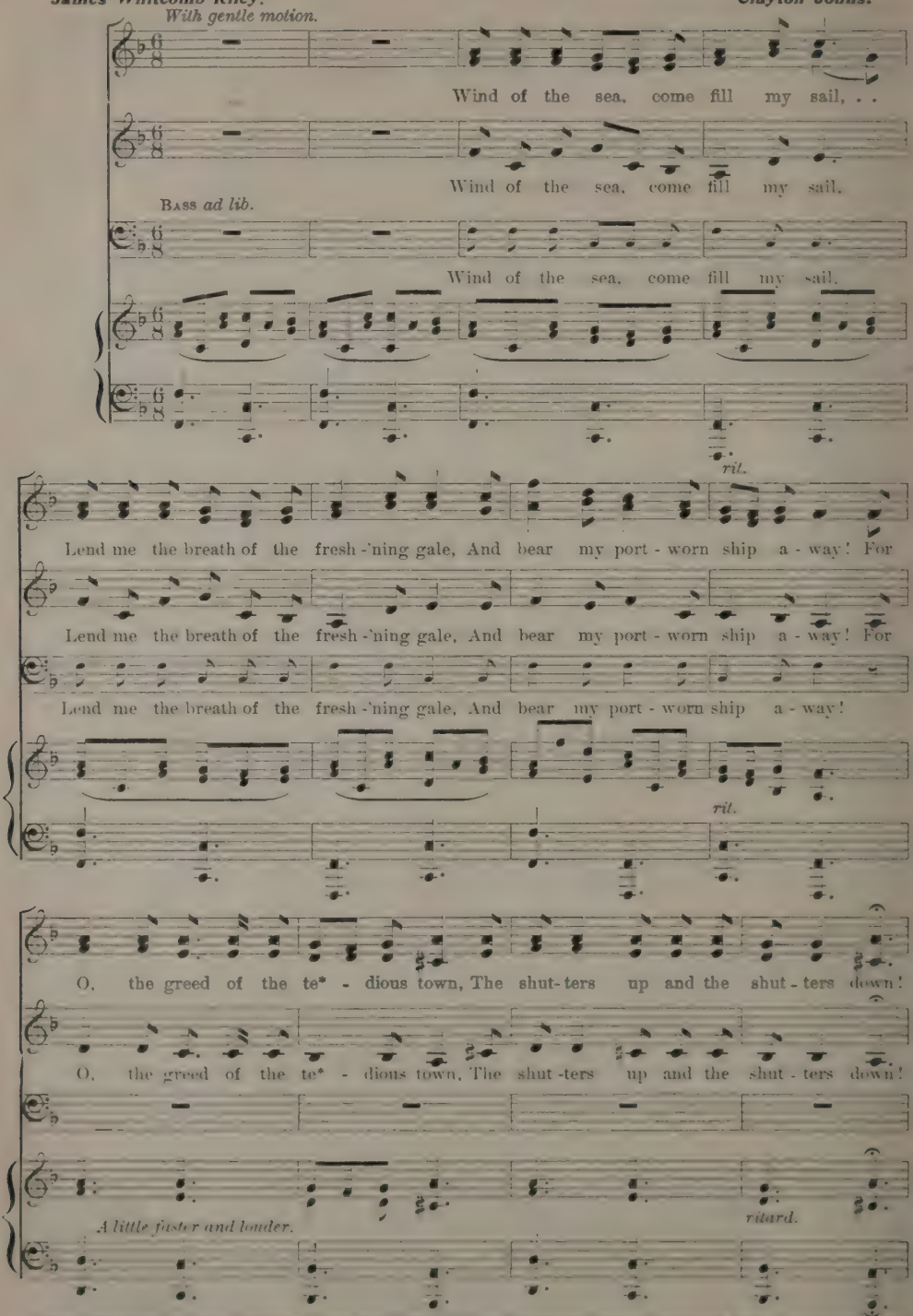
5. Triumph, pride and challenge, are the dominant notes of this closing verse.


Poco a poco, stringendo e crescendo.
mf
Nail to the mast her ho - ly flag, ...
mf
Nail to the mast her ho - ly
mf
ff
Set ev - 'ry thread-bare sail, And give her to the God of . .
ff
flag, ... Set ev - 'ry thread-bare sail,
ff
a tempo.
storms, ... The light-ning and the gale. . . .
sf
And give her to the God of storms, and the gale. . . .
rall.
a tempo.
f


Poco a poco stringendo e crescendo.
mf
Nail to the mast her ho - ly flag, ...
Set ev - 'ry thread-bare
Nail to the mast her ho - ly flag, ...
mf
ff
sail, And give her to the God of storms, ...
ff
Set ev - 'ry thread-bare sail, And give her to the God of
ff
f
rall.
con fuoco.
The light - ning and the gale. . . . . .
sf
storms, and the gale. . . . . .
con fuoco.
rall.
ff
sf
p

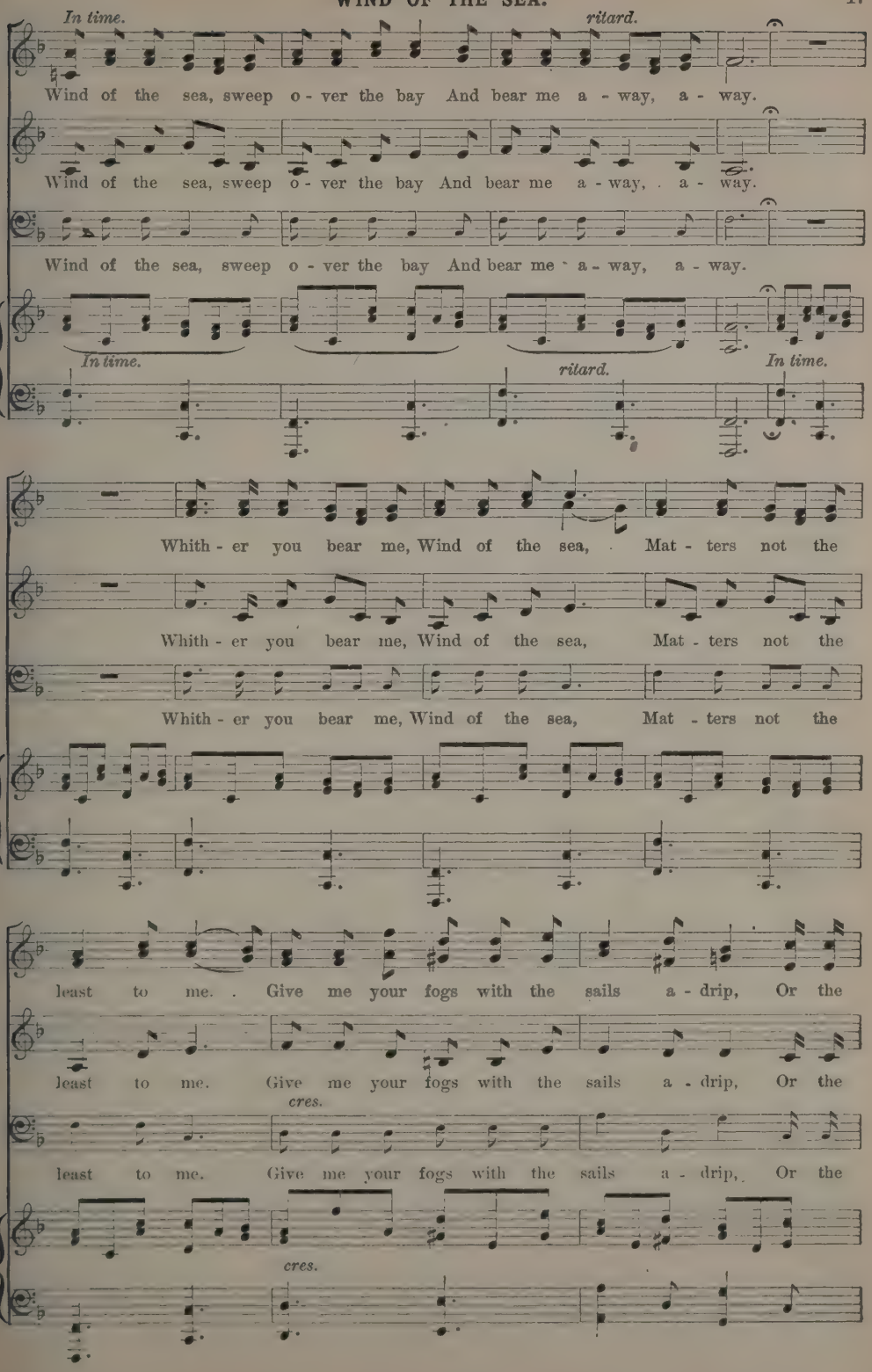
WIND OF THE SEA.

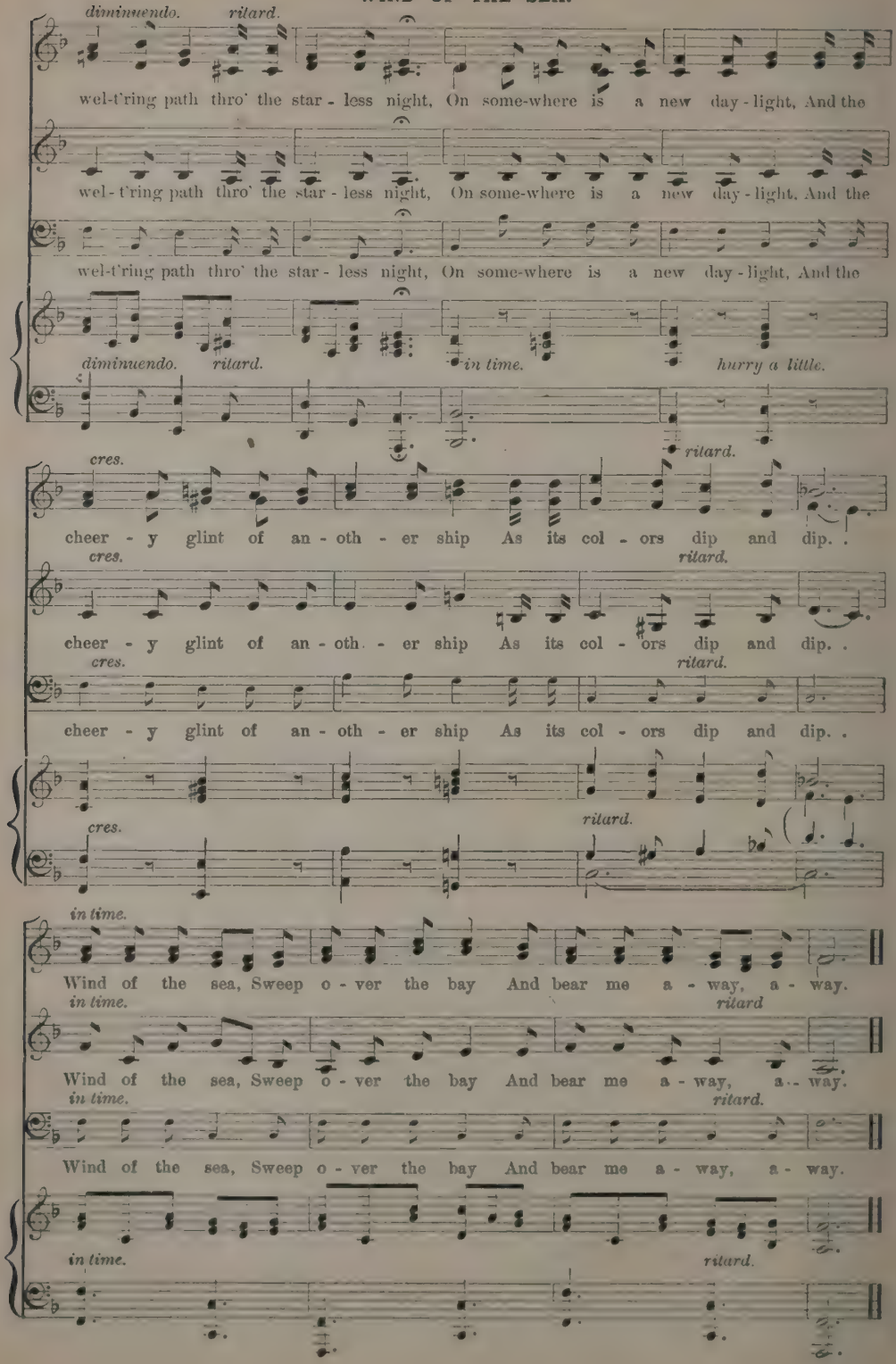
*James Whitcomb Riley.** *Clayton Johns.*


With gentle motion.
Wind of the sea, come fill my sail, . .
Wind of the sea, come fill my sail.
Bass ad lib.
Wind of the sea, come fill my sail.
rit.
Lend me the breath of the fresh-'ning gale, And bear my port-worn ship a-way! For
Lend me the breath of the fresh-'ning gale, And bear my port-worn ship a-way! For
Lend me the breath of the fresh-'ning gale, And bear my port-worn ship a-way!
rit.
O, the greed of the te* - dious town, The shut-ters up and the shut-ters down!
O, the greed of the te* - dious town, The shut-ters up and the shut-ters down!
A little faster and louder.
ritard.

* From "The Book of Joyous Children": Copyright, 1902, by JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. Published by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

* pronounce ted-jous.


In time.
ritard.
Wind of the sea, sweep o - ver the bay And bear me a - way, a - way.
Wind of the sea, sweep o - ver the bay And bear me a - way, a - way.
Wind of the sea, sweep o - ver the bay And bear me a - way, a - way.
In time.
ritard.
In time.
Whith - er you bear me, Wind of the sea, Mat - ters not the
Whith - er you bear me, Wind of the sea, Mat - ters not the
Whith - er you bear me, Wind of the sea, Mat - ters not the
least to me. Give me your fogs with the sails a - drip, Or the
least to me. Give me your fogs with the sails a - drip, Or the
cres.
least to me. Give me your fogs with the sails a - drip, Or the
cres.


diminuendo. ritard.
wel-t'ring path thro' the star - less night, On some-where is a new day - light, And the
wel- t'ring path thro' the star - less night, On some-where is a new day - light, And the
wel-t'ring path thro' the star - less night, On some-where is a new day - light, And the
diminuendo. ritard. in time. hurry a little.
ritard.
cres.
cheer - y glint of an - oth - er ship As its col - ors dip and dip. .
cres. ritard.
cheer - y glint of an - oth - er ship As its col - ors dip and dip. .
cres. ritard.
cheer - y glint of an - oth - er ship As its col - ors dip and dip. .
cres. ritard.
in time.
Wind of the sea, Sweep o - ver the bay And bear me a - way, a - way.
in time. ritard
Wind of the sea, Sweep o - ver the bay And bear me a - way, a - way.
in time. ritard.
Wind of the sea, Sweep o - ver the bay And bear me a - way, a - way.
in time. ritard.

A PRAYER.

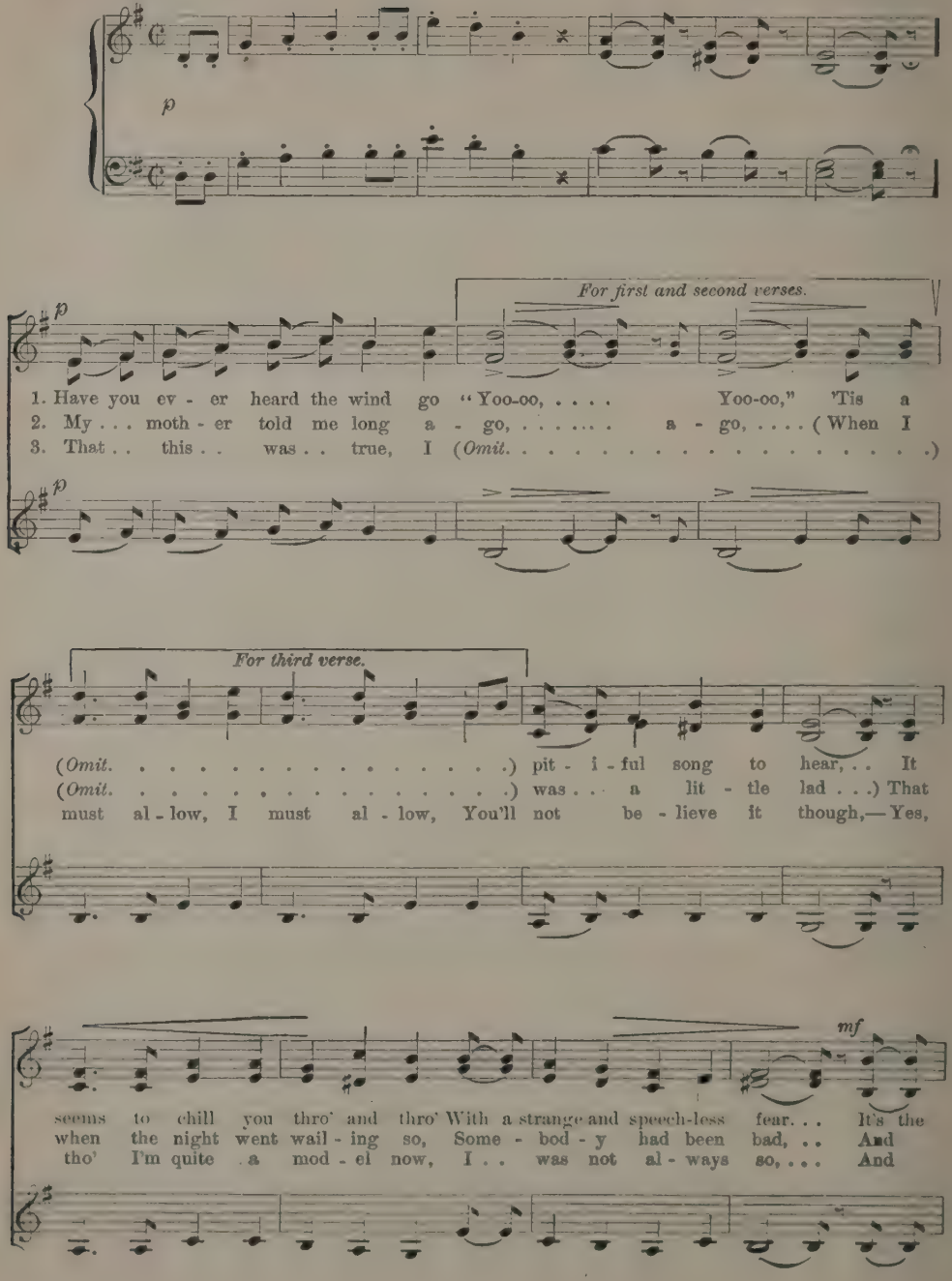
Alonzo Dewey.

From "Cavalieria Rusticana."
Pietro Mascagni.
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert.

twi - light and noons of
night fall - eth, dark and
1. Fa - ther dear, through twi-light and glad - ness, Thou dost bless us with
2. Hear Thy child when night fall - eth star - less, When our sor - row is
BASS
ad lib.
Through hours of pain and
When hope's sweet light is
'Mid grief and sin and
And faith for Thee is
Thy sweet word. . Through hours of sad - ness, 'Mid grief and mad - ness,
strong and deep, . When hope is dy - ing, And faith is cry - ing,
Thy truth, Al - mighty Lord, Is as a might - y sword. In dark-est night, Thy love most
Oh God of star and dawn, Be near us when we weep. Let love be born, Let hate and
Thy truth, O
Oh God of
Thy love . most
Let hate . and
Fills all our
Be lost in
A - mid a
And fill our
bright, Fills our hearts with morn. O make us white, with thoughts of light, 'Mid a
scorn Be in black - est night. O make us white, with thoughts of light, Fill our
bright,
scorn,
night, . O make . us white,
O fill our souls with songs of light,
O teach us love and songs of light,
world of scorn, O fill our souls with songs, with songs of light. . . .
spirit with morn; O teach us love and songs, Thy songs of light. . . .

THE NIGHT WIND.

*Eugene Field.** ♩ = 66. *Henry K. Hadley.*

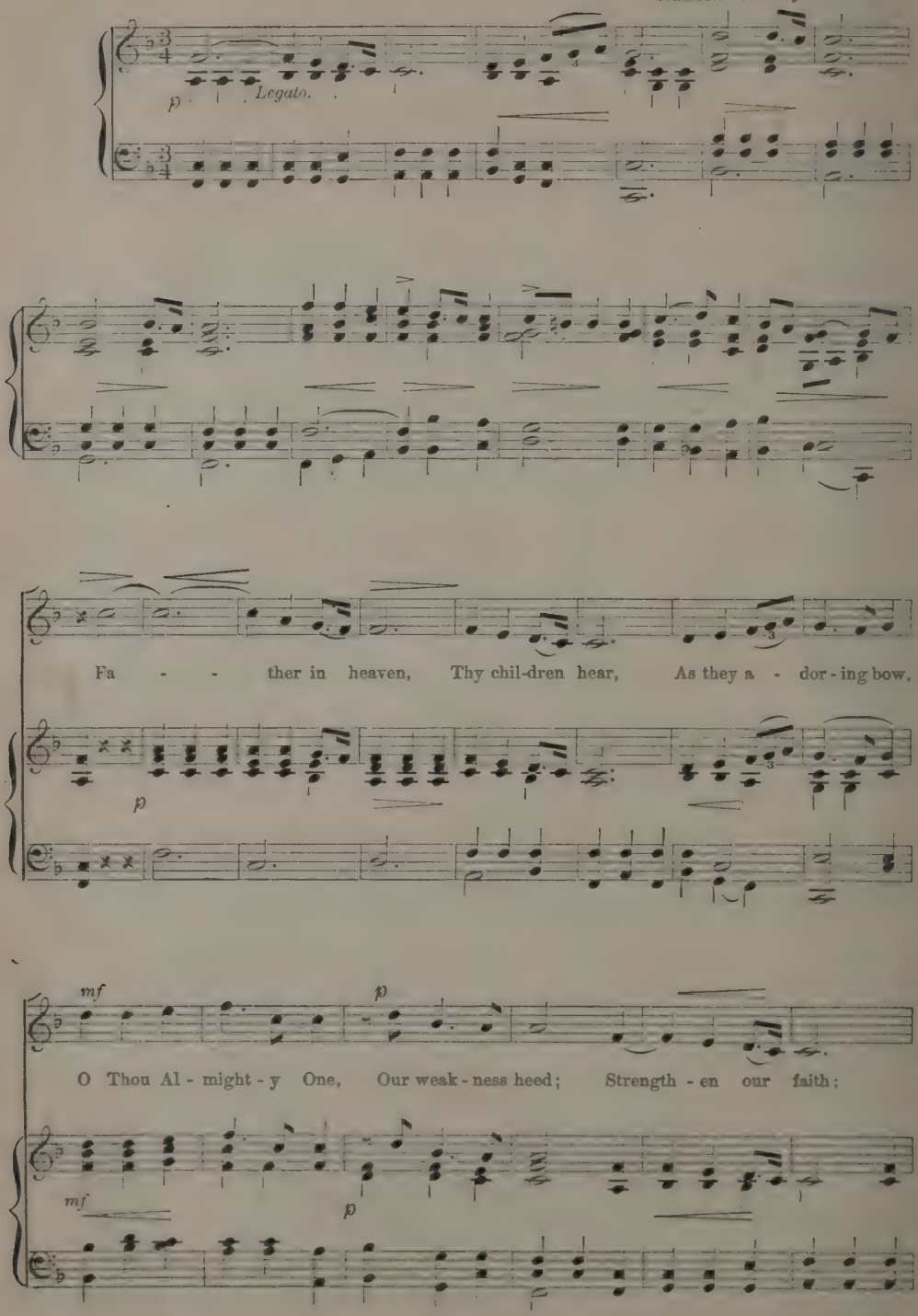

p
For first and second verses.
1. Have you ev - er heard the wind go "Yoo-oo, ... Yoo-oo," 'Tis a
2. My . . . moth - er told me long a - go, ... a - go, ... (When I
3. That . . this . . was . . true, I (Omit. . . . . .)
For third verse.
(Omit. . . . . .) pit - i - ful song to hear, . . It
(Omit. . . . . .) was . . . a lit - tle lad . . .) That
must al - low, I must al - low, You'll not be - lieve it though,—Yes,
mf
seems to chill you thro' and thro' With a strange and speech-less fear. . . It's the
when the night went wail - ing so, Some - bod - y had been bad, . . And
tho' I'm quite a mod - el now, I . . was not al - ways so, . . . And

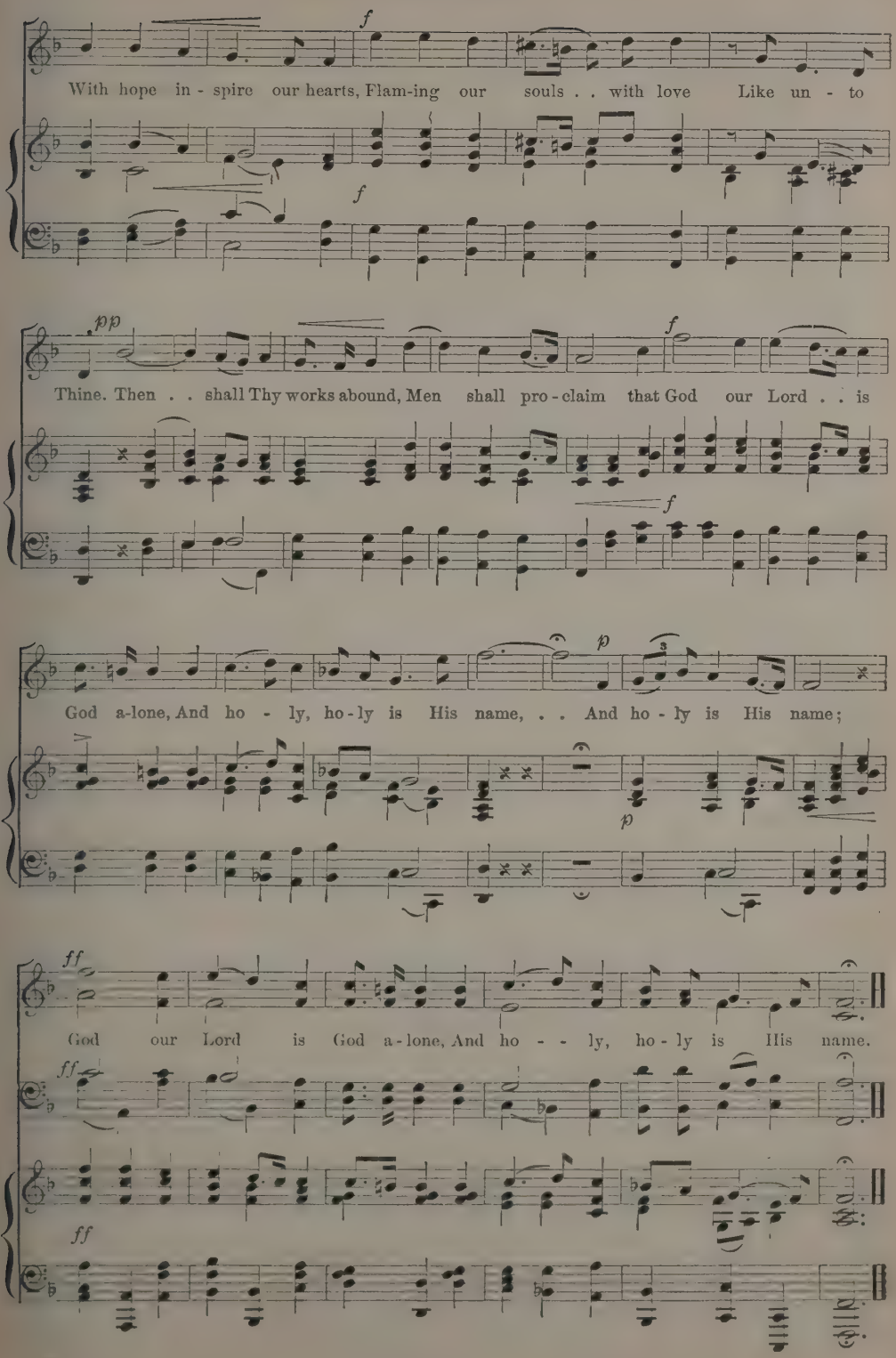
*NOTE. Poem is from "Love Songs of Childhood." Copyright, 1894, by EUGENE FIELD; Published by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

voice of the night that broods out - side, When folks should be a - sleep, And
then when I was snug in bed, Whith - er I had been sent, . With the
if you doubt what things I say, Sup - pose you make the . . test, . . Sup -
p
ma - ny and ma - ny's the time I've cried, To the dark - ness that brood - ed
blan - kets drawn up round my head, I'd . . think of . . what my
pose . . when you've been bad some day, And . . up to . . bed are
p
And ma- ny and ma-ny's the time I've cried, To the
And blan - kets drawn up round my head, I'd
Sup - pose when you're been bad some day, And
far . . . and wide, ...
moth - - er'd said, ...
sent . . a - way, ...
pp rit.
far . . and far and wide, . . O - ver land and deep. . .
moth - er'd said . . . And won - der what boy she meant, And
sent . . a - way, a - way, From moth - er and the rest. Sup -
pp rit.
dark - ness that brood - ed far and wide,
think of . . what my moth - er said,
up to . . bed are sent a - way.
Tempo.
f p rit. a tempo.
Whom do you want, O lone - ly night, That you wail the long hours through And the
whose been bad to - day? I'd ask of the wind that hoarse - ly blew, . And that
pose you ask who has been bad? And then you'll hear what's true, . For the
f p rit. a tempo.
night would say in its ghost - ly way, Yoooo! yoooo! yoooo! .
voice would say in its aw - ful way, Yoooo! yoooo! yoooo! .
wind will moan in its rue - ful - lest tone,— Yoooo! yoooo! yoooo! .

LARGO.

Handel. Arr. by W. L. T.


p
Legato.
Fa - - ther in heaven, Thy chil-dren hear, As they a - dor-ing bow,
p
mf
p
O Thou Al - might - y One, Our weak - ness heed; Strength - en our faith;
mf
p


f
With hope in - spire our hearts, Flam-ing our souls . . with love Like un - to
f
pp
f
Thine. Then . . shall Thy works abound, Men shall pro - claim that God our Lord . . is
f
p
God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho-ly is His name, . . And ho - ly is His name;
p
ff
God our Lord is God a - lone, And ho - - ly, ho - ly is His name.
ff
ff

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE.

English text by Frances Elliot.

Johann Strauss.
Arr. by Osbourne McConathy.

1
TENOR
ad lib.
So blue, and bright,
Riv - er so blue, As dawn's pearl - y
As dawn's sweet light; Thro' vale and wood,
hue, Thro' val - ley and wood, Thou
Thy crys - tal flood. Thy
Thy band
pour - est thy flood, Thy sil - ver - y band
sil - ver band Links land to land, And
To land,
Links land un - to land,
ev - er our hearts thrill with glad - ness Up - on thy gold - en strand.
Thro' the for - ests wide Sing - ing joy - ous - ly From the foun - tains
for - ests wide And from the foun - tains

*To be sung by the Sopranos when there are no Basses.

NOTE.—Complete score in sheet form for voices and piano will be mailed prepaid to any address. Price 50 cents.

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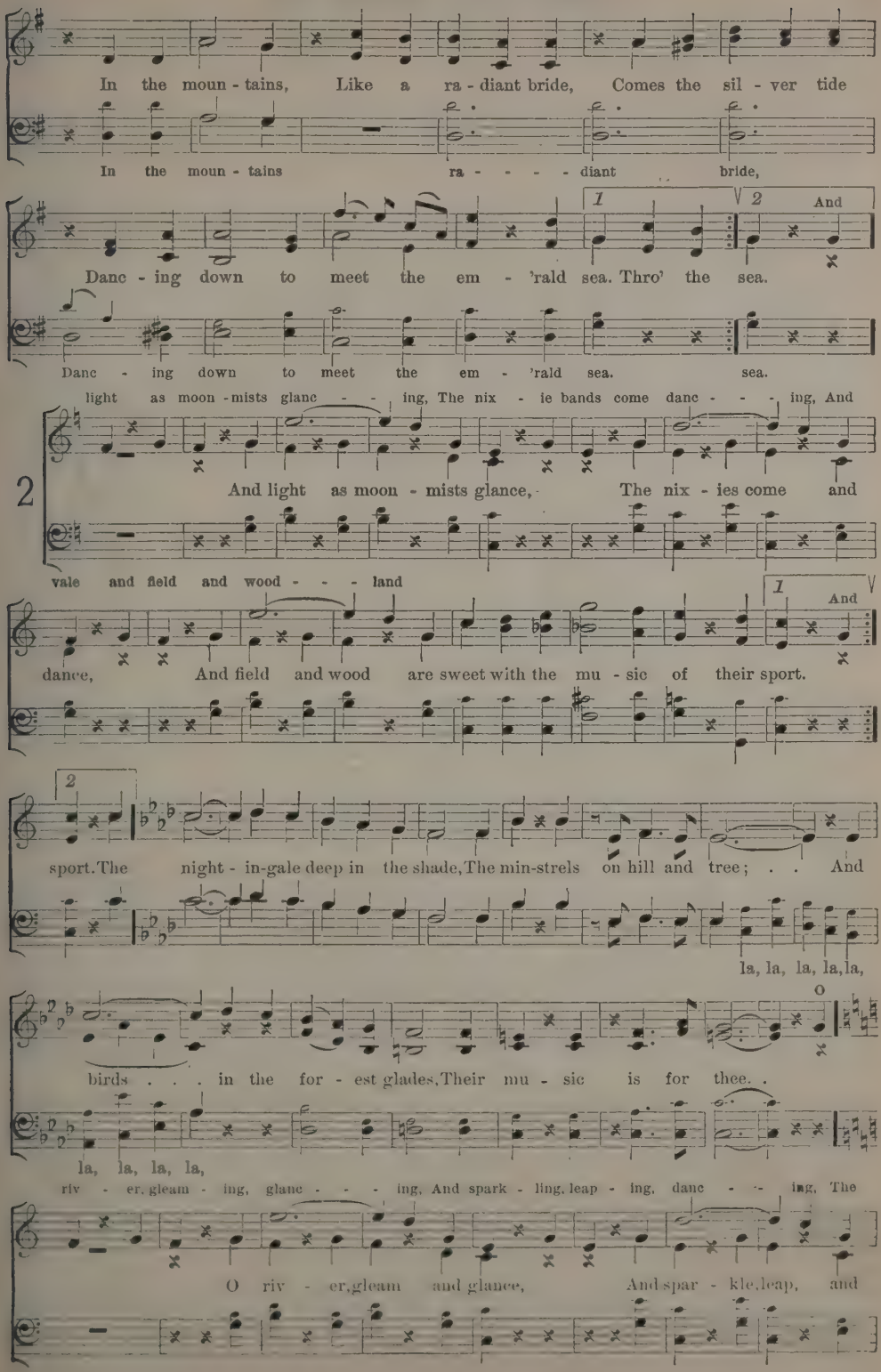
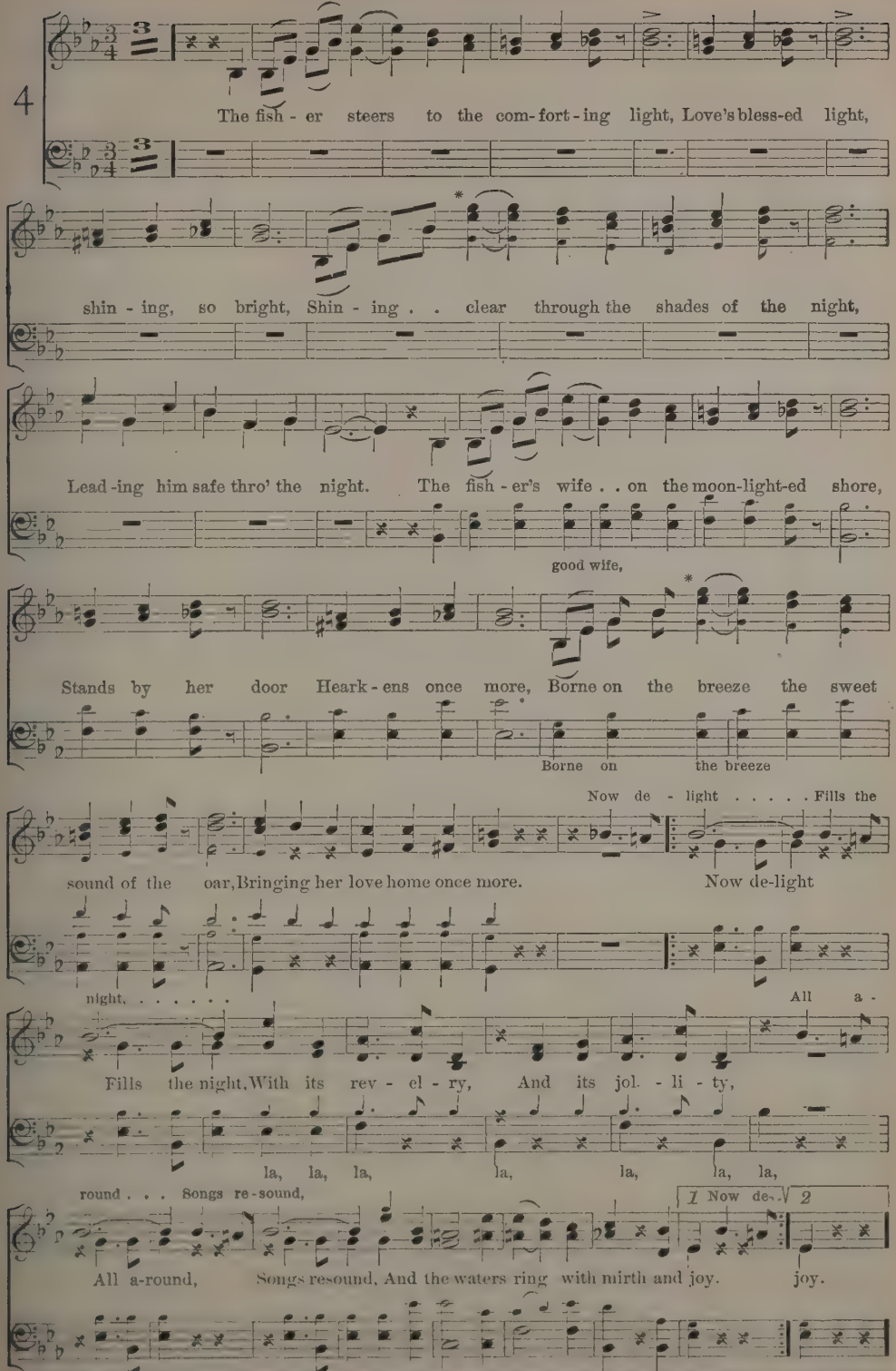
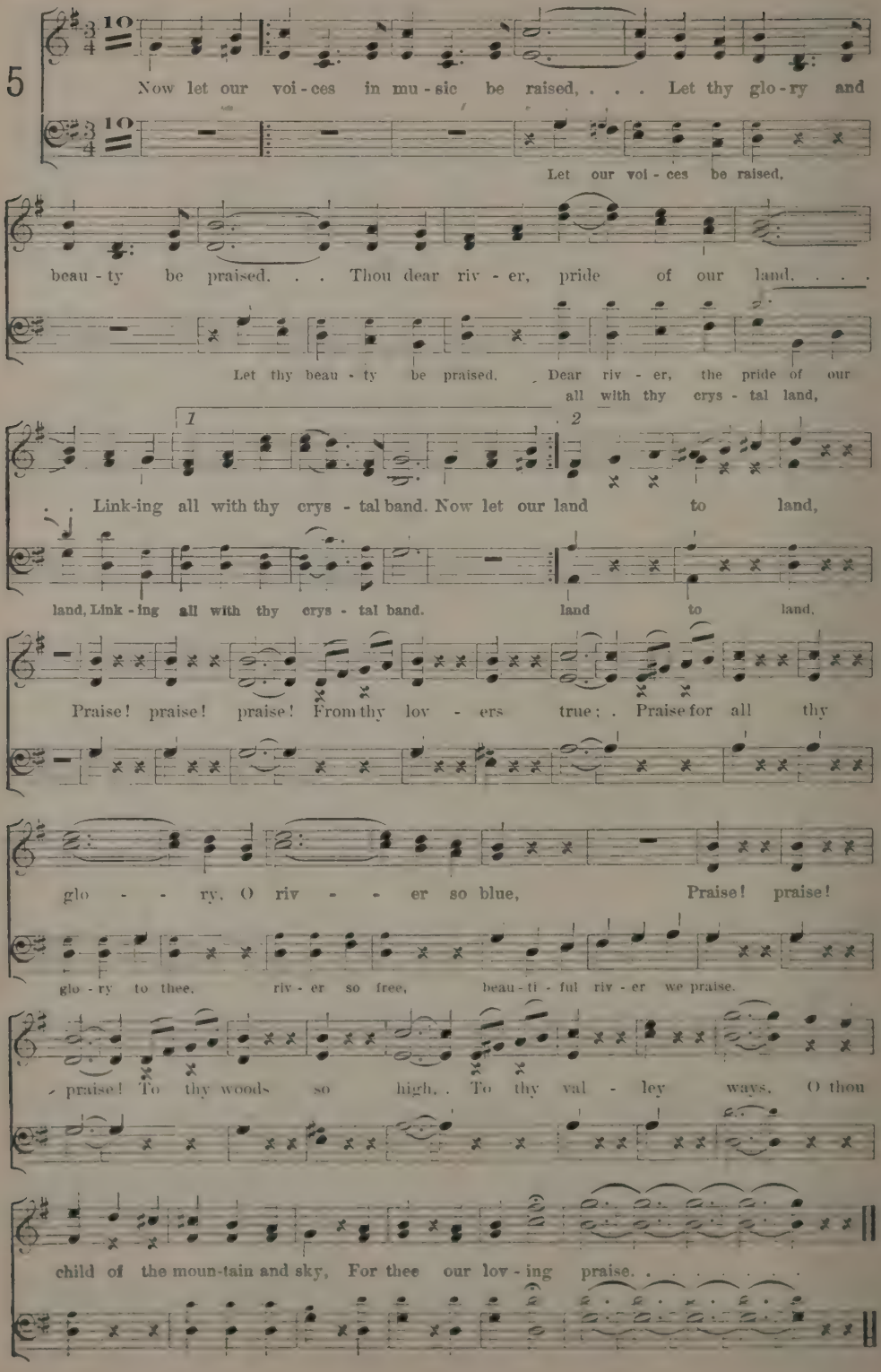

In the moun - tains, Like a ra - diant bride, Comes the sil - ver tide
In the moun - tains ra - - - - diant bride,
1
2
And
Danc - ing down to meet the em - 'rald sea. Thro' the sea.
Danc - ing down to meet the em - 'rald sea. sea.
light as moon - mists glanc - - ing, The nix - ie bands come danc - - - ing, And
2
And light as moon - mists glance, The nix - ies come and
vale and field and wood - - - land
1
And
dance, And field and wood are sweet with the mu - sic of their sport.
2
sport. The night - in-gale deep in the shade, The min-strels on hill and tree; . . And
la, la, la, la, la,
birds . . . in the for - est glades, Their mu - sic is for thee. .
la, la, la, la,
riv - er, gleam - ing, glanc - - - ing, And spark - ling, leap - ing, danc - - ing, The
O riv - er, gleam and glance, And spar - kle, leap, and

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE.

wide green world en - tranc - ing,
dance, The world en-trance, As on-ward thy waves sweep to the sea.
3
All hail, O riv - er so re - gal and fair! All hail, thou riv - er as
clear as the air! Sing your praise to the life - giv - ing tide So blue, so
Now with mus - ic and maj - es - ty,
1
2
deep and wide. . All wide. . Flow on,
glo - ri - ous riv - er, En - chant thou the heart of our fa - ther - land for -
glo - ri - ous riv - er, En - chant our fa - ther-land for -
ev - er, Thou bring - er of love - li - ness, mer - ri - ment, and beau - ty, With
ev - er Thou bring - - est mer - ri-ment and beau - ty, With
ra - diance of the sum - mer time, And pur - i - ty of dew. Now with dew.
1
2
blue sum-mer time, pur - i - ty of dew. dew.


4
The fish - er steers to the com-fort-ing light, Love's bless-ed light,
shin - ing, so bright, Shin - ing . . clear through the shades of the night,
Lead-ing him safe thro' the night. The fish - er's wife . . on the moon-light-ed shore,
good wife,
Stands by her door Heark - ens once more, Borne on the breeze the sweet
Borne on the breeze
Now de - light . . . . . Fills the
sound of the oar, Bringing her love home once more. Now de-light
night, ...
All a -
Fills the night, With its rev - el - ry, And its jol - li - ty,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
round . . . Songs re-sound,
1 Now de- 2
All a-round, Songs resound, And the waters ring with mirth and joy. joy.

* If at this point the soprano part is found too high, the sopranos may take the notes of the second part, and the second voices may sing the small notes.


5
Now let our voi - ces in mu - sic be raised, . . . Let thy glo - ry and
Let our voi - ces be raised,
beau - ty be praised. . . Thou dear riv - er, pride of our land. . . .
Let thy beau - ty be praised. Dear riv - er, the pride of our
all with thy crys - tal land,
1
2
. . Link-ing all with thy crys - tal band. Now let our land to land,
land, Link - ing all with thy crys - tal band. land to land.
Praise! praise! praise! From thy lov - ers true; . Praise for all thy
glo - - - ry, O riv - - - er so blue, Praise! praise!
glo - ry to thee, riv - er so free, beau - ti - ful riv - er we praise.
praise! To thy woods so high, . To thy val - ley ways, O thou
child of the moun-tain and sky, For thee our lov - ing praise. . . . . .

CRADLE SONG.

Frederick Manley.

W. Taubert.
Arr. by W. H. Neidlinger.

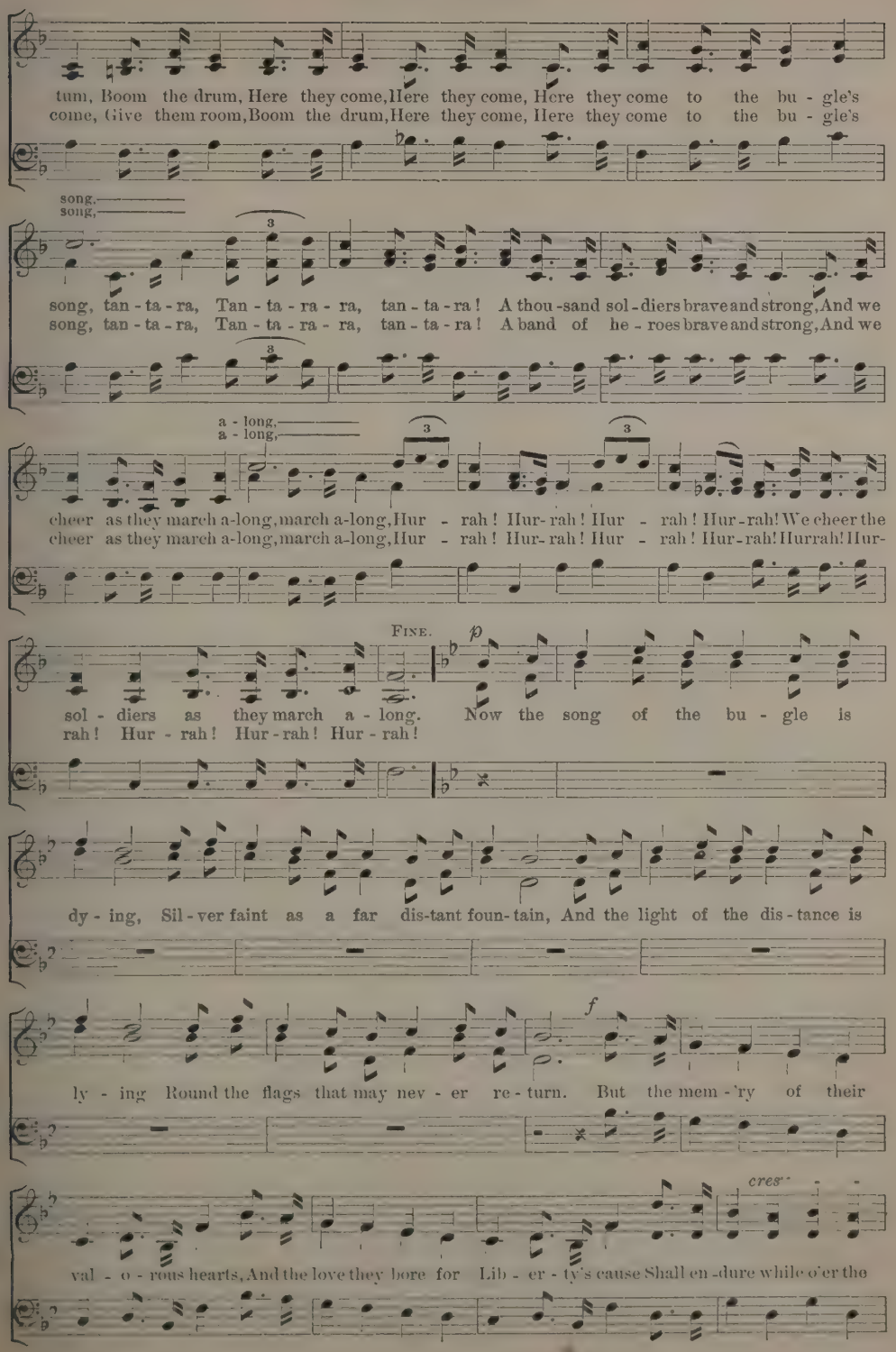
p With repose.
p
(Humming.)
1. Breez-es of the night, Soft, for ba - by
2. Sing as songs of rain On the mosses that
(Humming.)
p
(8ve lower)
(Humming.)
sleeps, Rise with voi - ces of dis - tant seas; Come with mur-murs of for - est trees;
creep Si - lent o - ver the moun - tain side; Sing the lull of the ebb - ing tide;
cres.
accel.
Breathe the mid - day drowse of sum - mer; Croon as some flow'r - hid - den hum - mer;
Bring the mid - wood's deep - est hush - es, Far - heard songs of shy - est thrush - es,
dim. rit.
p
pp
Bring the peace of o - cean deeps, For my ba-by sleeps. (Humming.)
For a lul - la - by to keep Sweet my ba-by's sleep.

OUR SOLDIERS.

Alonzo Dewey.

Joachim Raff.
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert.

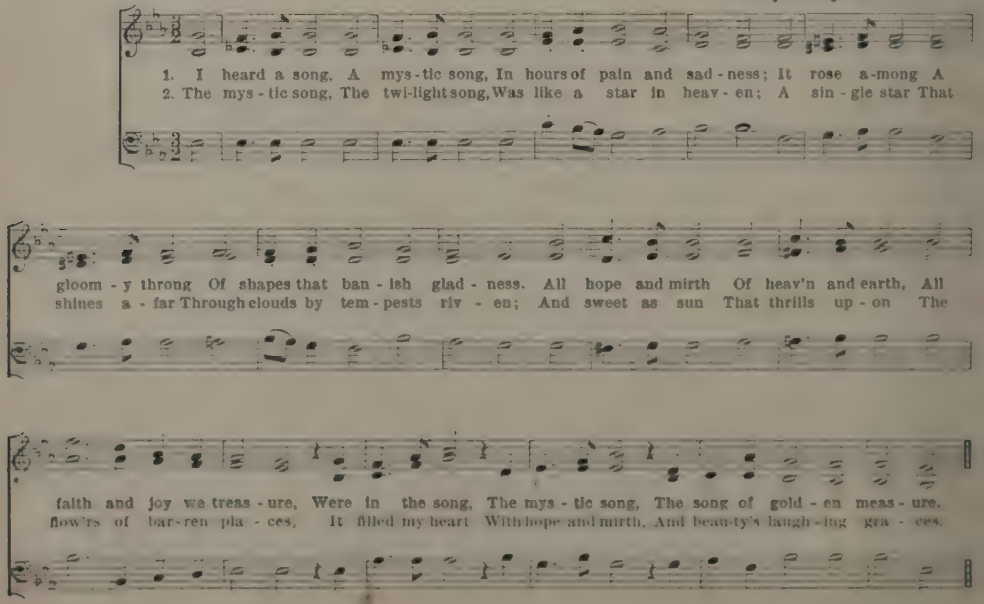
f Tempo di marcia, con spirito.
ring, swing,
1. When the notes of the bu - gles ring, tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra -
2. They will come with a rhyth - mic swing, tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra -
ra tan - ta - ra! The sol - diers come with rhythmic swing, And our hearts to the mu - sic
ra, tan - ta - ra! And to the cym - bals mar-tial ring; And the bu - gles will proud - ly
sing, sing,
sing, tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra - ra, tan - ta - ra! Be-neath the flag of stripe and star, Boom-ta - ra
sing, tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra - ra, tan - ta - ra! For vic - t'ry in their country's cause, Boom-ta-ra
Boom - tum, Goes the deep voic'd drum, Boom-ta - ra, Boom - tum!
Boom - tum, So will boom the drum, Boom-ta - ra, Boom - tum!
Boom-tum, boom-tum, Boom - tum! As the sol - diers
Boom-tum, boom-tum, Boom - tum! When the he - roes
While rolls the loud and thrill - ing ket - tle
Will sing the loud and thrill - ing ket - tle
As the sol-diers come, Ra - ta - ta - ta, ra - ta - ta - ta! While rolls the thrill - ing
When the he - roes come, Ra - ta - ta - ta, ra - ta - ta - ta! Will sing the thrill - ing
come, Boom - ta - boom!
come,
drum, Ra - ta - ta - ta, trum trum! Boom - ta - boom, Boom - ta -
drum, Ra - ta - ta - ta, trum trum! Boom - ta - boom, Here they
Boom - ta - ra - boom, Boom - ta - ra - boom, . .


tum, Boom the drum, Here they come, Here they come, Here they come to the bu - gle's
come, Give them room, Boom the drum, Here they come, Here they come to the bu - gle's
song,
song,
song, tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra - ra, tan - ta - ra! A thou - sand sol - diers brave and strong, And we
song, tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra - ra, tan - ta - ra! A band of he - roes brave and strong, And we
a - long,
a - long,
cheer as they march a-long, march a-long, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We cheer the
cheer as they march a-long, march a-long, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur -
FINE.
sol - diers as they march a - long. Now the song of the bu - gle is
rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!
dy - ing, Sil - ver faint as a far dis-tant foun-tain, And the light of the dis - tance is
ly - ing Round the flags that may nev - er re - turn. But the mem - 'ry of their
cres.
val - o - rous hearts, And the love they bore for Lib - er - ty's cause Shall en - dure while o'er the

p
Con espressione.
east - ern moun - tain Glo - ries of morn-ing burn. Yet we trust that ere sum - mer de -
p
Yet we do
parts, . . Ere the beau - ty of wood - lands is dy - ing, They may
trust that ere the sum - - mer de - parts, They may
D.C. al Fine.
come with their ban - ners a - fly - ing In the light of a clear shin - ing morn.
come with their ban - ners, In the light of a clear shin - ing morn.

A SONG AT TWILIGHT.

Frederick Manley. *German Folksong. Adapted by H. F. G.*


1. I heard a song, A mys - tic song, In hours of pain and sad - ness; It rose a-mong A
2. The mys - tic song, The twi-light song, Was like a star in heav - en; A sin - gle star That
gloom - y throng Of shapes that ban - ish glad - ness. All hope and mirth Of heav'n and earth, All
shines a - far Through clouds by tem - pests riv - en; And sweet as sun That thrills up - on The
faith and joy we treas - ure, Were in the song, The mys - tic song, The song of gold - en meas - ure.
flow'rs of bar - ren pla - ces, It filled my heart With hope and mirth, And beau-ty's laugh - ing gra - ces.

HYMN OF PEACE.

Mary Frances Galvin. (FIFTH SYMPHONY.) *Beethoven*
Arr. by Ralph L. Baldwin.

Andante con moto.

dim.
mf When the stars throng the heav'n in glo - ry; When all the vales are fill'd with night and
BASS ad lib.
mf
stars glo - ry vales filled with
poco cres.
f
sol - i - tude, Our thoughts a - rise to Thee, O Lord God Al - might-y; Lord Al -
night hearts rise Thee, Lord, Al - might - y;
And as birds sing - ing, sweet - ly, our hearts rise to Thee, And in Thy
mf
dim.
might - y, as birds sing - ing, our hearts rise to Thee,
per-fect love our lives un - fold like flow - ers to the sun, And all the night in us is
p
love lives flow - ers to the sun night
glo - ri - fied with ra - diance full of Thy peace, full of Thy
p
pp
is ra-diance, of Thy peace, full of Thy peace, of peace, of Thy peace.
poco dim. e rit.
full of Thy peace,
Thy peace,

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

Samuel Lover. *Arr. by Frank Belknap.*

1. When first I saw my Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low-backed car she
2. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
3. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side, Than coach-and-four, and
BASS ad lib.
drove, and sat Up-on a load of hay; But when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And
slaugh-ter's By far out-num-ber these. While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
gold ga-lore, And a la-dy for my bride, For the la-dy would sit for-ninst me On a
decked with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would com-pare With the blooming girl I
like a tur-tle dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the bloom-ing god of
cush-ion made with taste, While Peg-gy would sit be-side me, With my arm a-round her
sing, As she sat in the low-backed car, The man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er
love! While she sits in her low-backed car, The lov-ers come near and far, And
waist, As we drove in a low-backed car, To be mar-ried by Fa-ther Ma'hr, Oh, my
asked for the toll, But just rubbed his old poll, And looked aft-er the low-backed car.
en-vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pick-in', As she sits in the low-backed car.
heart would beat high at her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-backed car.

MERRY SAILORS' FAREWELL.

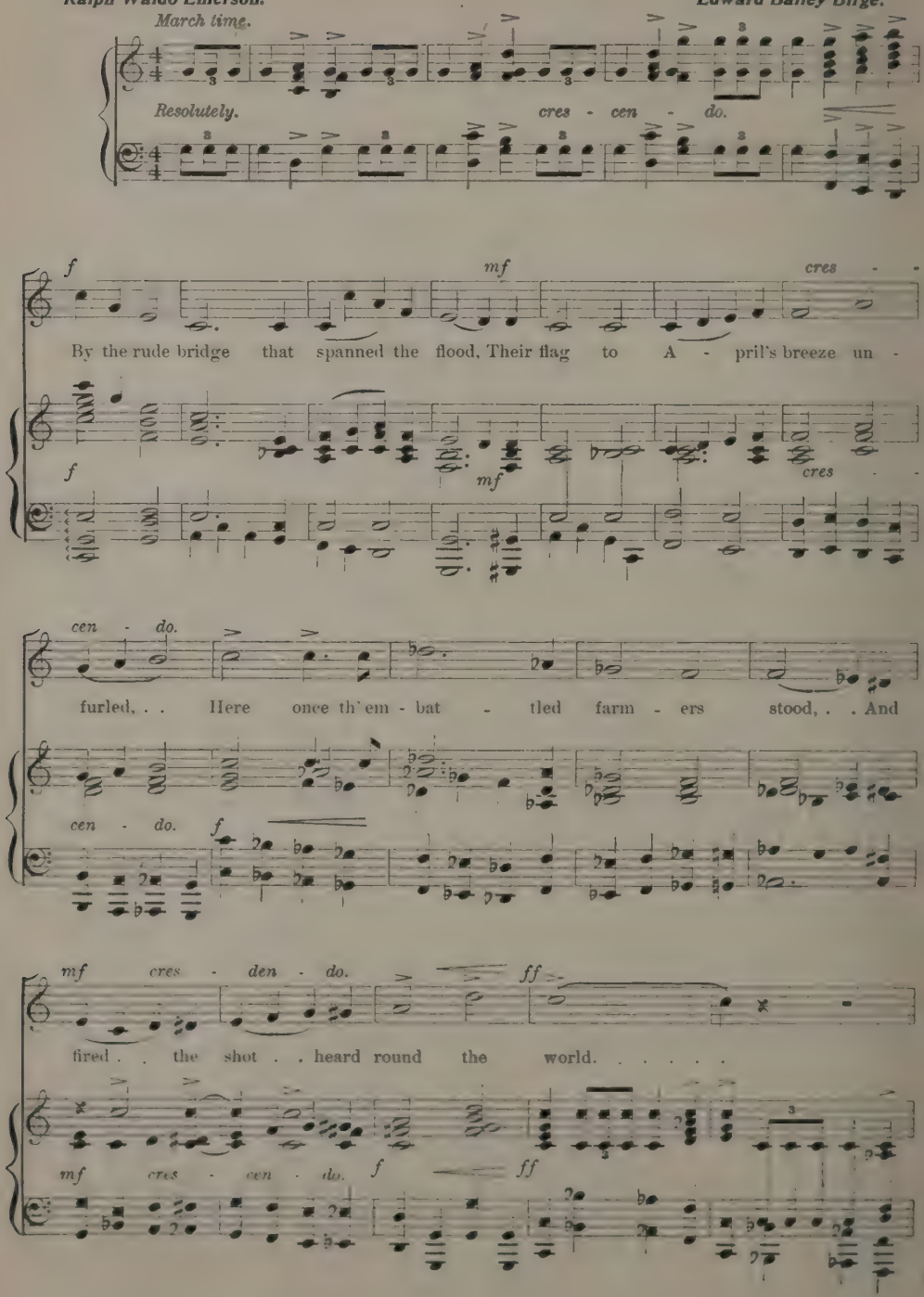
Earl of Dorset. *Maurice Arnold.*

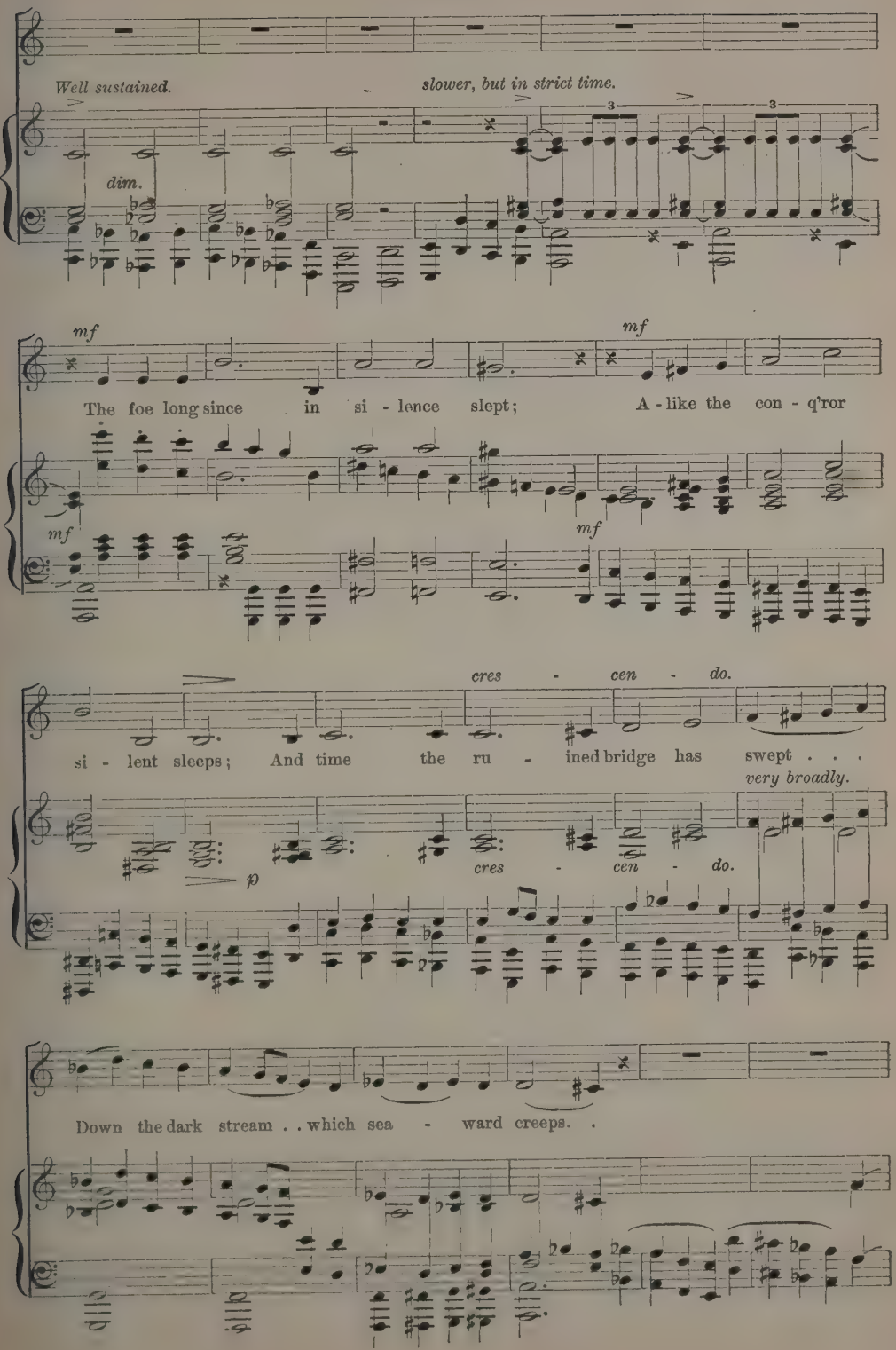
Allegro.
1. To all you la - dies now on land, We men at sea in - dite, . . But
2. For though the Mu - ses should prove kind, And fill our emp - ty brain, . Yet
3. Then if we write not by each post, Think not we are un - kind; . Nor
first would have you un - der-stand How hard it is to write; The Mu - ses now, and
if rough Nep-tune rouse the wind, To wave the az - ure main, Our pa - per, pen, and
yet con-clude our ships are lost, By Dutch-men or by wind; Our tears we'll send a
rit.
a tempo.
Nep-tune too, We must im-plore to write to you, We must im - plore to write to you, With a
ink, and we, Roll up and down our ships at sea, Roll up and down our ships at sea, With a
speed-ier way, The tide shall bring them twice a day, The tide shall bring them twice a day, With a
to you,
at sea,
a day,
dim.
fa, la, la, la, la, . . with a fa, la, la, la, la, . la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, . la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, fa, la, la, la, . . . With a fa, la, la, la, la, . . with a fa, la. la, la, la, . . la,
la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, . .
fa. . . . . la la. . . .
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. . .
fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la. . .

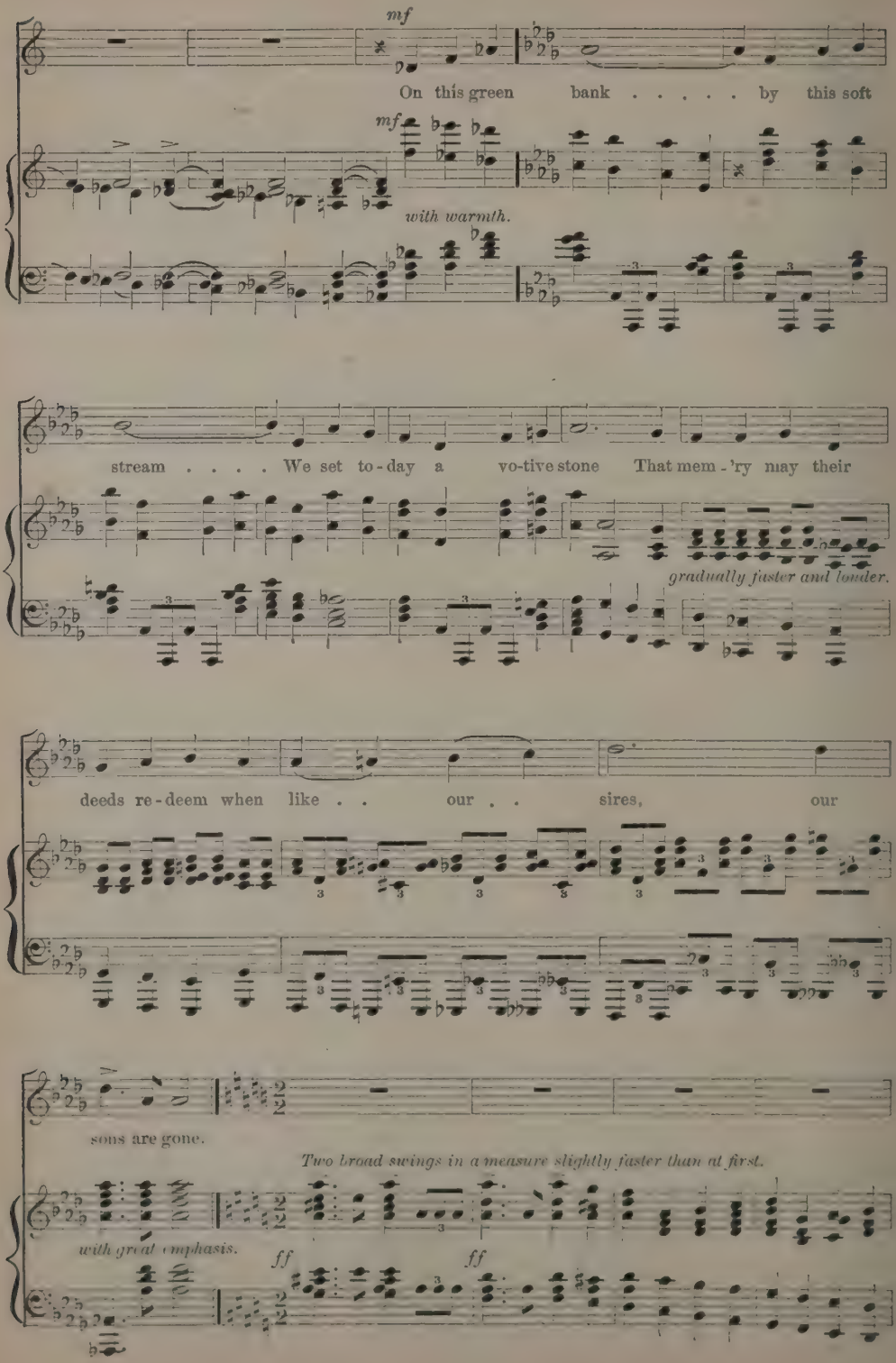
CONCORD HYMN.

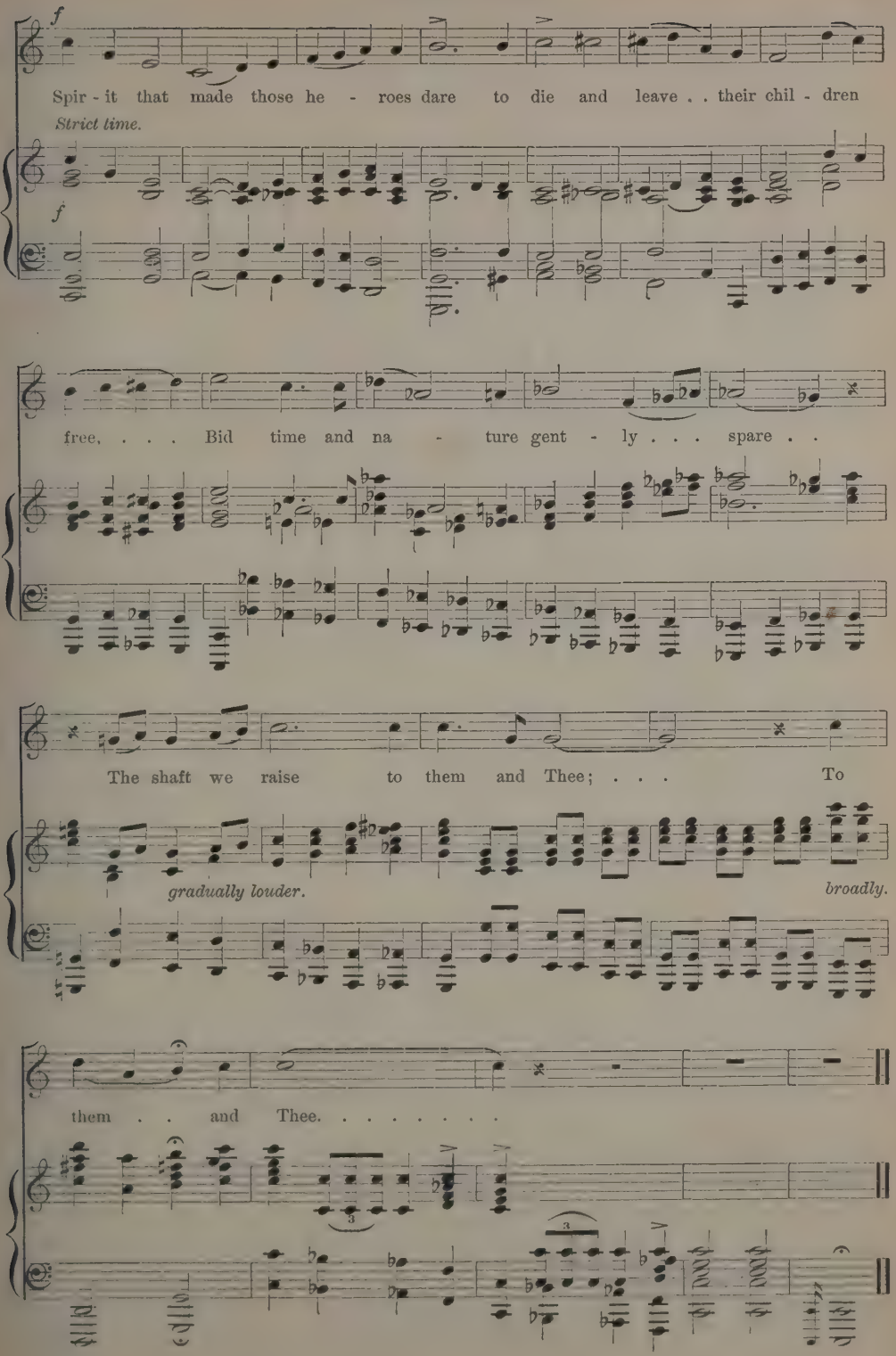
(A SONG FOR PATRIOT'S DAY.)

Ralph Waldo Emerson. *Edward Bailey Birge.*


March time.
Resolutely.
cres - cen - do.
f
mf
cres - -
By the rude bridge that spanned the flood, Their flag to A - pril's breeze un -
cen - do.
furled, . . Here once th' em - bat - tled farm - ers stood, . . And
cen - do.
mf cres - den - do.
ff
fired . . the shot . . heard round the world. . . . . .
mf cres - cen - do.
f
ff

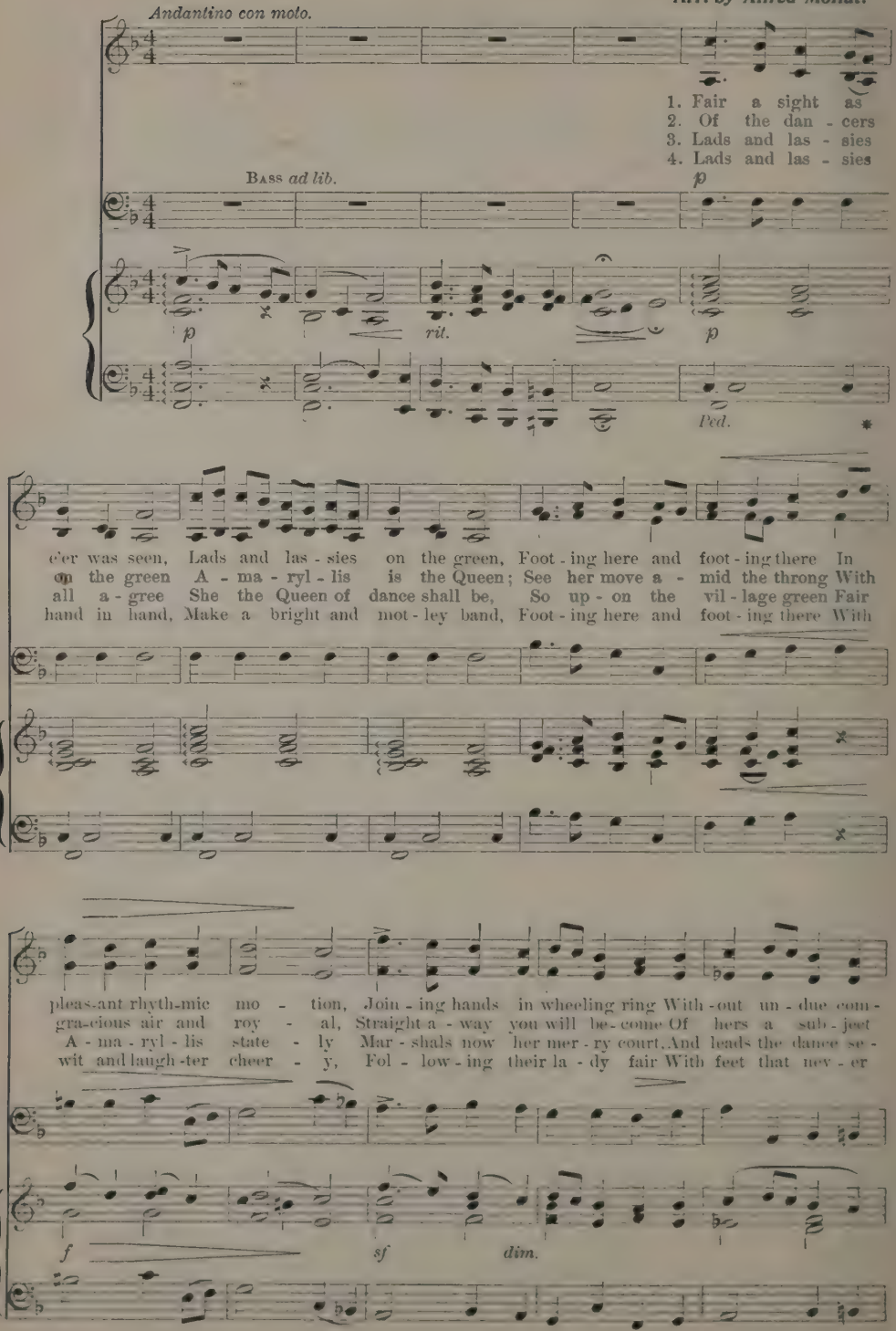

Well sustained.
slower, but in strict time.
dim.
mf
mf
The foe long since in si - lence slept; A - like the con - q'ror
mf
mf
cres - cen - do.
si - lent sleeps; And time the ru - ined bridge has swept . . .
very broadly.
p
cres - cen - do.
Down the dark stream . . which sea - ward creeps. .

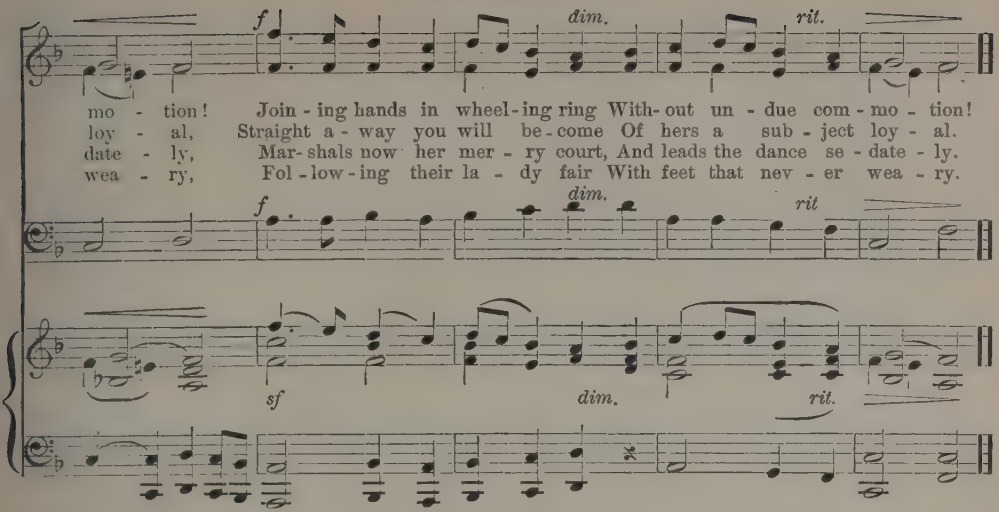

mf
On this green bank . . . . . by this soft
mf
with warmth.
stream . . . . We set to-day a vo-tive stone That mem-'ry may their
gradually faster and louder.
deeds re-deem when like . . our . . sires, our
sons are gone.
Two broad swings in a measure slightly faster than at first.
with great emphasis.
ff
ff


f
Spir - it that made those he - roes dare to die and leave . . their chil - dren
Strict time.
f
free, . . . Bid time and na - ture gent - ly . . . spare . .
The shaft we raise to them and Thee; . . . To
gradually louder.
broadly.
them . . and Thee. . . . . .

OLD COUNTRY DANCE.

Old English.
Arr. by Alfred Moffat.

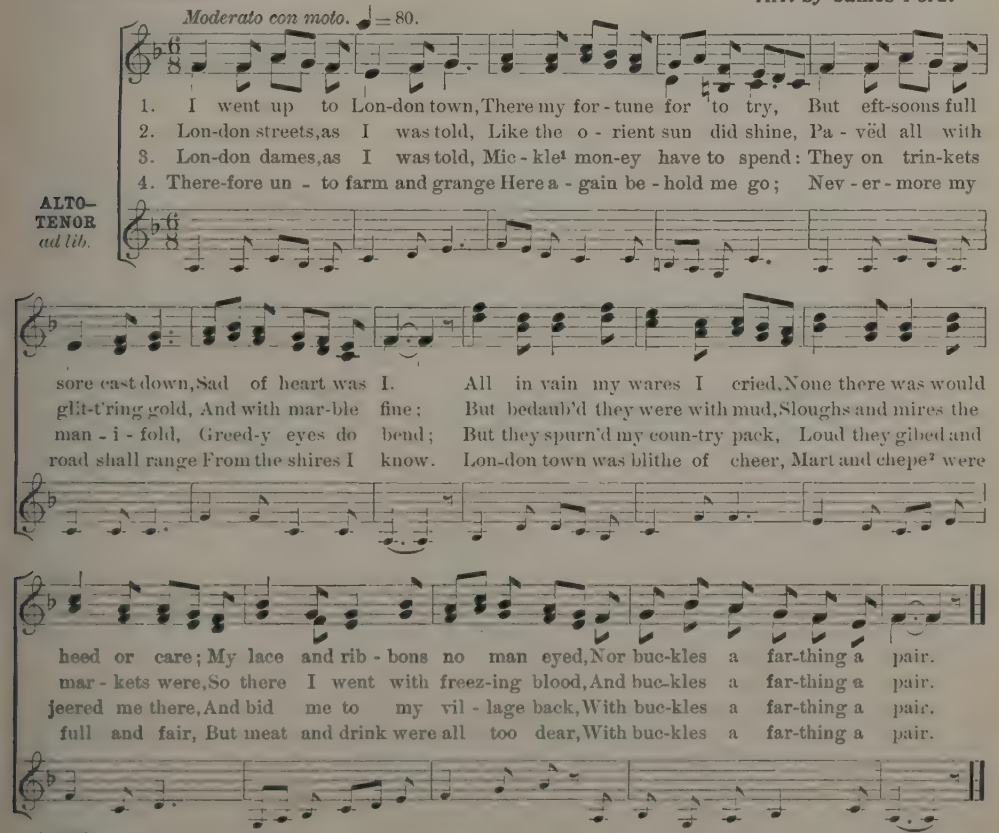

Andantino con moto.
1. Fair a sight as
2. Of the dan - cers
3. Lads and las - sies
4. Lads and las - sies
Bass ad lib.
p
rit.
Ped.
e'er was seen, Lads and las - sies on the green, Foot - ing here and foot - ing there In
on the green A - ma - ryl - lis is the Queen; See her move a - mid the throng With
all a - gree She the Queen of dance shall be, So up - on the vil - lage green Fair
hand in hand, Make a bright and mot - ley band, Foot - ing here and foot - ing there With
pleas-ant rhyth-mic mo - tion, Join - ing hands in wheeling ring With - out un - due com -
gra-cious air and roy - al, Straight a - way you will be - come Of hers a sub - ject
A - ma - ryl - lis state - ly Mar - shals now her mer - ry court. And leads the dance se -
wit and laugh-ter cheer - y, Fol - low - ing their la - dy fair With feet that nev - er
f
sf
dim.


f
dim.
rit.
mo - tion! Join - ing hands in wheel - ing ring With - out un - due com - mo - tion!
loy - al, Straight a - way you will be - come Of hers a sub - ject loy - al.
date - ly, Mar - shals now her mer - ry court, And leads the dance se - date - ly.
wea - ry, Fol - low - ing their la - dy fair With feet that nev - er wea - ry.
f
dim.
rit
sf
dim.
rit.

THE COUNTRY PEDLAR.

M. C. Gillington.

Old English Melody.
Arr. by James Ford.


Moderato con moto. ♩ = 80.
1. I went up to Lon-don town, There my for - tune for to try, But eft-soons full
2. Lon-don streets, as I was told, Like the o - rient sun did shine, Pa - vëd all with
3. Lon-don dames, as I was told, Mic - kle[1] mon-ey have to spend: They on trin-kets
4. There-fore un - to farm and grange Here a - gain be - hold me go; Nev - er - more my
ALTO–TENOR ad lib.
sore cast down, Sad of heart was I. All in vain my wares I cried, None there was would
glit-t'ring gold, And with mar-ble fine; But bedaub'd they were with mud, Sloughs and mires the
man - i - fold, Greed-y eyes do bend; But they spurn'd my coun-try pack, Loud they gibed and
road shall range From the shires I know. Lon-don town was blithe of cheer, Mart and chepe[2] were
heed or care; My lace and rib - bons no man eyed, Nor buc-kles a far-thing a pair.
mar - kets were, So there I went with freez-ing blood, And buc-kles a far-thing a pair.
jeered me there, And bid me to my vil - lage back, With buc-kles a far-thing a pair.
full and fair, But meat and drink were all too dear, With buc-kles a far-thing a pair.

[1] much.
[2] trading-place.

THE SLEEPER.

Edgar Allan Poe.
From "The Sleeper."

♩ = 69.

Edgar Stillman-Kelley.

Slowly and mysteriously.

pp

At mid - night in the month of June I stand be - neath the mys - tic

Slowly and mysteriously.

pp

p *pp*

moon, At mid - night in the month of June, I stand be - neath the mys - tic

p *pp*

p *pp* **A**

moon. An o - piate va - por, dew - y dim, Ex - hales from out her gold - en

A

p *pp* *p*

mf *pp* *A trifle faster. Very delicately.*

B

rim, And soft - ly drip - ping drop by drop Up - on the

B

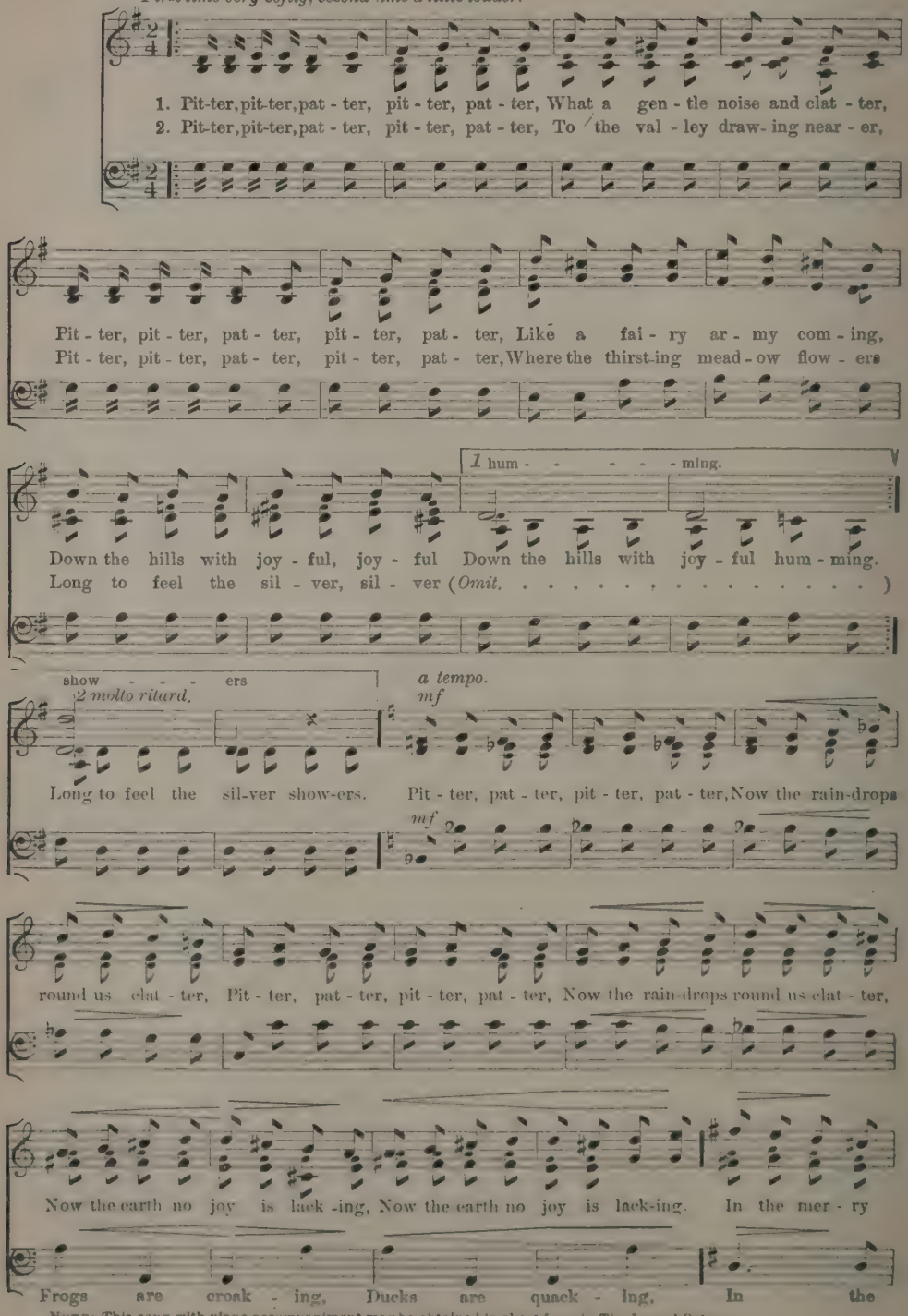
mf *pp*

cres.
qui - et, qui - et moun - tain - top, drop by drop
cres.
cen - - do. . . . . f
C
de - cres - cen - do.
up - on the qui - et moun - tain - top, Steals in - to . . . . the
C
de - cres - cen - do.
cen - - do. . . . . f
Ped.
de - cres - cen - do.
D
p
ritard. e dim.
ppp
pp
E
u - ni - ver - sal val - ley. At mid - night in the month of June I
D
E
p
ritard. e dim.
ppp
pp
p
pp
ritard. e dim. al.
ppp
stand be-neath the mys - tic moon, I stand be - neath the mys - tic moon.
p
pp
ritard. e dim. al.
ppp

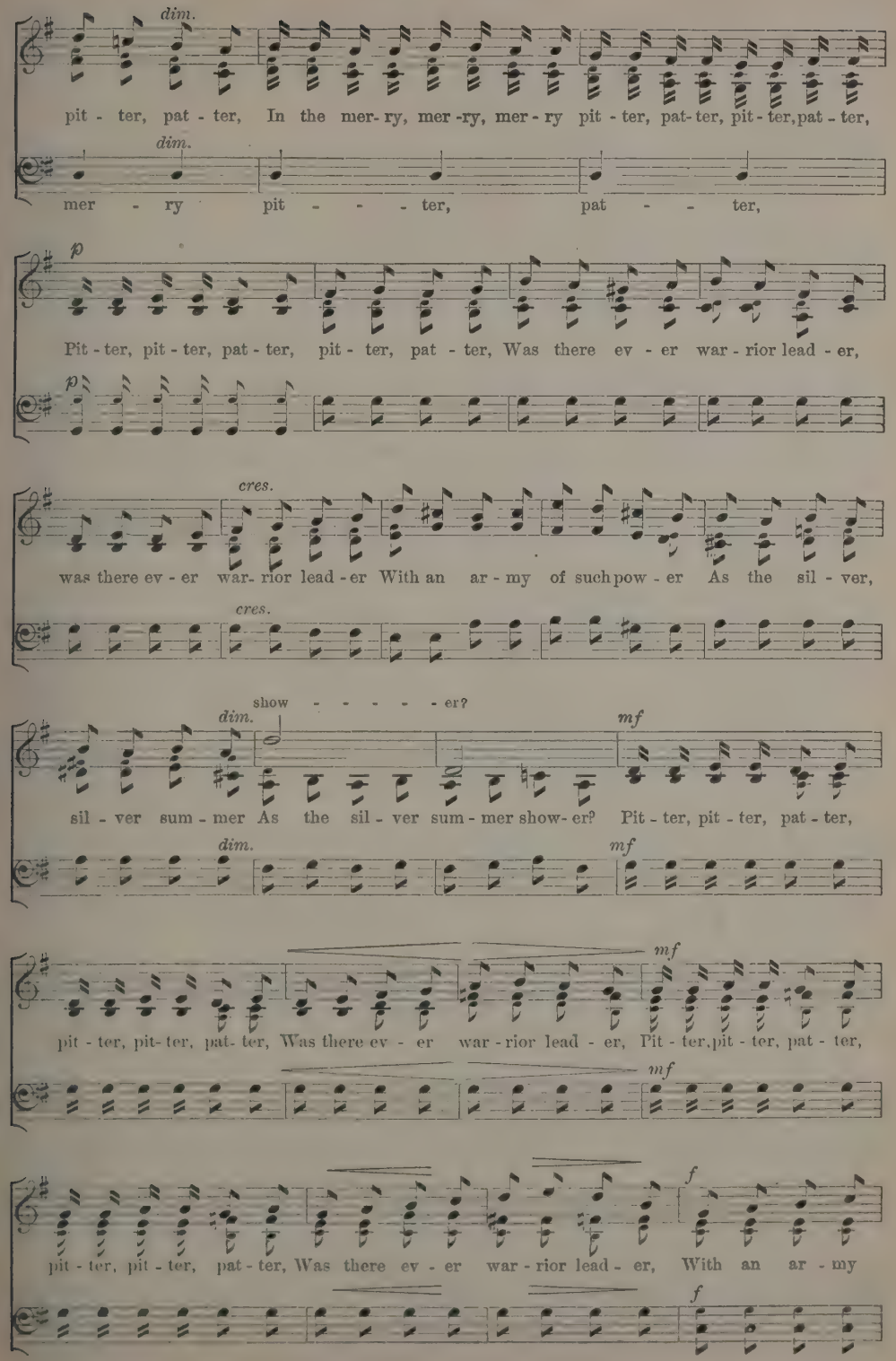
PITTER, PATTER.

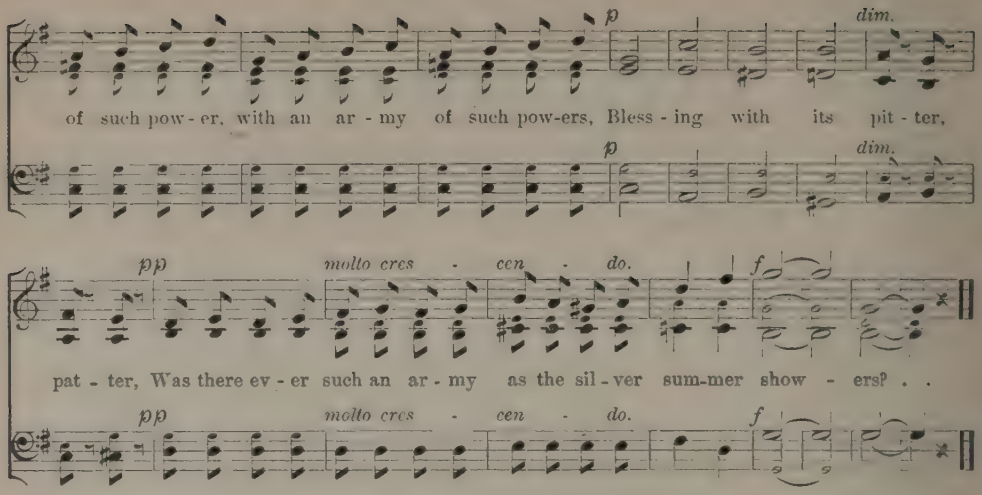
Frederick Manley. *Edgar Stillman-Kelley.*

First time very softly, second time a little louder.


1. Pit-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, What a gen-tle noise and clat-ter,
2. Pit-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, To the val-ley draw-ing near-er,
Pit-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, Like a fai-ry ar-my com-ing,
Pit-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, Where the thirst-ing mead-ow flow-ers
1 hum-ming.
Down the hills with joy-ful, joy-ful Down the hills with joy-ful hum-ming.
Long to feel the sil-ver, sil-ver (Omit.)
show-ers
2 molto ritard.
a tempo.
mf
Long to feel the sil-ver show-ers. Pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, Now the rain-drops
mf
round us clat-ter, Pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, Now the rain-drops round us clat-ter,
Now the earth no joy is lack-ing, Now the earth no joy is lack-ing. In the mer-ry
Frogs are croak-ing, Ducks are quack-ing, In the

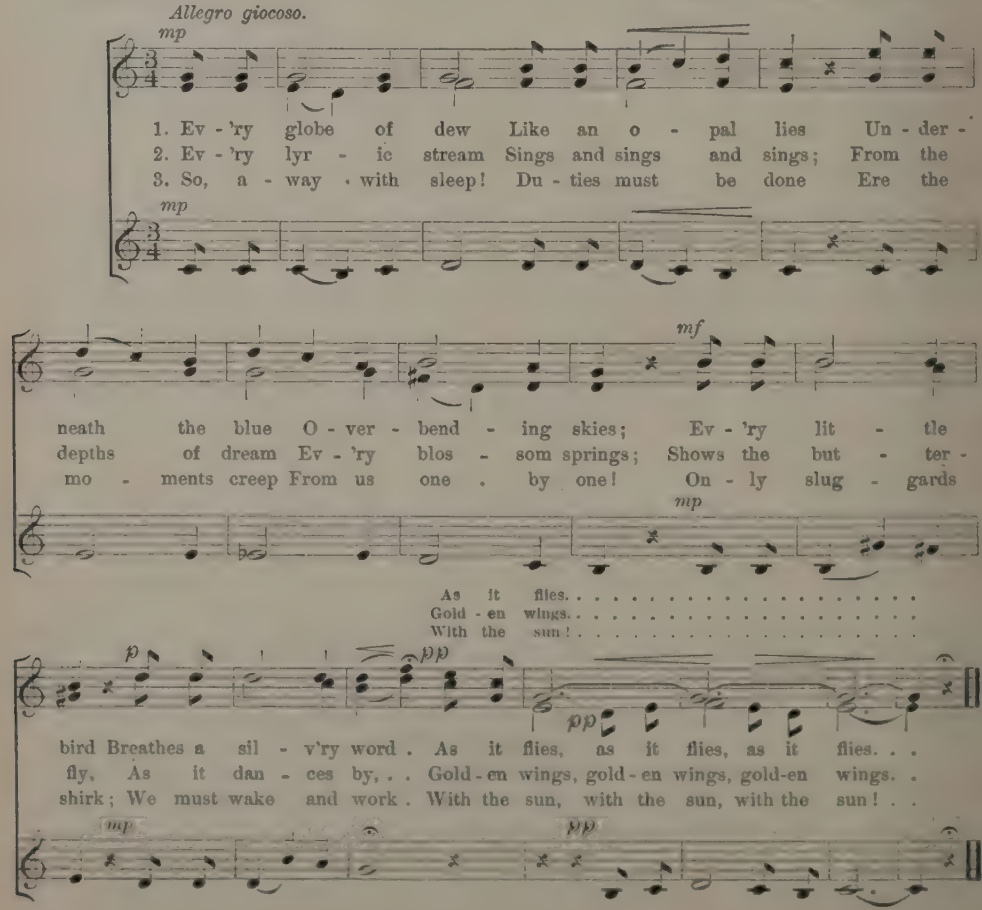
NOTE: This song with piano accompaniment may be obtained in sheet form in The Laurel Octavo.


dim.
pit - ter, pat - ter, In the mer- ry, mer -ry, mer - ry pit - ter, pat- ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,
dim.
mer - ry pit - - - - ter, pat - - ter,
p
Pit - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Was there ev - er war - rior lead - er,
p
cres.
was there ev - er war- rior lead - er With an ar - my of such pow - er As the sil - ver,
cres.
show - - - - - er?
dim.
mf
sil - ver sum - mer As the sil - ver sum - mer show- er? Pit - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,
dim.
mf
mf
pit - ter, pit- ter, pat- ter, Was there ev - er war - rior lead - er, Pit - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,
mf
f
pit - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Was there ev - er war - rior lead - er, With an ar - my
f


p
dim.
of such pow - er, with an ar - my of such pow-ers, Bless - ing with its pit - ter,
p
dim.
pp
molto cres - cen - do.
f
pat - ter, Was there ev - er such an ar - my as the sil - ver sum-mer show - ers? . .
pp
molto cres - cen - do.
f

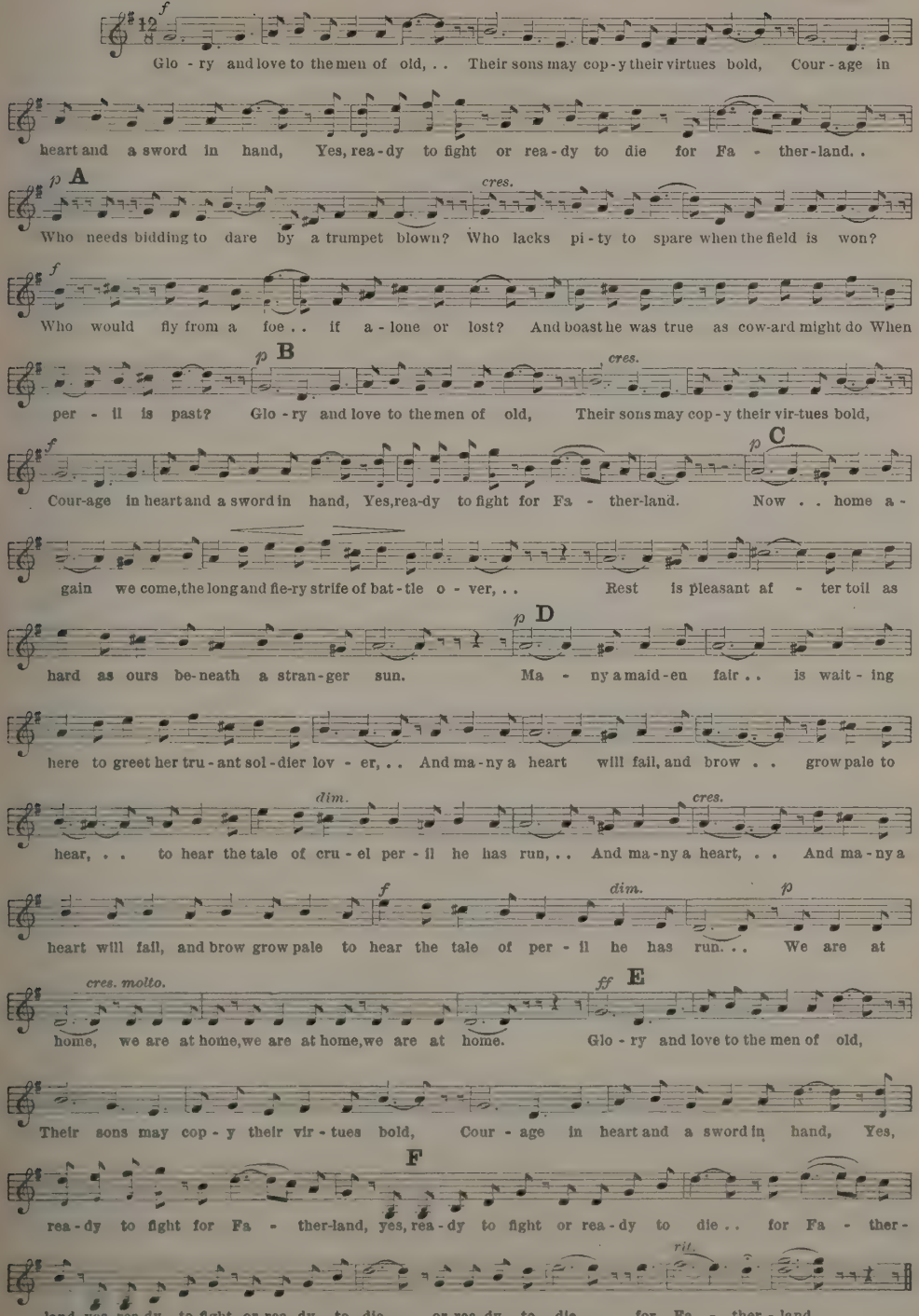
MORNING SONG.

Clinton Scollard. *Harvey Worthington Loomis.*


Allegro giocoso.
mp
1. Ev - 'ry globe of dew Like an o - pal lies Un - der -
2. Ev - 'ry lyr - ic stream Sings and sings and sings; From the
3. So, a - way with sleep! Du - ties must be done Ere the
mp
mf
neath the blue O - ver - bend - ing skies; Ev - 'ry lit - tle
depths of dream Ev - 'ry blos - som springs; Shows the but - ter -
mo - ments creep From us one . by one! On - ly slug - gards
mp
As it flies. . . . . .
Gold - en wings. . . . . .
With the sun! . . . . . .
p
pp
pp
bird Breathes a sil - v'ry word . As it flies, as it flies, as it flies. . .
fly, As it dan - ces by, . . Gold - en wings, gold - en wings, gold-en wings. .
shirk; We must wake and work . With the sun, with the sun, with the sun! . .
mp
pp

SOLDIERS' CHORUS FROM FAUST.*

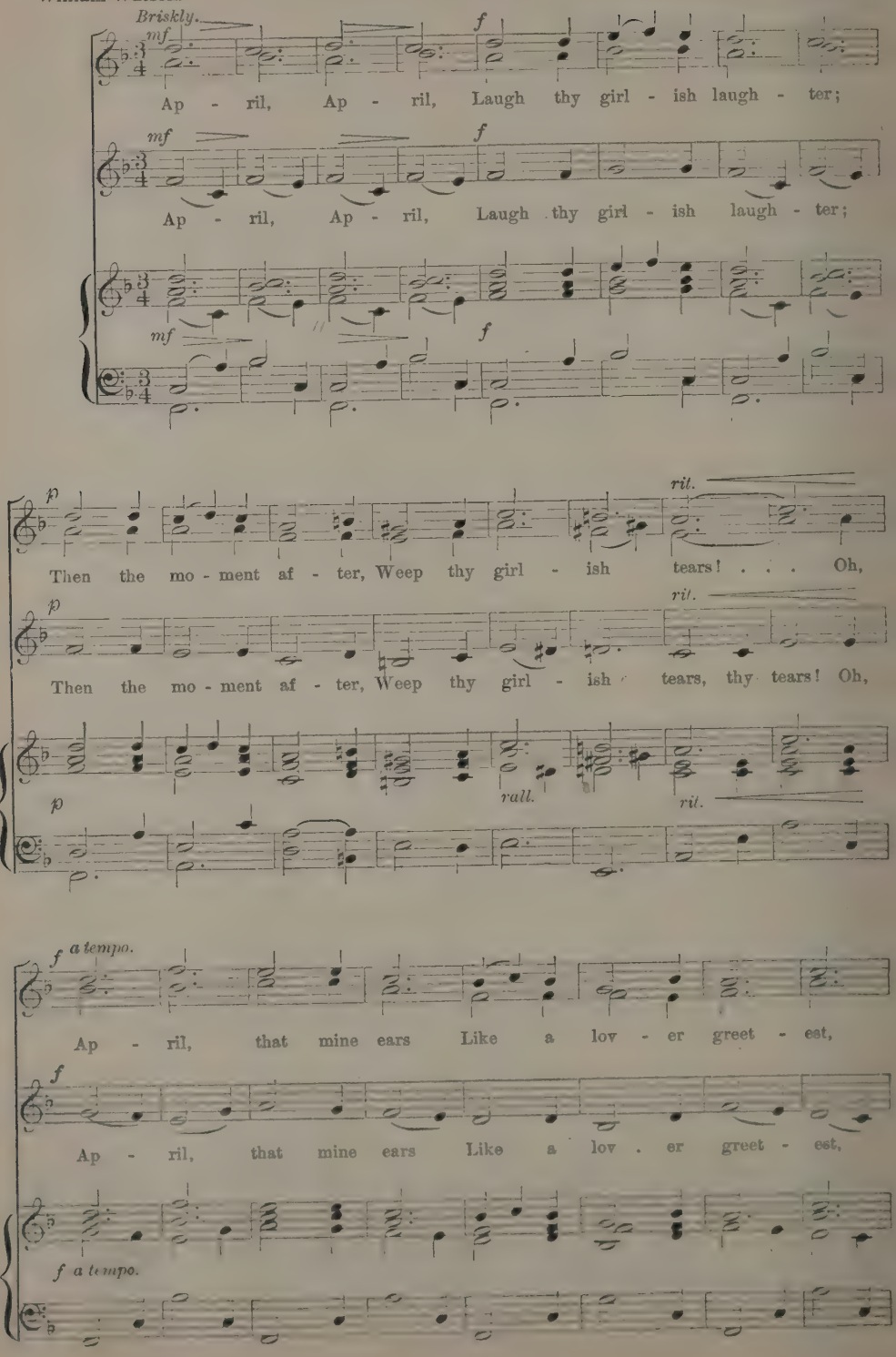
Gounod.

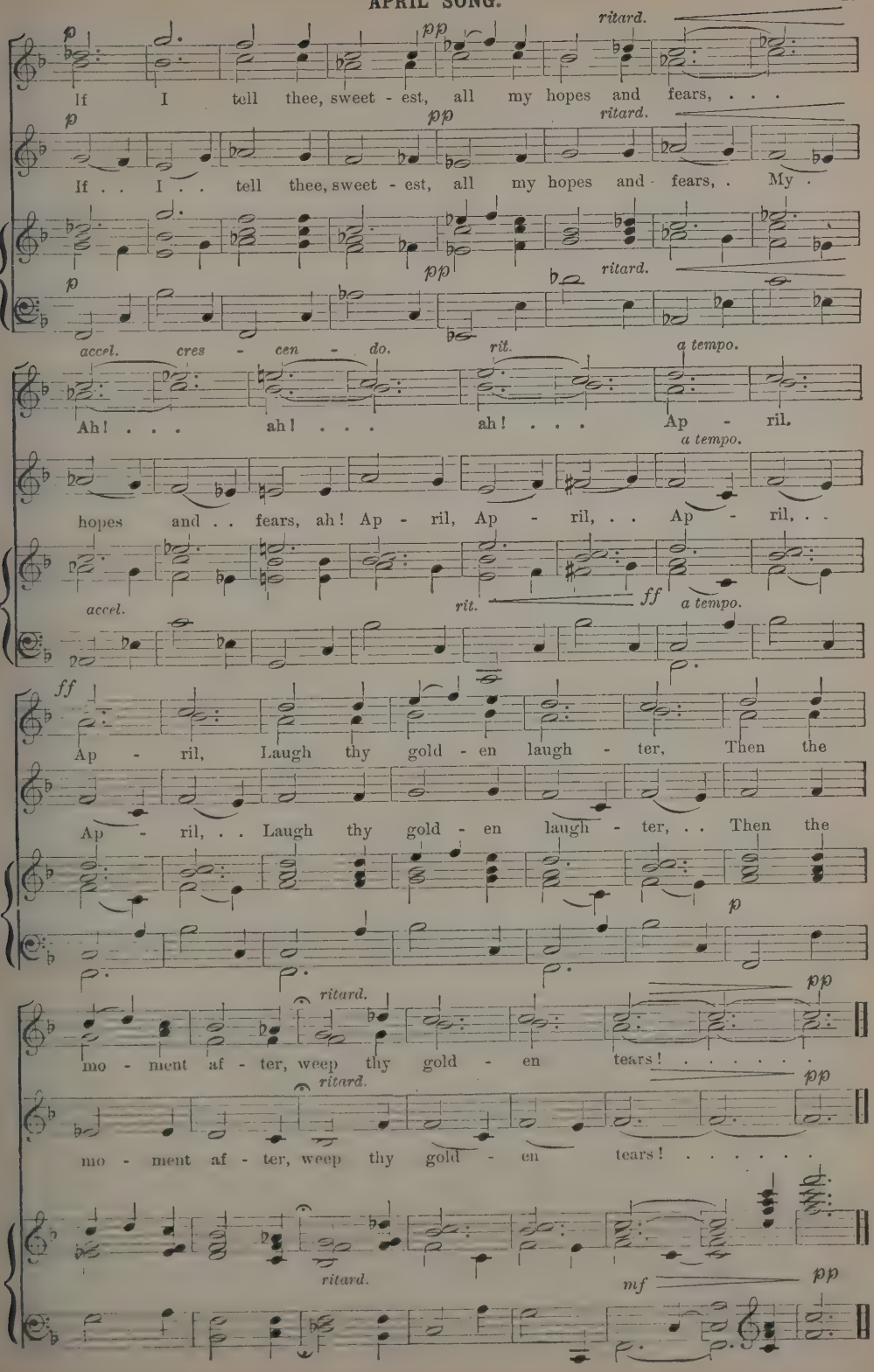

f
Glo - ry and love to the men of old, . . Their sons may cop - y their virtues bold, Cour - age in
heart and a sword in hand, Yes, rea - dy to fight or rea - dy to die for Fa - ther-land. .
p A
cres.
Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet blown? Who lacks pi - ty to spare when the field is won?
f
Who would fly from a foe . . if a - lone or lost? And boast he was true as cow-ard might do When
p B
cres.
per - il is past? Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop - y their vir-tues bold,
f
p C
Cour-age in heart and a sword in hand, Yes, rea-dy to fight for Fa - ther-land. Now . . home a -
gain we come, the long and fie-ry strife of bat - tle o - ver, . . Rest is pleasant af - ter toil as
p D
hard as ours be-neath a stran-ger sun. Ma - ny a maid-en fair . . is wait - ing
here to greet her tru - ant sol - dier lov - er, . . And ma - ny a heart will fail, and brow . . grow pale to
dim.
cres.
hear, . . to hear the tale of cru - el per - il he has run, . . And ma - ny a heart, . . And ma - ny a
f
dim.
p
heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has run. . . We are at
cres. molto.
ff E
home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home. Glo - ry and love to the men of old,
Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold, Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Yes,
F
rea - dy to fight for Fa - ther-land, yes, rea - dy to fight or rea - dy to die . . for Fa - ther -
rit.
land, yes, rea-dy to fight or rea - dy to die, . . or rea-dy to die . . for Fa - ther - land.

* Complete score for voices and piano published separately in the Laurel Octavo.

APRIL SONG.

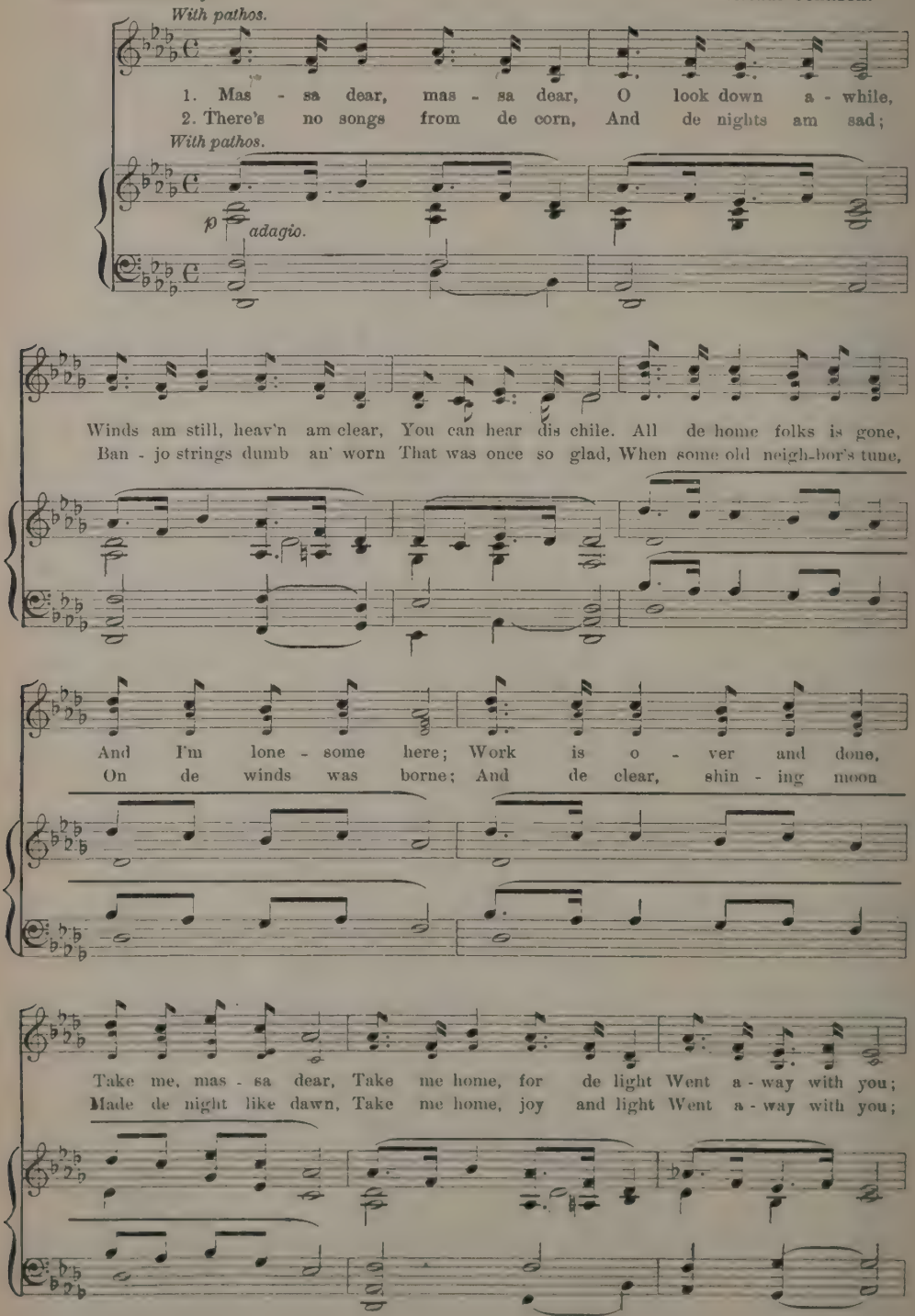
William Watson. *Constance Tippett.*

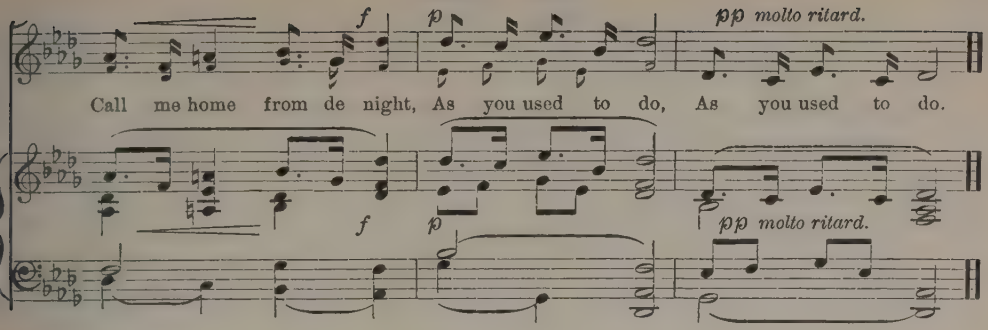

Briskly.
mf
f
Ap - ril, Ap - ril, Laugh thy girl - ish laugh - ter;
mf
f
Ap - ril, Ap - ril, Laugh thy girl - ish laugh - ter;
mf
f
p
ril.
Then the mo - ment af - ter, Weep thy girl - ish tears! . . . Oh,
p
ril.
Then the mo - ment af - ter, Weep thy girl - ish tears, thy tears! Oh,
p
rall.
ril.
f a tempo.
Ap - ril, that mine ears Like a lov - er greet - est,
f
Ap - ril, that mine ears Like a lov . er greet - est,
f a tempo.


If I tell thee, sweet - est, all my hopes and fears, . . .
If . . I . . tell thee, sweet - est, all my hopes and fears, . My .
accel. cres - cen - do.
Ah! . . . ah! . . . ah! . . . Ap - ril.
hopes and . . fears, ah! Ap - ril, Ap - ril, . . Ap - ril, . .
Ap - ril, Laugh thy gold - en laugh - ter, Then the
Ap - ril, . . Laugh thy gold - en laugh - ter, . . Then the
mo - ment af - ter, weep thy gold - en tears! . . . . . .
mo - ment af - ter, weep thy gold - en tears! . . . . . .

MASSA DEAR.

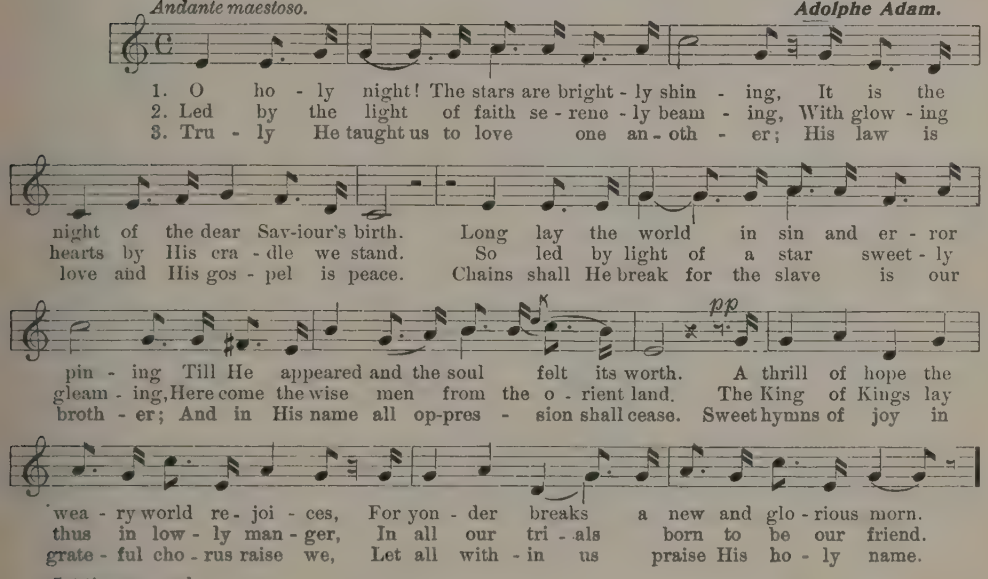
Frederick Manley. *Arthur Johnson.*


With pathos.
1. Mas - sa dear, mas - sa dear, O look down a - while,
2. There's no songs from de corn, And de nights am sad;
With pathos.
p
adagio.
Winds am still, heav'n am clear, You can hear dis chile. All de home folks is gone,
Ban - jo strings dumb an' worn That was once so glad, When some old neigh-bor's tune,
And I'm lone - some here; Work is o - ver and done,
On de winds was borne; And de clear, shin - ing moon
Take me, mas - sa dear, Take me home, for de light Went a - way with you;
Made de night like dawn, Take me home, joy and light Went a - way with you;

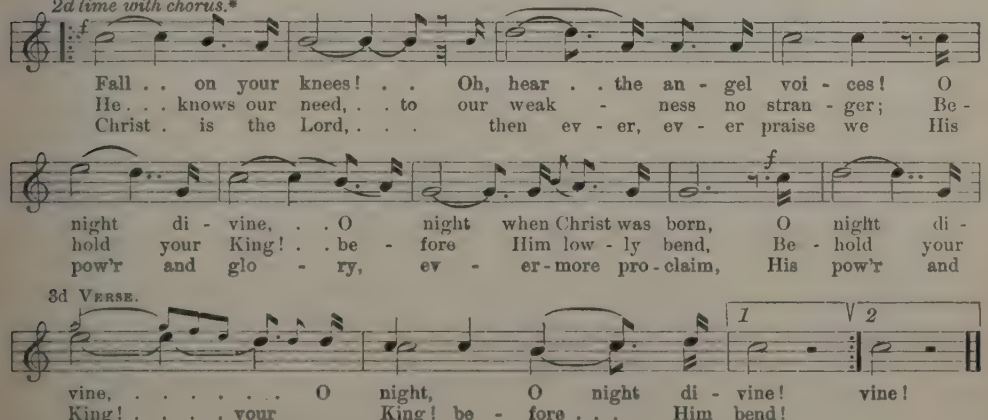


CANTIQUE DE NOEL.

Andante maestoso. **Adolphe Adam.**


1. O ho - ly night! The stars are bright - ly shin - ing, It is the
2. Led by the light of faith se - rene - ly beam - ing, With glow - ing
3. Tru - ly He taught us to love one an - oth - er; His law is
night of the dear Sav-iour's birth. Long lay the world in sin and er - ror
hearts by His cra - dle we stand. So led by light of a star sweet - ly
love and His gos - pel is peace. Chains shall He break for the slave is our
pp
pin - ing Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope the
gleam - ing, Here come the wise men from the o - rient land. The King of Kings lay
broth - er; And in His name all op-pres - sion shall cease. Sweet hymns of joy in
wea - ry world re - joi - ces, For yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn.
thus in low - ly man - ger, In all our tri - als born to be our friend.
grate - ful cho - rus raise we, Let all with - in us praise His ho - ly name.

1st time as a solo.
*2d time with chorus.**


f
Fall . . on your knees! . . Oh, hear . . the an - gel voi - ces! O
He . . . knows our need, . . to our weak - ness no stran - ger; Be -
Christ . is the Lord, . . . then ev - er, ev - er praise we His
f
night di - vine, . . O night when Christ was born, O night di -
hold your King! . . be - fore Him low - ly bend, Be - hold your
pow'r and glo - ry, ev - er - more pro - claim, His pow'r and

3d VERSE.

* When sung as a chorus, the Sopranos should in each case use the words of the first verse.

NOTE: This song in harmonized form with piano accompaniment is published in The Laurel Octavo.

THE VEERY.

*Henry Van Dyke.**

N. Clifford Page.

Moderato con grazia. ♩. = 60. M. M.

p *cres.* *mf*

1. The moon-beams o-ver Ar-no's vale in sil-ver flood were
2. The lave-rock sings a bon-ny lay a-bove the Scot-tish
3. In Eng-lish gar-dens, green and bright, and full of fruit-y

p *cres.* *mf*

poco ritard. *f*

pour-ing, When first I heard the night-in-gale a long lost love de-
heath-er; It sprinkles down from far a-way like light and love to-
treas-ure, I heard the blackbird with de-light re-peat his mer-ry

a tempo. *p*

plor-ing. So pas-sion-ate, so full of pain, it sound-ed strange and
geth-er; He drops the gold-en notes to greet his brood-ing mate, his
meas-ure; The bal-lad was a pleas-ant one, the tune was loud and

a tempo. *f* *p*

f *poco rit. e dim.* *p*

ee-rie; I longed to hear a sim-pler strain,—the
dear-ie; I on-ly know one song more sweet,—the
cheer-y, And yet, with ev-'ry set-ting sun, I

f *poco rit. e dim.* *p*

SOLO VOICE.

D.C. *After last verse only.* *p* *pp*

The wood-notes . . of the veer-y.

molto ritard. *D.C.* *p* *Molto ritard e dolce.* *pp*

wood-notes of the veer-y.
ves-pers of the veer-y.
list-ened for the veer-y. The wood-notes of . . the veer-y.

p *p*

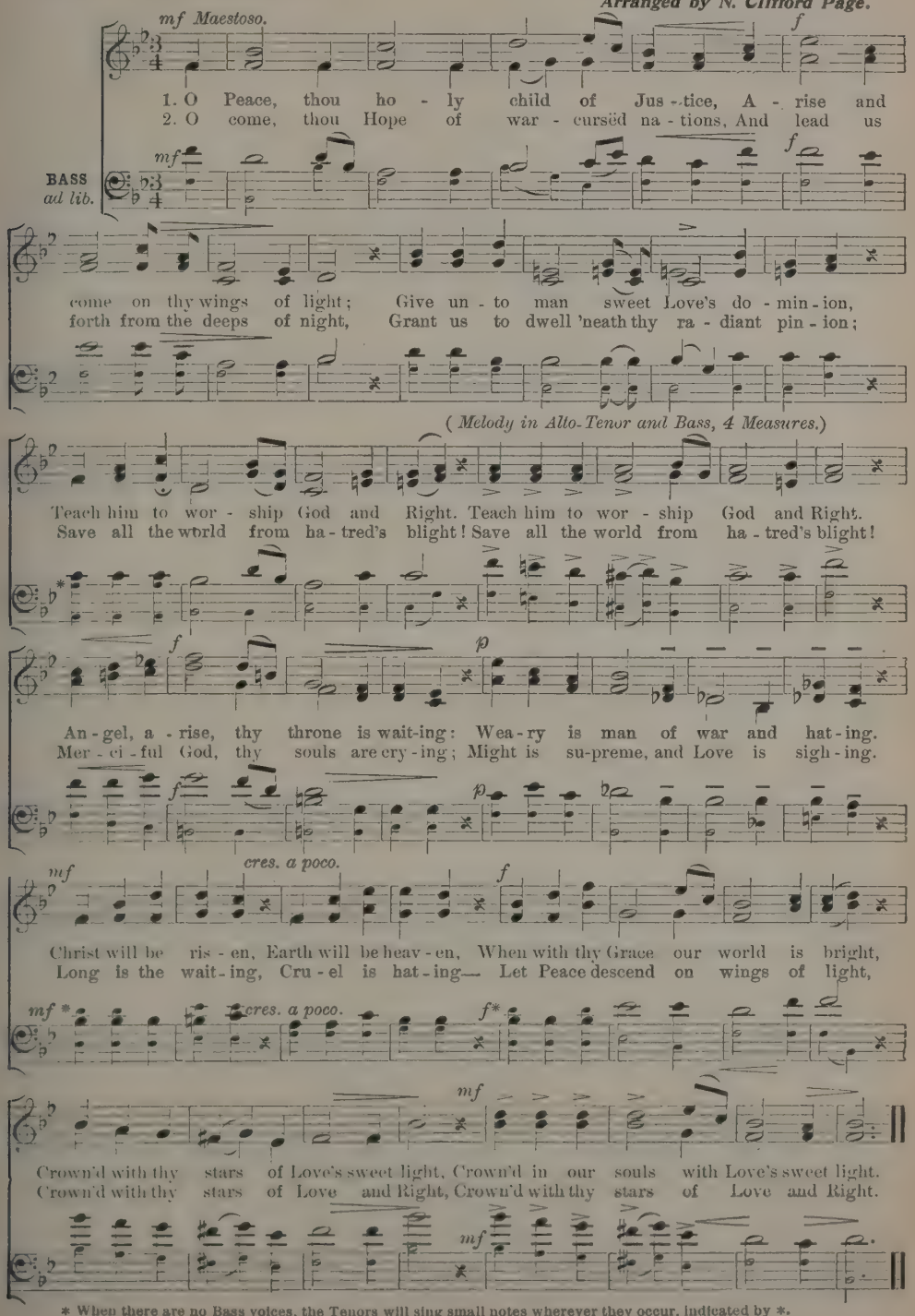
* Poem from "The Builders and Other Poems." Copyright, 1897. By permission of CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

SONG OF PEACE.

(From "THE MAGIC FLUTE.")

Poem by Mary Frances Galvin.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.


mf Maestoso.
f
1. O Peace, thou ho - ly child of Jus - tice, A - rise and
2. O come, thou Hope of war - cursëd na - tions, And lead us
mf
f
BASS
ad lib.
come on thy wings of light; Give un - to man sweet Love's do - min - ion,
forth from the deeps of night, Grant us to dwell 'neath thy ra - diant pin - ion;
(Melody in Alto-Tenor and Bass, 4 Measures.)
Teach him to wor - ship God and Right. Teach him to wor - ship God and Right.
Save all the world from ha - tred's blight! Save all the world from ha - tred's blight!
f
p
An - gel, a - rise, thy throne is wait-ing: Wea - ry is man of war and hat - ing.
Mer - ci - ful God, thy souls are cry - ing; Might is su-preme, and Love is sigh - ing.
f
p
mf
cres. a poco.
f
Christ will be ris - en, Earth will be heav - en, When with thy Grace our world is bright,
Long is the wait - ing, Cru - el is hat - ing— Let Peace descend on wings of light,
mf *
cres. a poco.
f*
mf
Crown'd with thy stars of Love's sweet light, Crown'd in our souls with Love's sweet light.
Crown'd with thy stars of Love and Right, Crown'd with thy stars of Love and Right.
mf

* When there are no Bass voices, the Tenors will sing small notes wherever they occur, indicated by *.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

William Shakespeare.

Franz Schubert.
Arranged by Ralph L. Baldwin.

Allegretto.

mf

Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phœ - bus 'gins a - rise His

mf

steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On chal-ic'd flow'rs that lies, . On chal-ic'd flow'rs that

p

lies: And wink - ing Ma - ry - buds be - gin To ope their gold - en eyes; With

cres.

ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty bin; My la - dy sweet, a - rise, . . With

cres.

ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty bin, My la - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My

cres. *f*

la - dy sweet, a - rise, . a - rise, . a - rise, . My la - dy sweet, a - rise. .

ROBIN ADAIR.

Caroline Keppel. *Arr. by Frank Belknap.*

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; What was't I
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; But now thou'rt
wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth,
cold to me, Rob - in A - dair, Yet him I loved so well,
Fine.
Made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Rob - in A - dair.
Humming.)
(Humming.)
p
p
Rob - in A - dair;
2. What made th'as - sem - bly shine? What made the ball so fine?
Rob - in was there. What when the play was o'er, What made my . . .
D.C. al Fine.
heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.

SAIL ON, O SHIP OF STATE.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *Rossetter G. Cole.*

With dignity and fervor.

mf

1. Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Un - ion
2. We know what Mas - ter laid the keel, What work - men wrought thy
3. In spite of rocks and tem - pest's roar, In spite of false lights

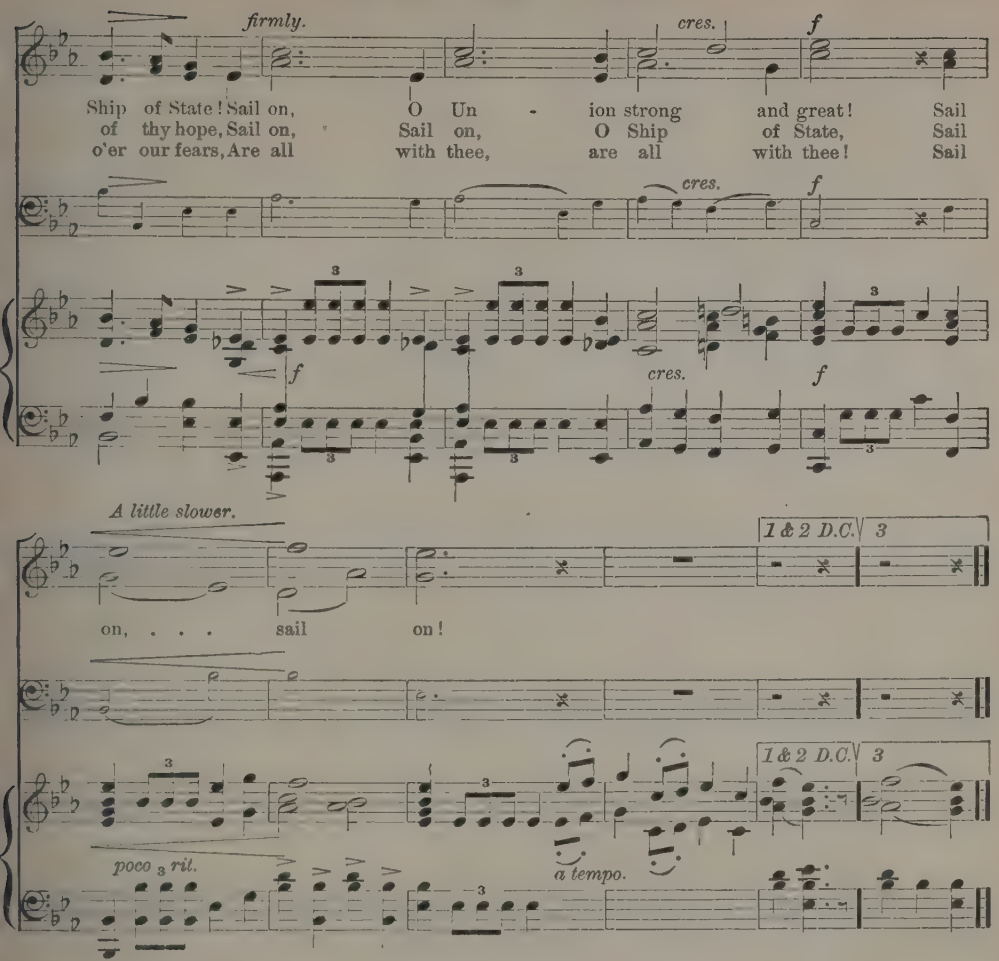
BASS
ad lib.

mf

mf Not too fast.

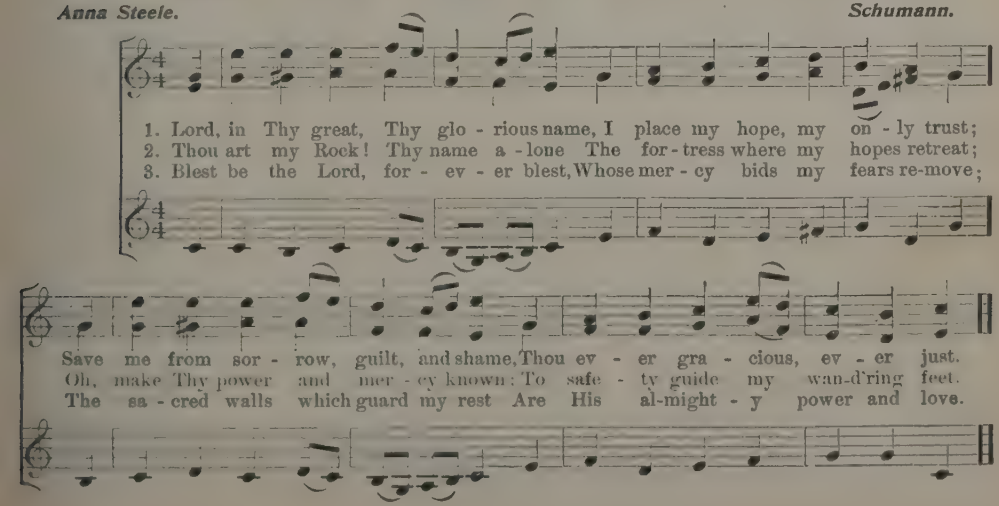
strong and great! Hu - man - i - ty with all its fears, With all its hopes of
ribs of steel, Who made each mast and sail and rope, What an - vils rang, what
on the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes are

fu - ture years, Is hang - ing breath - less on thy fate! Sail on, sail on, O
ham - mers beat, In what a forge and what a heat Were shaped the an - chors
all with thee, Our hearts, our hopes, our pray'rs, our tears, Our faith tri - um - phant



LORD, IN THY GREAT, THY GLORIOUS NAME.

Anna Steele. *Schumann.*


1. Lord, in Thy great, Thy glo - rious name, I place my hope, my on - ly trust;
2. Thou art my Rock! Thy name a - lone The for - tress where my hopes retreat;
3. Blest be the Lord, for - ev - er blest, Whose mer - cy bids my fears re-move;
Save me from sor - row, guilt, and shame, Thou ev - er gra - cious, ev - er just.
Oh, make Thy power and mer - cy known: To safe - ty guide my wan-d'ring feet.
The sa - cred walls which guard my rest Are His al-might - y power and love.

MY MAMMY'S VOICE.

(Arranged as an unaccompanied trio from the original solo with piano accompaniment.)

Edwin Star Belknap. *Harvey Worthington Loomis.*

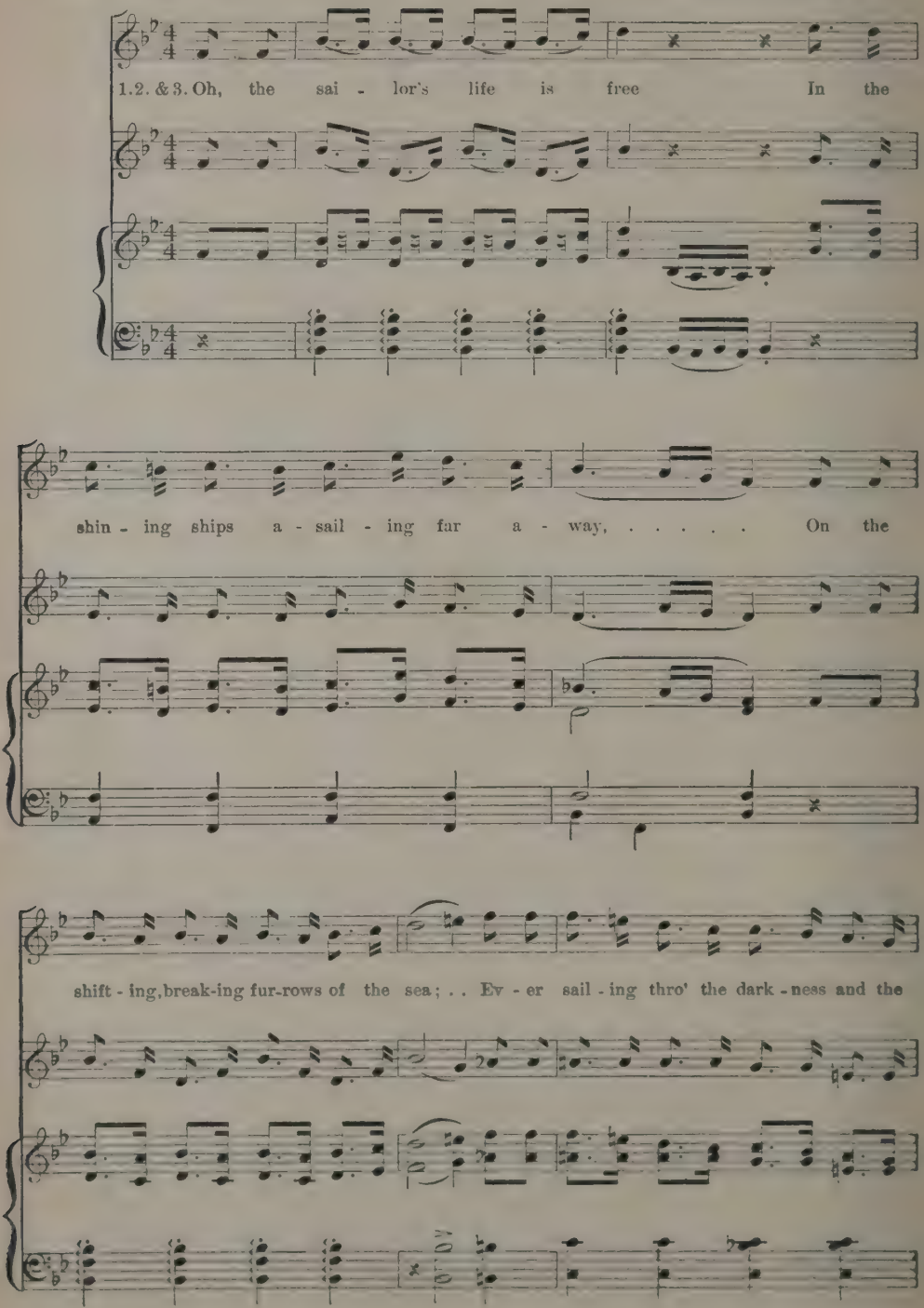
Allegro moderato.
pp
long a - go,
on de wall,
1. Long a - go, ...
2. On de wall, ...
Allegro moderato.
p
mp
p
1. When I was a lit - tle pick-a-nin - ny, long a - go, My ole
2. Dere is mu-sic in de clock a-tick-in' on de wall; Dere is
pp
Songs I know.
Bub - - blin' call.
Use' - ter sing de sweet - es' songs I know.
In de kit - tle wid its bub - blin' call.
mam - my use' ter sing de sweet-es' songs I know. . . . . .
sing - in' in de kit - tle wid its bub - blin' call. . . . . .
p
p
mf
Croon, . . .
Strum, . . .
Hum. . . .
Hum. . . .
espress.
To de
But de
mp
p
f
Wid her croon-in' an' her hum-min' When she see de Sand-man com - in', To de
Sweet de crick-et's mer - ry strummin' And de bum-ble-bees a - hum - min', But de
slow. . . . . .
all. . . . . .
Refrain.
p
rit.
mp When de
Land o' Nod she'd rock me ve - ry soft an' slow, so soft an' slow. . . .
sing - in' ob my mam - my war de bes' ob all, de bes' ob all. . . . .
rit.
p
Land o' Nod she'd rock me ve - ry soft an' slow. . . . . So, .
sing - in' ob my mam-my war de bes' ob all. . . . . .

A little slower.
work is troo, and day is done, As I set an' watch de sink - in'
When work is troo, and day is done, As I set an'
when de work is troo, and day is done, As I set an'
sun, Want ter hear my mam - my sing - in' All de
espress.
watch . . de sink - in' sun. Hear my mam - my sing - in' All de
watch . . de sink - in' sun. Hear my mam - my sing - in' De
songs I use' ter know. Aint no voice to me so sweet an'
songs I use' ter know. Aint no voice . . . so sweet an'
songs I use' ter know. Aint no voice ter me so sweet an'
clear, Aint no tunes to me is half so dear, ... As de
clear, so sweet an' clear, Aint no tunes ter me is half so dear, As de
clear, so sweet an' clear, Aint no tunes ter me is half so dear, so
songs my mam - my sung me In de long a - go. . . . . .
songs my mam - my sung me In de long a - go, de long a - go.
dear. In de long, long a - go. . . . . .

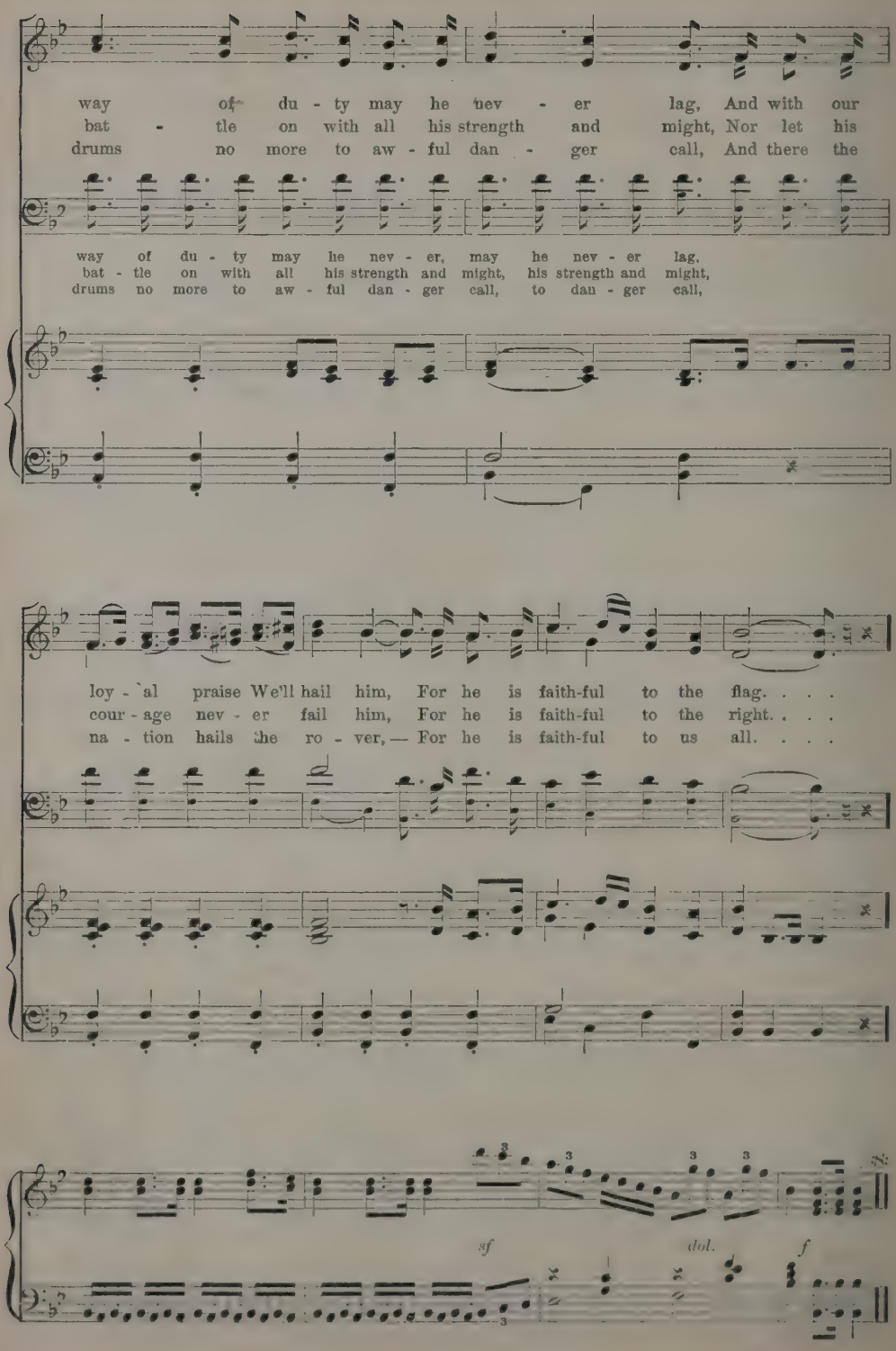
OUR SAILOR.

Mary T. Loughlin.

August Pohlenz.
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist.


1.2. & 3. Oh, the sai - lor's life is free In the
shin - ing ships a - sail - ing far a - way, ... On the
shift - ing, break-ing fur-rows of the sea; . . Ev - er sail - ing thro' the dark - ness and the

day. . . . But when tem-pests are a - wak-ing, And the cap - tain calls to
day. . . . But a - far from home and coun-try, When the lone - ly days are
day. . . . When the ships are home - ward speed-ing, Tho' the skies be bright or
p
save, . . Then in face of chance and dan - ger Will the sai - lor - man be
long, . . Then in spite of pain and pleas - ure Must the sai - lor - man be
gray, . . When the lights of home are near - ing, Then the sai - lor - man is
brave. Oh, then what - ev - er . . foes at - tack him, On the
strong. Oh, then what - ev - er . . foes at - tack him, May he
gay. Oh, then the wait - ing, . long - ing o - ver, And the
Bass ad lib.
On the
May he
And the


way of du - ty may he nev - er lag, And with our
bat - tle on with all his strength and might, Nor let his
drums no more to aw - ful dan - ger call, And there the
way of du - ty may he nev - er, may he nev - er lag,
bat - tle on with all his strength and might, his strength and might,
drums no more to aw - ful dan - ger call, to dan - ger call,
loy - al praise We'll hail him, For he is faith-ful to the flag. . . .
cour - age nev - er fail him, For he is faith-ful to the right. . . .
na - tion hails the ro - ver, — For he is faith-ful to us all. . . .
sf
dol.
f

OLD DOG TRAY.

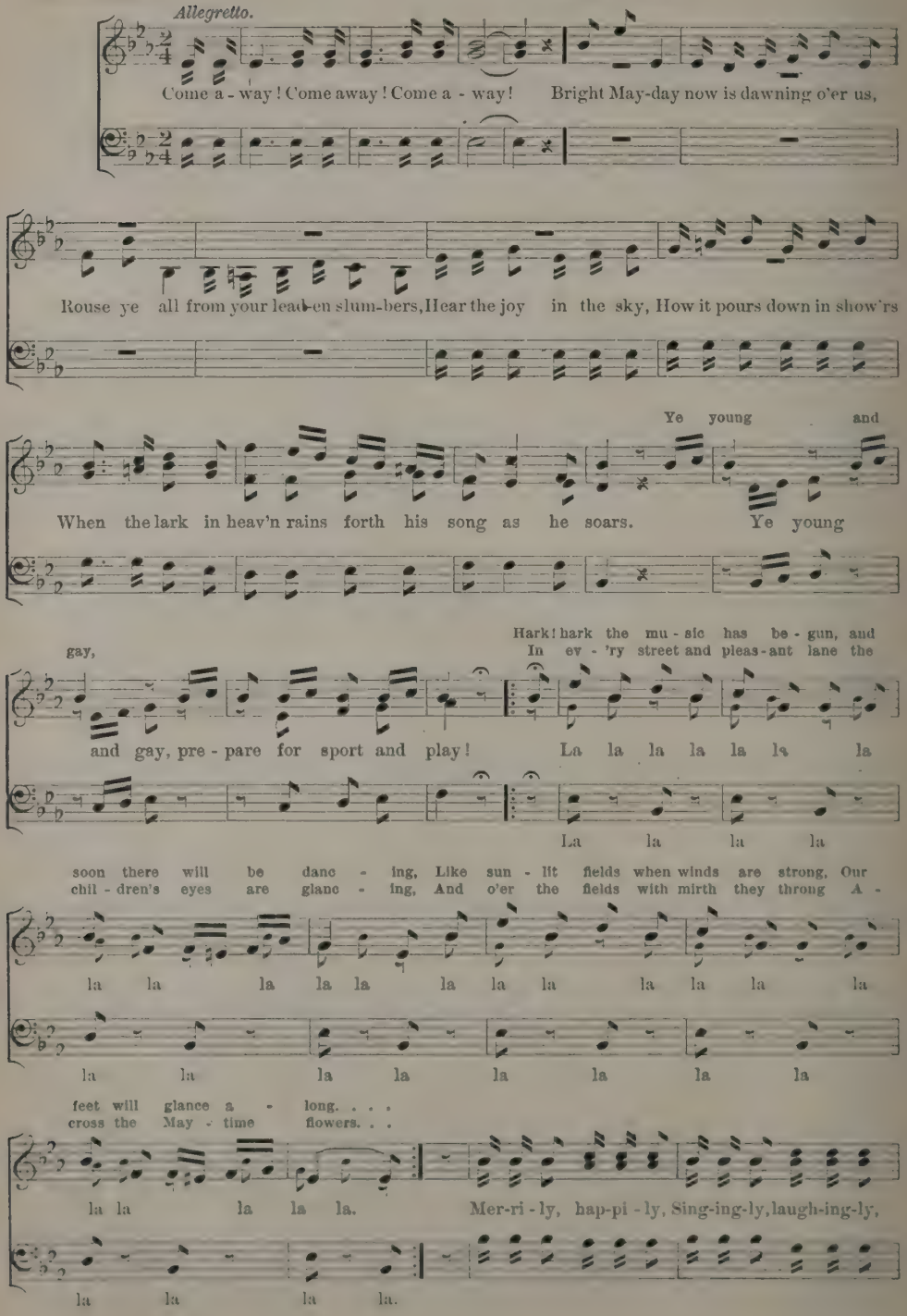
Words and Music by Stephen A. Foster.
Arr. by Frank Belknap.

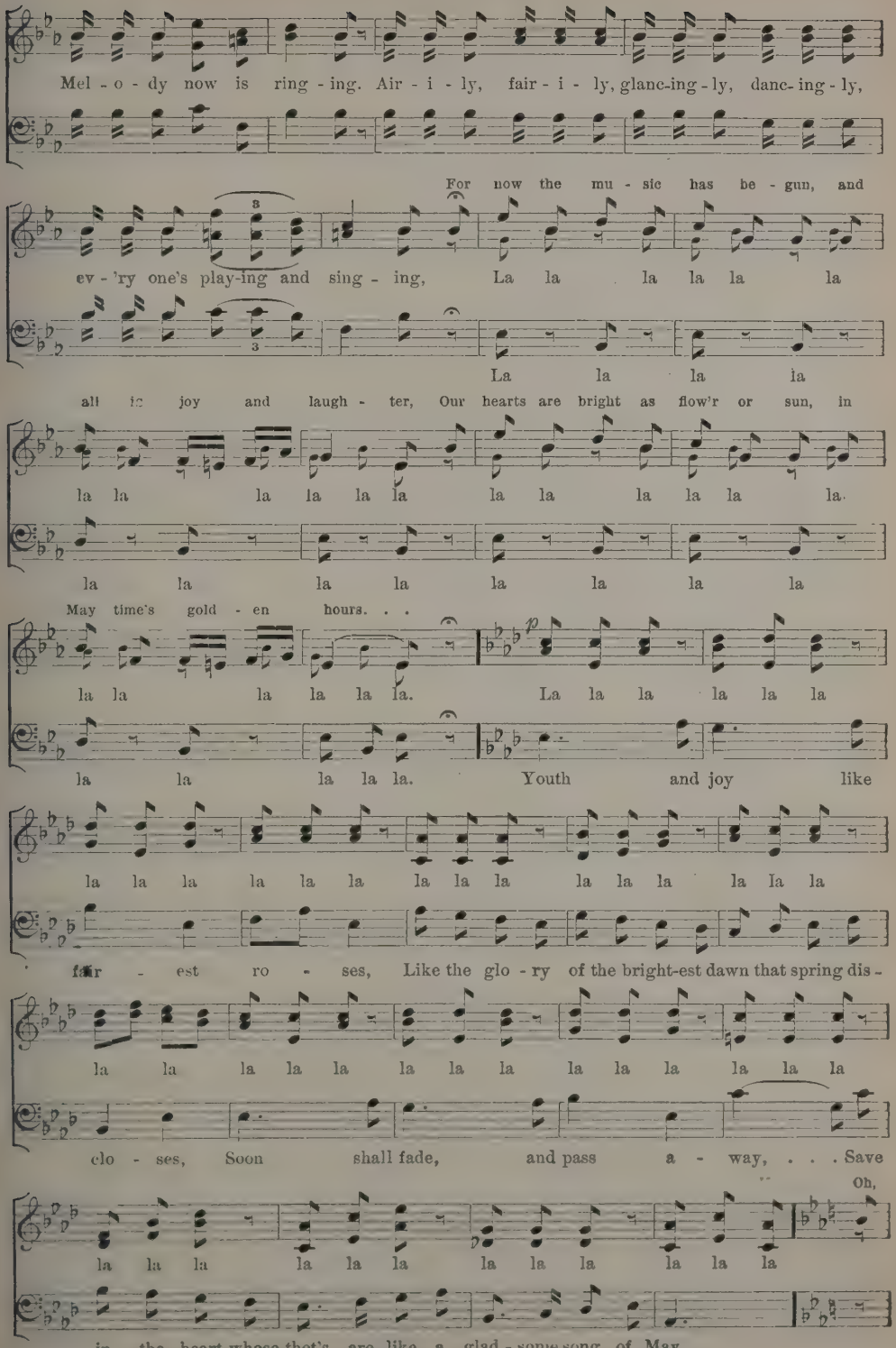
Melody in Alto.
1. The morn of life is past, And eve - ning comes at last, It
2. The forms I called my own, Have van - ished one by one, The
3. When tho'ts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I
brings me a dream of a once hap - py day, Of mer - ry forms I've seen Up -
loved ones, the dear ones have all passed a - way. Their hap - py smiles have flown, Their
know that he feels what my break-ing heart would say; Al-though he can - not speak, I'll
on the vil - lage green, Sport - ing with my old dog Tray.
gen - tle voi - ces gone, I've noth - ing left but old dog Tray.
vain - ly, vain - ly seek A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.
Chorus. (*Humming.*)
Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way; He's
ev - - er faith - - ful old . . . . . dog Tray.
gen-tle, he is kind; I'll nev - er, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

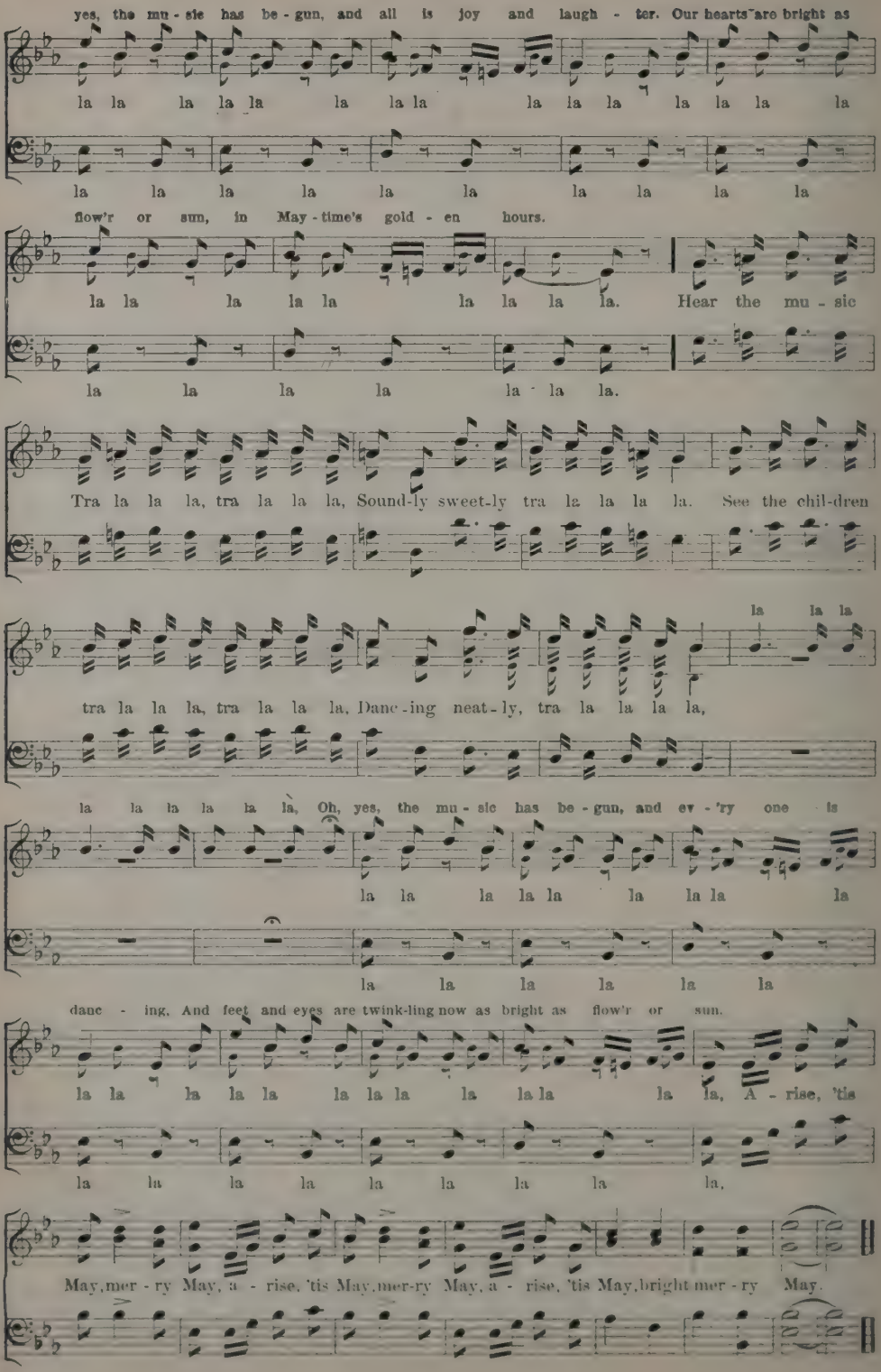
Note.—The accompanying parts should be sung softly.

MAY MORNING SONG.

Robert Rand. *From the French. Arr. by W. L. T.*


Allegretto.
Come a - way! Come away! Come a - way! Bright May-day now is dawning o'er us,
Rouse ye all from your leaden slum-bers, Hear the joy in the sky, How it pours down in show'rs
Ye young and
When the lark in heav'n rains forth his song as he soars. Ye young
gay,
Hark! hark the mu - sic has be - gun, and
In ev - 'ry street and pleas - ant lane the
and gay, pre - pare for sport and play! La la la la la la la
La la la la
soon there will be danc - ing, Like sun - lit fields when winds are strong, Our
chil - dren's eyes are glanc - ing, And o'er the fields with mirth they throng A -
la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la
feet will glance a - long. . .
cross the May - time flowers. . .
la la la la la. Mer-ri - ly, hap-pi - ly, Sing-ing-ly, laugh-ing-ly,
la la la la.


Mel - o - dy now is ring - ing. Air - i - ly, fair - i - ly, glanc-ing - ly, danc- ing - ly,
For now the mu - sic has be - gun, and
ev - 'ry one's play-ing and sing - ing, La la la la la la
La la la la
all is joy and laugh - ter, Our hearts are bright as flow'r or sun, in
la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la
May time's gold - en hours. . .
la la la la la la. La la la la la la
la la la la la. Youth and joy like
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
fair - est ro - ses, Like the glo - ry of the bright-est dawn that spring dis -
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
clo - ses, Soon shall fade, and pass a - way, . . . Save
Oh,
la la la la la la la la la la la la
in the heart whose thot's are like a glad - some song of May.


yes, the mu - sic has be - gun, and all is joy and laugh - ter. Our hearts are bright as
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la
flow'r or sun, in May - time's gold - en hours.
la la la la la la la la la. Hear the mu - sic
la la la la la la la.
Tra la la la, tra la la la, Sound-ly sweet-ly tra la la la la. See the chil-dren
la la la
tra la la la, tra la la la, Danc - ing neat - ly, tra la la la la,
la la la la la la, Oh, yes, the mu - sic has be - gun, and ev - 'ry one is
la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la
danc - ing, And feet and eyes are twink-ling now as bright as flow'r or sun.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, A - rise, 'tis
la la la la la la la la la,
May, mer - ry May, a - rise, 'tis May, mer-ry May, a - rise, 'tis May, bright mer - ry May.

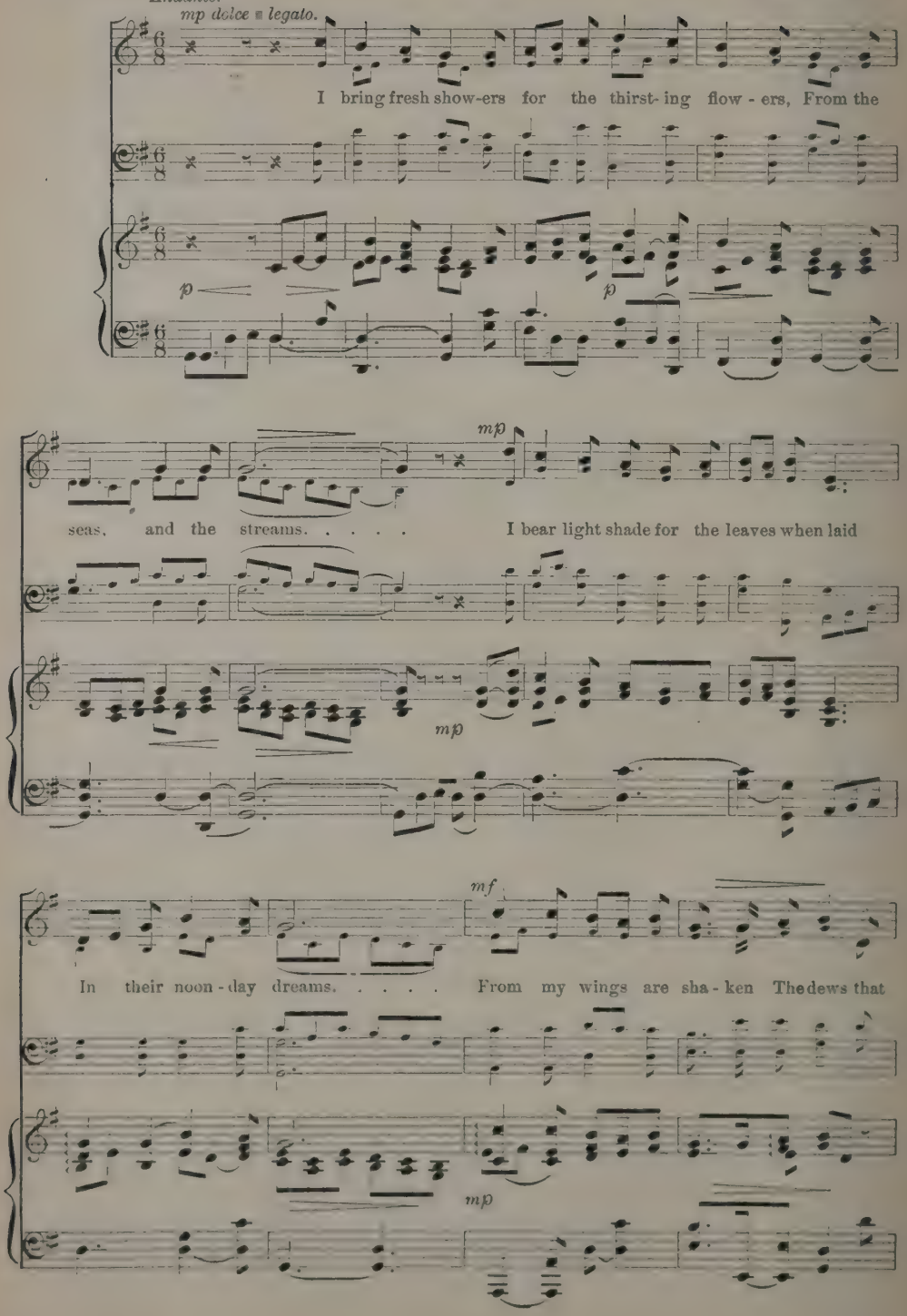
MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

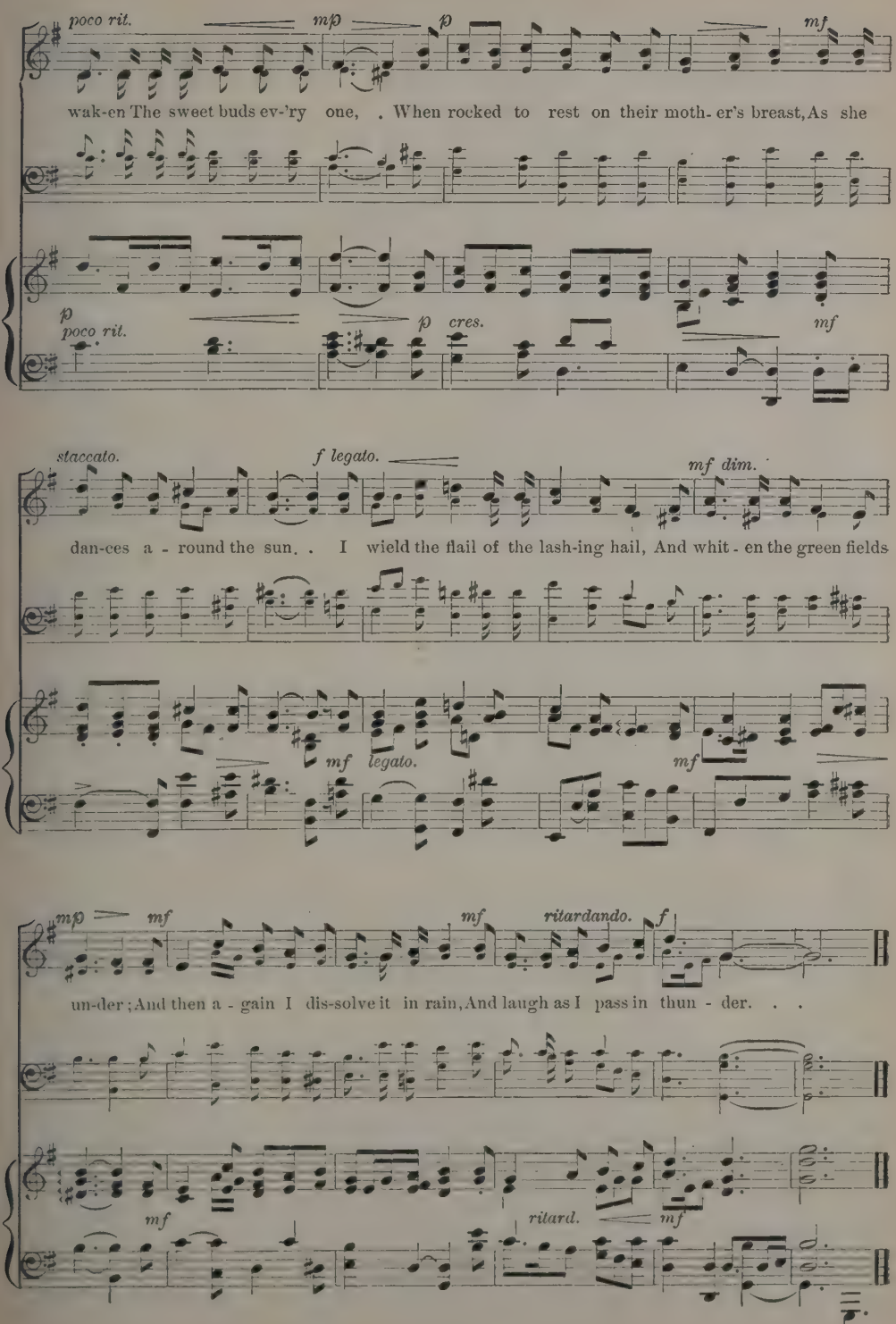
Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.
Arr. by Frank Belknap.

1. Round de mead-ows am a ring - ing De dark - ey's mourn - ful song,
2. When de Au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
3. Mas - sa make de dark-eys love him, Cayse he is so kind,
While de mock - ing birds am sing - ing, Hap - py as the days am long.
hard to hear old Mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now they sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leaves them be - hind. I
(Humming)
Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, O'er de grass-y mound, Dar old mas-sa am a -
Now de or - ange tree am bloom-ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sum-mer days am
can - not work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear-drops flow, I try to drive a - way my
Chorus.
sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in the cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - field
com - ing, Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more.
sor - row Pick - in' on my old ban - jo.
Here dat nournful sound: All de darkey's am a weep - ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

THE CLOUD.

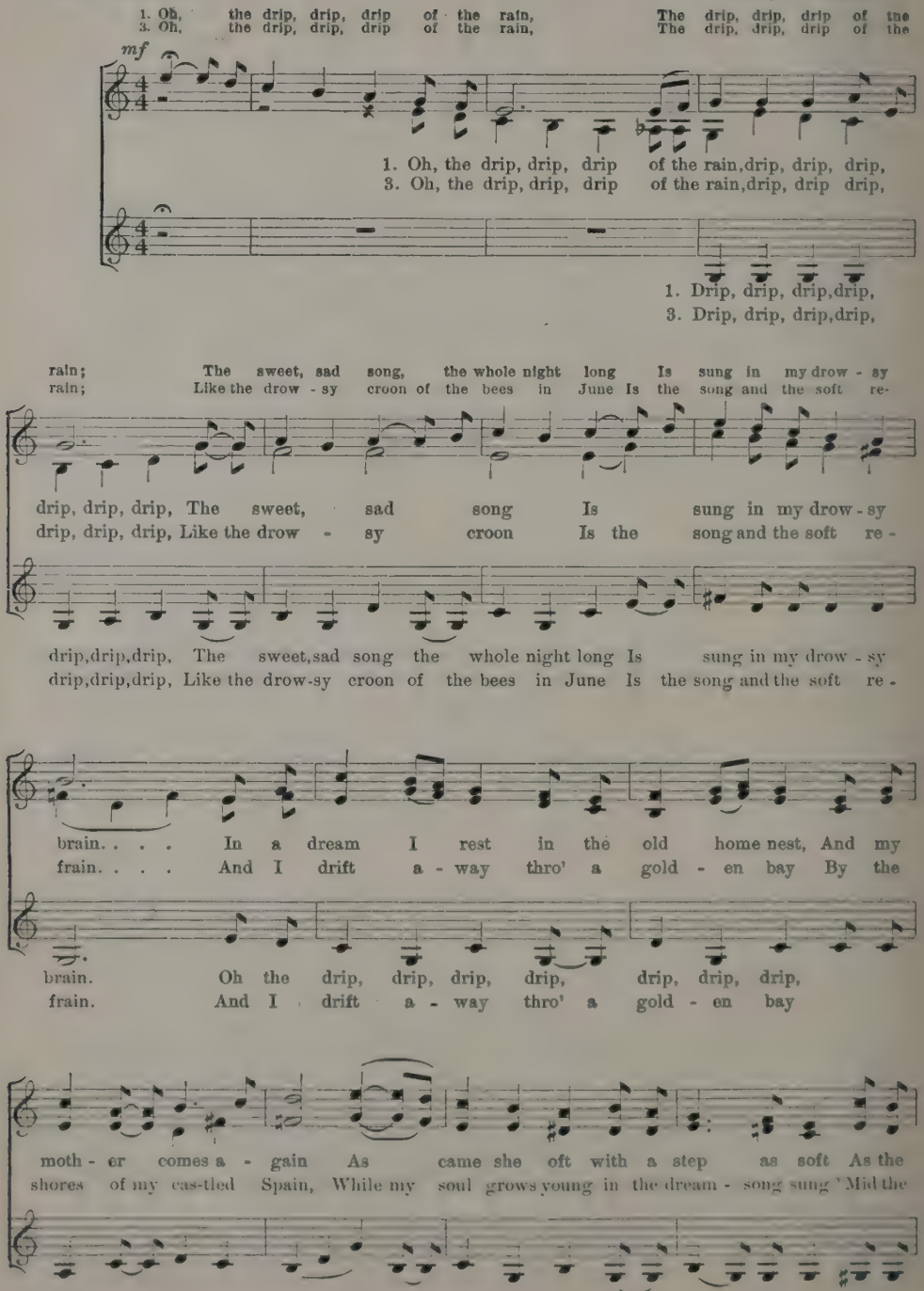
Percy Bysshe Shelley. *John Beach.*


Andante.
mp dolce e legato.
I bring fresh show-ers for the thirst-ing flow-ers, From the
p
p
mp
seas, and the streams. . . . . I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
mp
mf
In their noon-day dreams. . . . . From my wings are sha-ken The dews that
mp


poco rit.
mp
p
mf
wak-en The sweet buds ev-'ry one, . When rocked to rest on their moth- er's breast, As she
p
poco rit.
p
cres.
mf
staccato.
f legato.
mf dim.
dan-ces a - round the sun. . I wield the flail of the lash-ing hail, And whit - en the green fields
mf
legato.
mf
mp
mf
mf
ritardando.
f
un-der; And then a - gain I dis-solve it in rain, And laugh as I pass in thun - der. . .
mf
ritard.
mf

RAIN SONG.

*Nixon Waterman.** *Henry F. Gilbert.*


1. Oh, the drip, drip, drip of the rain, The drip, drip, drip of the
3. Oh, the drip, drip, drip of the rain, The drip, drip, drip of the
mf
1. Oh, the drip, drip, drip of the rain, drip, drip, drip,
3. Oh, the drip, drip, drip of the rain, drip, drip drip,
1. Drip, drip, drip, drip,
3. Drip, drip, drip, drip,
rain; The sweet, sad song, the whole night long Is sung in my drow - sy
rain; Like the drow - sy croon of the bees in June Is the song and the soft re-
drip, drip, drip, The sweet, sad song Is sung in my drow - sy
drip, drip, drip, Like the drow - sy croon Is the song and the soft re -
drip, drip, drip, The sweet, sad song the whole night long Is sung in my drow - sy
drip, drip, drip, Like the drow-sy croon of the bees in June Is the song and the soft re -
brain. . . . In a dream I rest in the old home nest, And my
frain. . . . And I drift a - way thro' a gold - en bay By the
brain. Oh the drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip,
frain. And I drift a - way thro' a gold - en bay
moth - er comes a - gain As came she oft with a step as soft As the
shores of my cas-tled Spain, While my soul grows young in the dream - song sung 'Mid the

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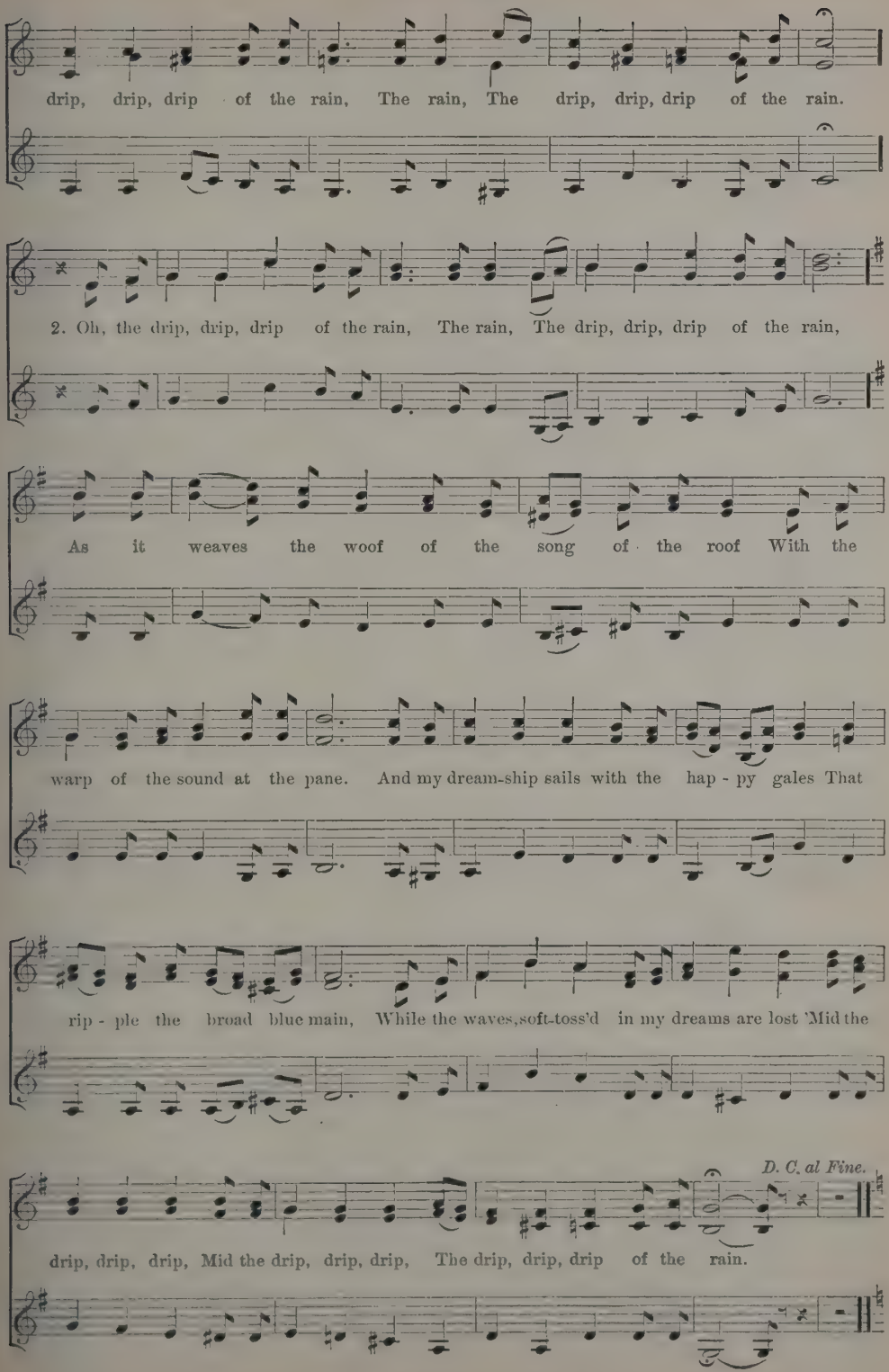
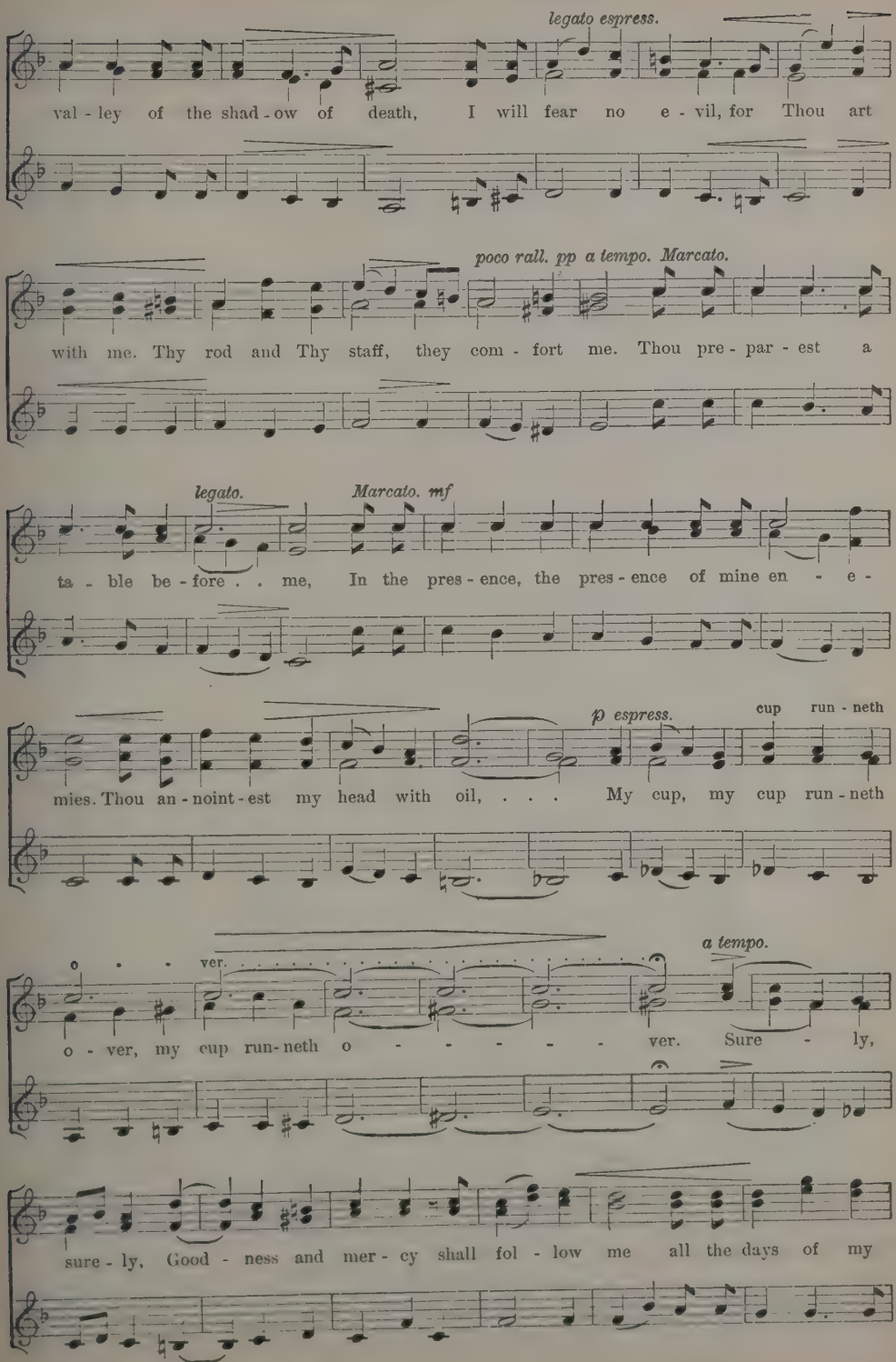

drip, drip, drip of the rain, The rain, The drip, drip, drip of the rain.
2. Oh, the drip, drip, drip of the rain, The rain, The drip, drip, drip of the rain,
As it weaves the woof of the song of the roof With the
warp of the sound at the pane. And my dream-ship sails with the hap - py gales That
rip - ple the broad blue main, While the waves, soft-toss'd in my dreams are lost 'Mid the
D. C. al Fine.
drip, drip, drip, Mid the drip, drip, drip, The drip, drip, drip of the rain.

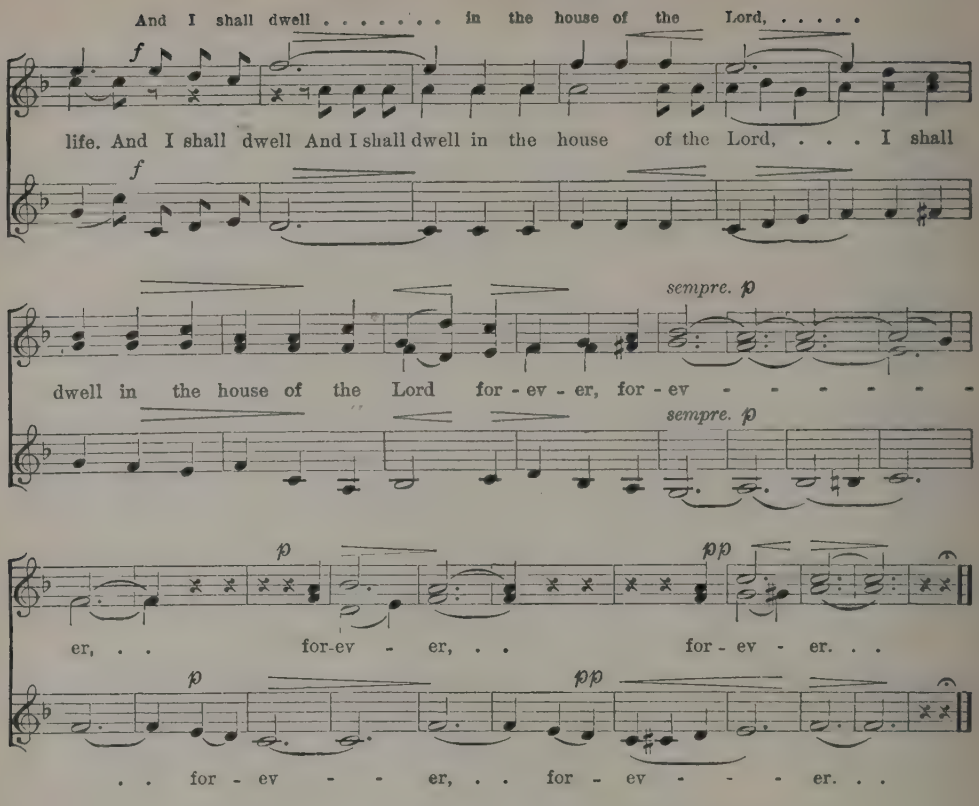
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Psalm xxiii. *W. W. Gilchrist.*

Andante con moto.
The Lord is my Shep-herd, I . . shall not want. He mak-eth me to
The Lord is my Shep-herd, I . . shall not want. He
lie down, to lie down in green pas - tures, He lead - eth me be - side the still
mak-eth me to lie down, to lie down in green pas - tures, He lead - eth me be -
wa - - ters. He re - stor - eth my soul, He re - stor - eth my soul.
He
side the still wa-ters. He re - stor - eth my soul, re - stor - eth my soul.
lead-eth me . . . . in the paths of right - eous-ness,
He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, for His name's
for His name's sake . . . . in the paths,
sake, for His name's sake . . . in the paths, the paths of right - eous -
ness, for His name's . . . . . sake. . . . Yea, though I walk through the

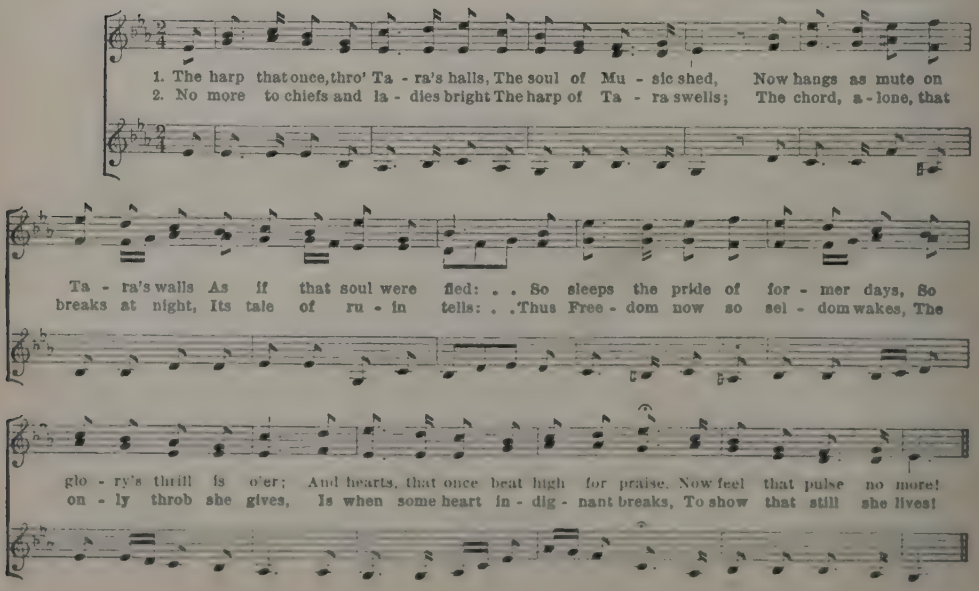
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.


legato espress.
val - ley of the shad - ow of death, I will fear no e - vil, for Thou art
poco rall. pp a tempo. Marcato.
with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they com - fort me. Thou pre - par - est a
legato.
Marcato. mf
ta - ble be - fore . . me, In the pres - ence, the pres - ence of mine en - e -
p espress.
cup run - neth
mies. Thou an - noint - est my head with oil, . . . My cup, my cup run - neth
o . . . ver.
a tempo.
o - ver, my cup run - neth o - - - - - ver. Sure - ly,
sure - ly, Good - ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me all the days of my


And I shall dwell . . . . . in the house of the Lord, ...
f
life. And I shall dwell And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord, . . . I shall
f
sempre. p
dwell in the house of the Lord for - ev - er, for - ev - - - - - - -
sempre. p
p
pp
er, . . for-ev - er, . . for - ev - er. . .
p
pp
. . for - ev - - er, . . for - ev - - - er. . .

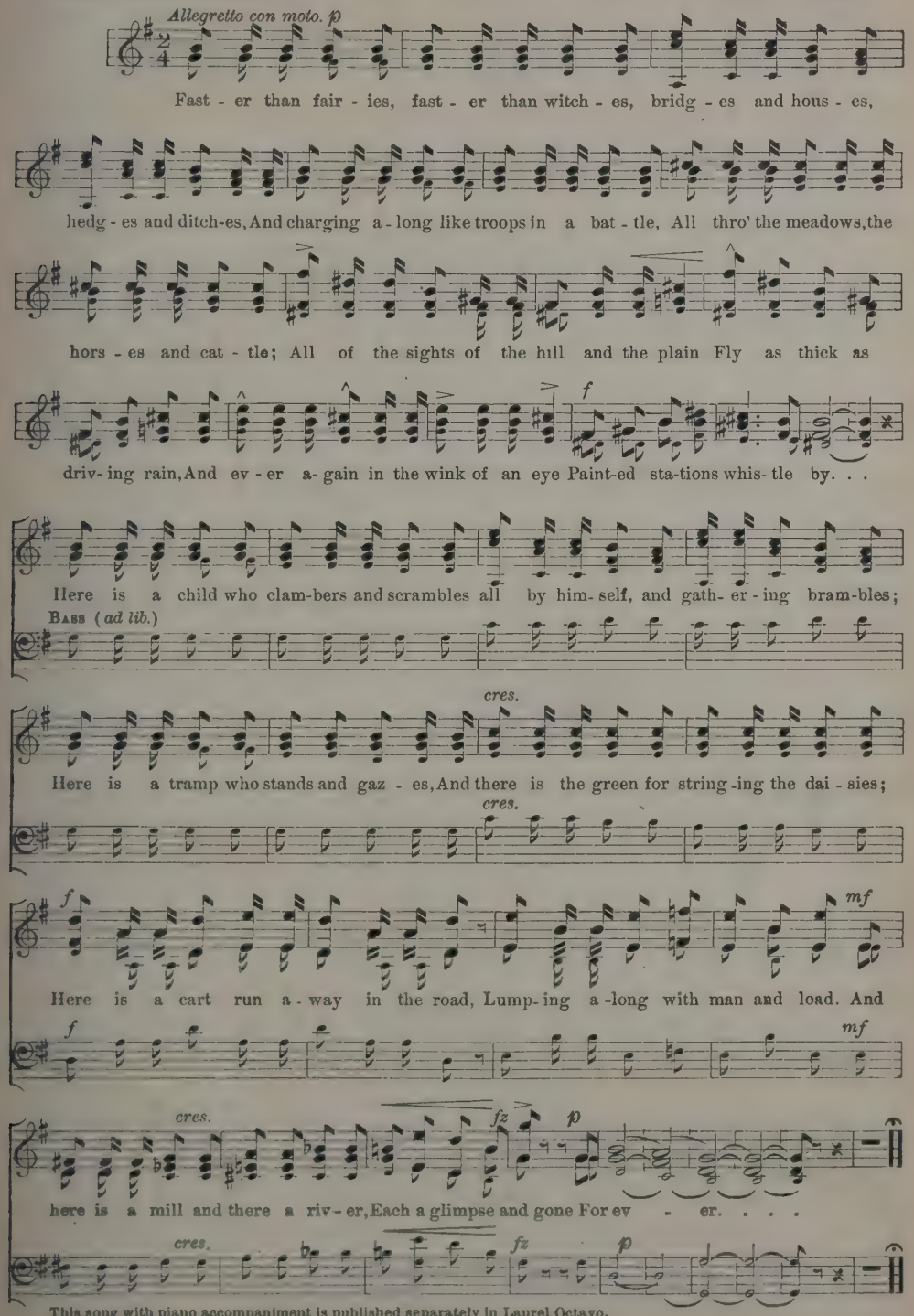
THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALL.

Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert.


1. The harp that once, thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of Mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that
Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: . . So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells: . .Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The
glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!
on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives!

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Robert Louis Stevenson. *Henry K. Hadley.*


Allegretto con moto. p
Fast - er than fair - ies, fast - er than witch - es, bridg - es and hous - es,
hedg - es and ditch-es, And charging a - long like troops in a bat - tle, All thro' the meadows, the
hors - es and cat - tle; All of the sights of the hill and the plain Fly as thick as
f
driv- ing rain, And ev - er a- gain in the wink of an eye Paint-ed sta-tions whis- tle by. . .
Here is a child who clam-bers and scrambles all by him- self, and gath- er - ing bram-bles;
Bass (ad lib.)
cres.
Here is a tramp who stands and gaz - es, And there is the green for string -ing the dai - sies;
cres.
f
mf
Here is a cart run a - way in the road, Lump- ing a -long with man and load. And
f
mf
cres.
fz
p
here is a mill and there a riv - er, Each a glimpse and gone For ev - er. . . .
cres.
fz
p

This song with piano accompaniment is published separately in Laurel Octavo.

PIRATES' CHORUS.*

Gilbert. Sullivan. Arr. by Osbourne McConathy.

Allegro marziale.

BASS *ad lib.*

With cat - like tread up - on our prey we steal; In si - lence dread our

cau - tious way we feel! No sound at all, we nev - er speak a word: A

fly's foot - fall would be dis - tinct - ly heard. Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta -

ra ra ra ra

ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, So stealth-i - ly the Pirate creeps, While all the household soundly sleeps, While

ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra

Come, friends, who plow the sea, Truce to nav - i - ga - tion,

all the house-hold soundly sleeps. Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

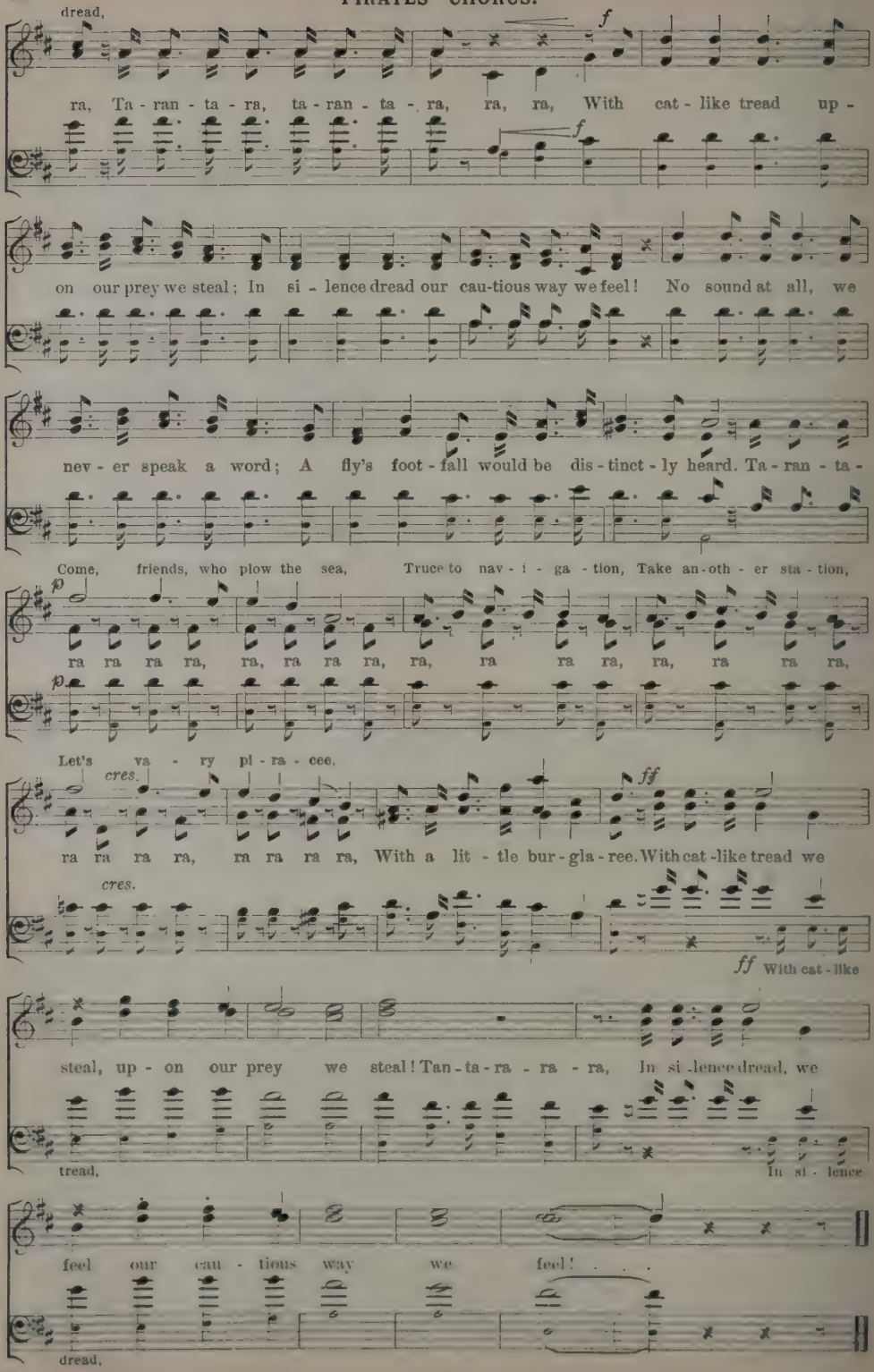
Take an - oth - er sta - tion, Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee With a lit - tle bur - gla -

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra.

*A good-natured satire on the impossibly grotesque pirate of sensational melodrama and penny-dreadful literature.

ree! cres. Come, friends, who plow the sea, Truce to nav - i - ga - tion,
ra! Ra-ta, ta, ra - ra, Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
Take an-oth - er sta - tion, Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee . . With a lit - tle bur - gla -
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, With a lit - tle bur - gla -
ree. . . . . Here's your . . crow - bar, And your centre bit, your
ree. . . ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
bur-gla-ree!
life - - - pre - serv - er, . . You may want to hit! Your si - - - lent
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
match - es, Your dark lan-tern seize, Take your file . . . and your
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
skel - e - ton - ic keys. With cat-like tread, in si - lence
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ra, ta - ran - ta - ra,

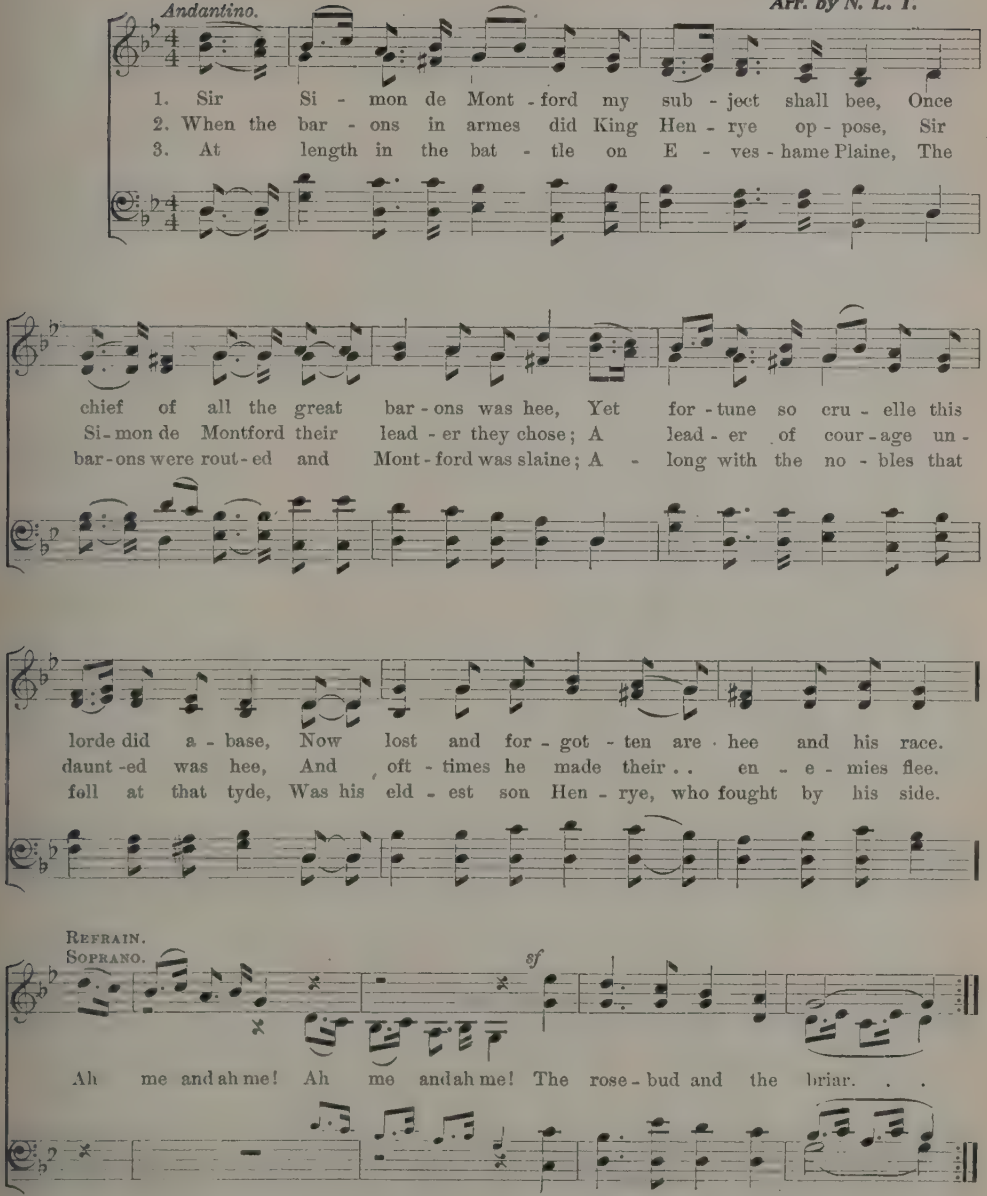
PIRATES' CHORUS.


dread,
f
ra, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, With cat - like tread up -
f
on our prey we steal; In si - lence dread our cau-tious way we feel! No sound at all, we
nev - er speak a word; A fly's foot - fall would be dis - tinct - ly heard. Ta - ran - ta -
Come, friends, who plow the sea, Truce to nav - i - ga - tion, Take an-oth - er sta - tion,
p
ra ra ra ra, ra, ra ra ra, ra, ra ra ra, ra, ra ra ra,
p
Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee,
cres.
ra ra ra ra, ra ra ra ra, With a lit - tle bur - gla - ree. With cat - like tread we
cres.
ff
ff With cat - like
steal, up - on our prey we steal! Tan - ta - ra - ra - ra, In si - lence dread, we
tread,
In si - lence
feel our cau - tious way we feel! . . .
dread,

SIR SIMON DE MONTFORD.

(AN OLDEN BALLAD.)

Old English.
Arr. by N. L. T.


Andantino.
1. Sir Si - mon de Mont - ford my sub - ject shall bee, Once
2. When the bar - ons in armes did King Hen - rye op - pose, Sir
3. At length in the bat - tle on E - ves - hame Plaine, The
chief of all the great bar - ons was hee, Yet for - tune so cru - elle this
Si - mon de Montford their lead - er they chose; A lead - er of cour - age un -
bar - ons were rout - ed and Mont - ford was slaine; A - long with the no - bles that
lorde did a - base, Now lost and for - got - ten are - hee and his race.
daunt - ed was hee, And oft - times he made their . . en - e - mies flee.
fell at that tyde, Was his eld - est son Hen - rye, who fought by his side.
Refrain.
Soprano.
sf
Ah me and ah me! Ah me and ah me! The rose - bud and the briar. . .

4 A baron's fair daughter stept forth in the night
To find her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Henrye where gasping he laye,
Was moved with pitye and brought him awaye.

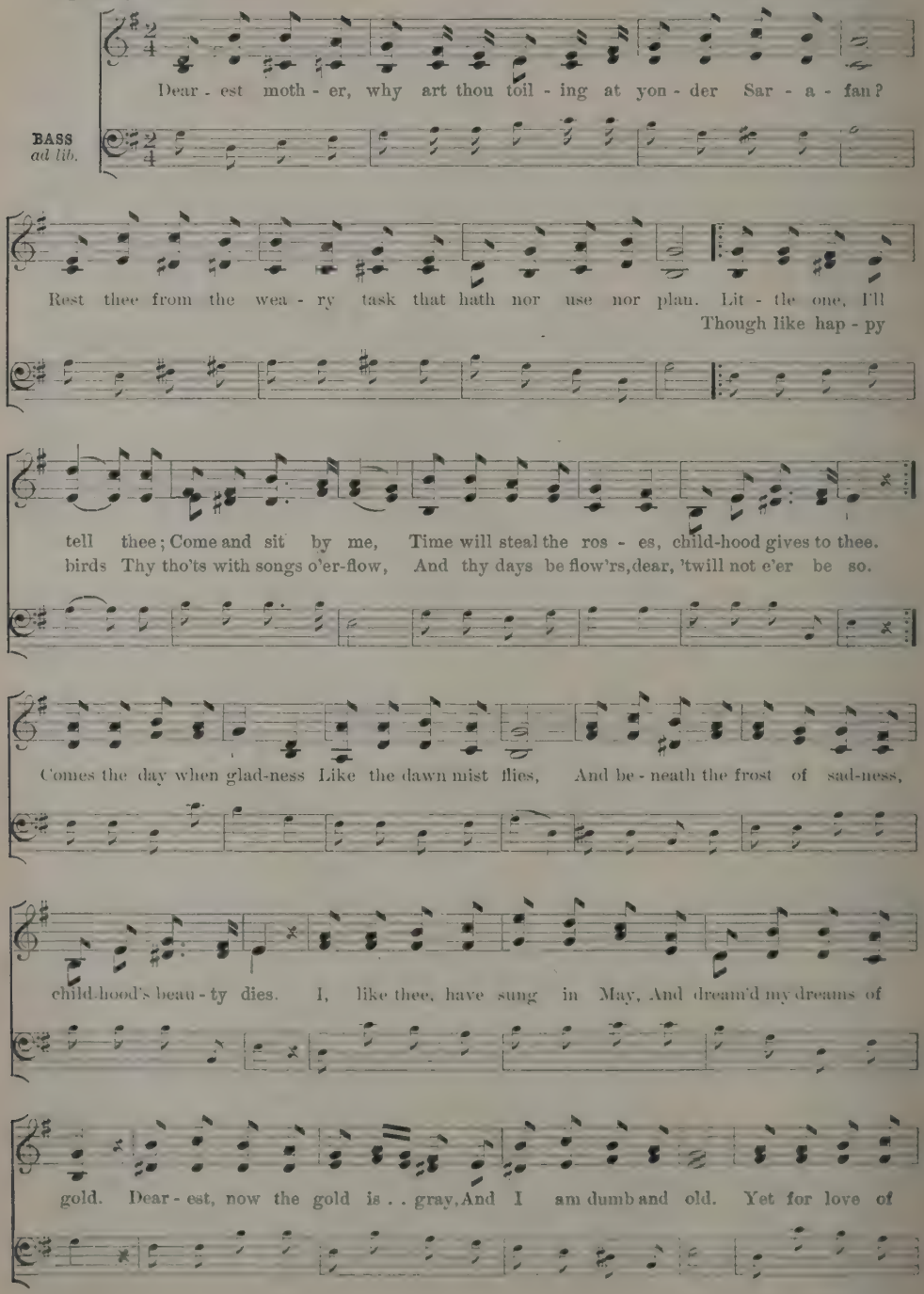
5 In secrette she nurst him, and swayed his paine,
While he elswhere was believed to be slaine;
At length his faire bride she consented to bee,
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessie.

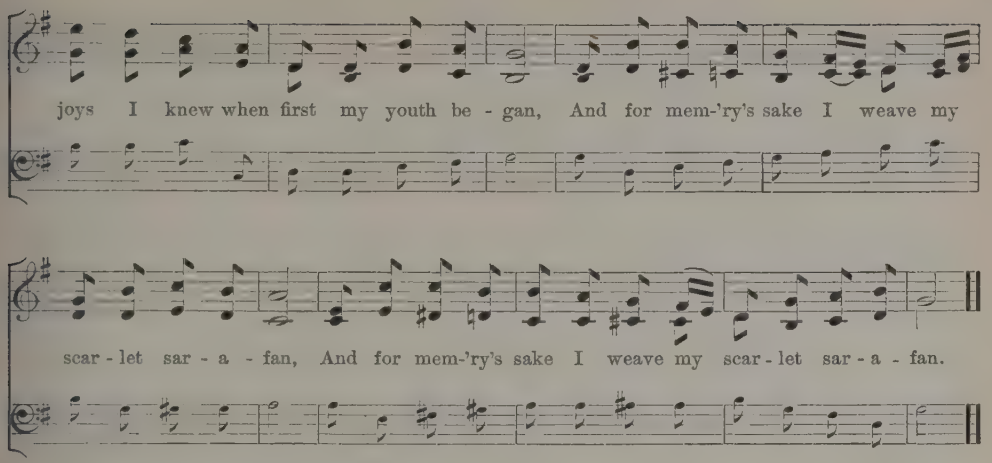
6 Thus many long winters now have I beene
The sillye blinde beggar of Bednan greene.
And thus have you learnèd a secret from me,
That ne'er had been known but for prettye Bessie.

THE SCARLET SARAFAN.

Ziganon.
English by Alonzo Dewey.

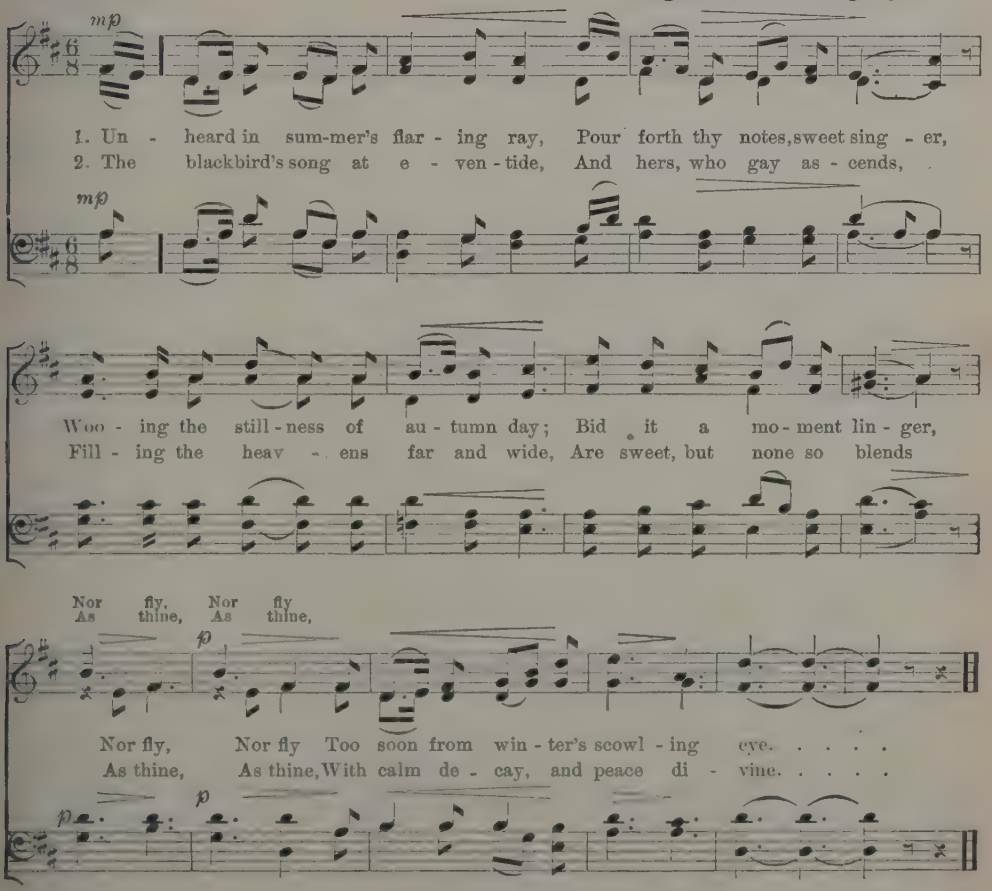
Nicolai Alexievitch Titoff.
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert.


Dear - est moth - er, why art thou toil - ing at yon - der Sar - a - fan?
BASS
ad lib.
Rest thee from the wea - ry task that hath nor use nor plan. Lit - tle one, I'll
Though like hap - py
tell thee; Come and sit by me, Time will steal the ros - es, child-hood gives to thee.
birds Thy tho'ts with songs o'er-flow, And thy days be flow'rs, dear, 'twill not e'er be so.
Comes the day when glad-ness Like the dawn mist flies, And be - neath the frost of sad-ness,
child-hood's beau - ty dies. I, like thee, have sung in May, And dream'd my dreams of
gold. Dear - est, now the gold is . . gray, And I am dumb and old. Yet for love of


joys I knew when first my youth be - gan, And for mem-'ry's sake I weave my
scar - let sar - a - fan, And for mem-'ry's sake I weave my scar - let sar - a - fan.

TO THE RED-BREAST.

John Keble. *Margaret Ruthven Lang, Op. 38.*

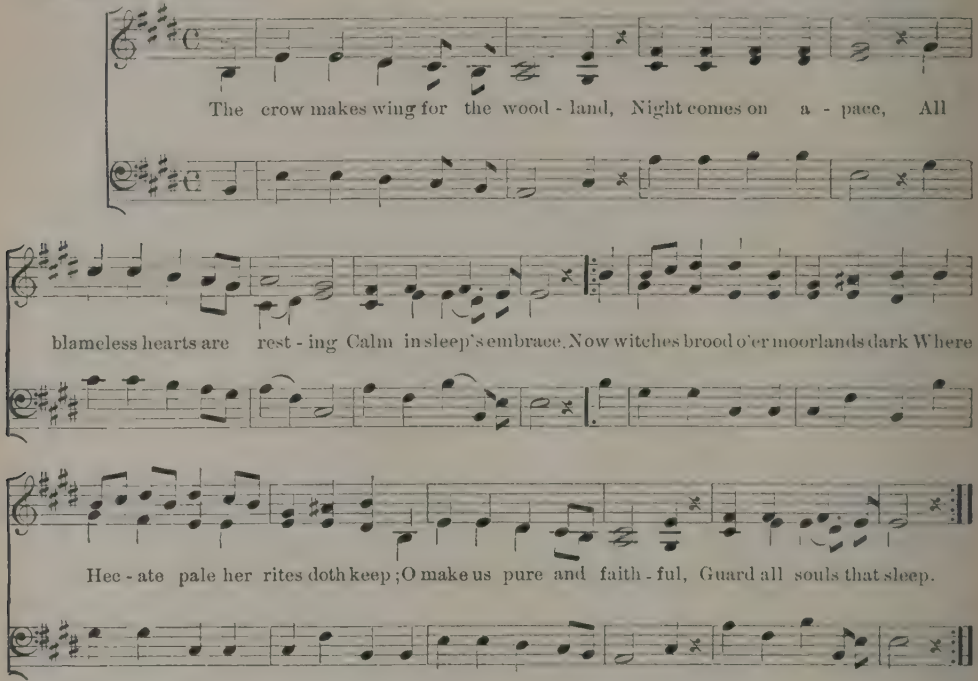

mp
1. Un - heard in sum-mer's flar - ing ray, Pour forth thy notes, sweet sing - er,
2. The blackbird's song at e - ven - tide, And hers, who gay as - cends,
mp
Woo - ing the still - ness of au - tumn day; Bid it a mo - ment lin - ger,
Fill - ing the heav - ens far and wide, Are sweet, but none so blends
Nor fly, Nor fly
As thine, As thine,
p
Nor fly, Nor fly Too soon from win - ter's scowl - ing eye. . . . .
As thine, As thine, With calm de - cay, and peace di - vine. . . . .
p
p

SONG OF THE NIGHT WATCH.

Words and Music suggested by Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

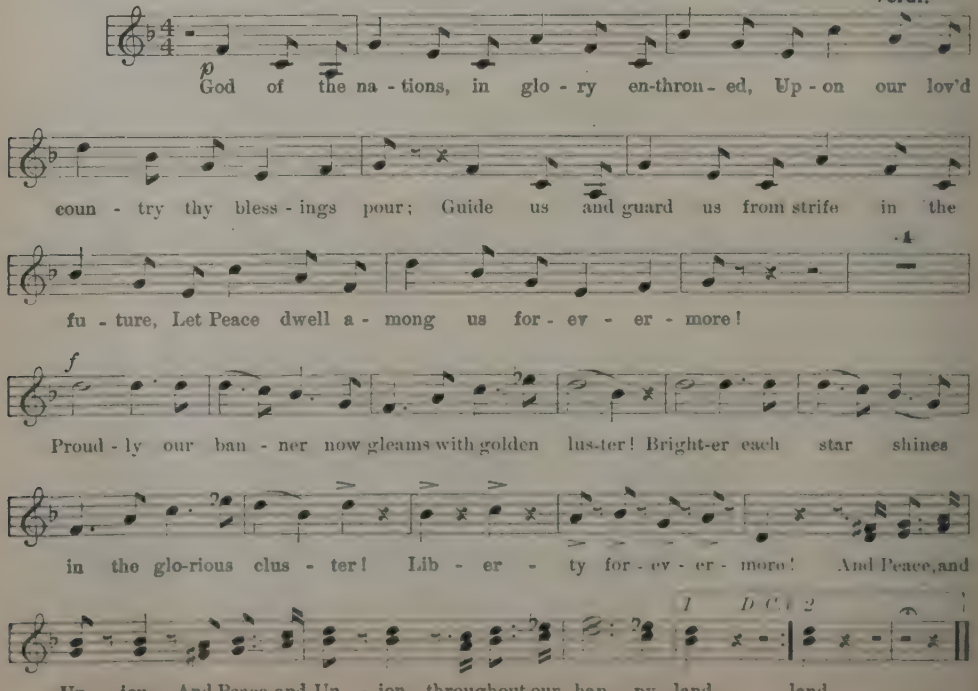
Bertha Thekla Smith.

Edv. Grieg, Op. 12, No. 3.
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert.


The crow makes wing for the wood - land, Night comes on a - pace, All
blameless hearts are rest - ing Calm in sleep's embrace. Now witches brood o'er moorlands dark Where
Hec - ate pale her rites doth keep; O make us pure and faith - ful, Guard all souls that sleep.

ANVIL CHORUS FROM "IL TROVATORE."

Verdi.


p
God of the na - tions, in glo - ry en-thron - ed, Up - on our lov'd
coun - try thy bless - ings pour; Guide us and guard us from strife in the
fu - ture, Let Peace dwell a - mong us for - ev - er - more!
f
Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with golden lus-ter! Bright-er each star shines
in the glo-rious clus - ter! Lib - er - ty for - ev - er - more! And Peace, and
Un - ion, And Peace and Un - ion throughout our hap - py land. land.

DAINTY LITTLE MAIDEN.

Alfred Tennyson. *Laura Wickes.*

Poco allegro.

mf

1. Dain - ty lit - tle maid - en, whith-er would you wan - der? Whith-er from this
2. Dain - ty lit - tle maid - en, whith-er would you wan - der? Whith-er from this

mf

p

pret - ty home, the home where moth - er dwells? Far and far a - way Said the
pret - ty home, this ci - ty home of ours? Far and far a - way Said the

p

cres. *rit.*

dain - ty lit - tle maid, All a-mong the gar - dens! au - ric - u - lars, a -
dain - ty lit - tle maid, All a-mong the mea - dows! the clo - ver and the

cres. *rit.*

f a tempo.

nem - o - nes! Ro - ses and li - lies, and can - ter - bu - ry bells.
clem - a - tis! Dai - sies and king - cups, and hon - ey - suc - kle flowers.

f a tempo.

CRADLE SONG.

Andante tranquillo. ♩ = 72.

Franz Schubert.
Arr. by Frank Belknap.

p

1. Slum - ber, slum - ber, ten-der lit - tle flow - er, Moth - er's lov - ing care
2. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle fad - ed flow - er, Still doth moth - er's
3. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle an - gel flow - er, Tho' thou li - est

più f *p*

doth a-round thee twine; Sweet and restful be this hour, Sooth-ing fall this lul-la - by of mine.
love a-round thee glow, Stronger is it than death's power, Guarding thee wher-e'er thy spirit go.
'neath the moss-y sod, Thou shalt wake in ro - sy bower: Ros - es grow around the throne of God.

SERENADE.

Henry Boda. *Franz Schubert.*

Moderato.

pp

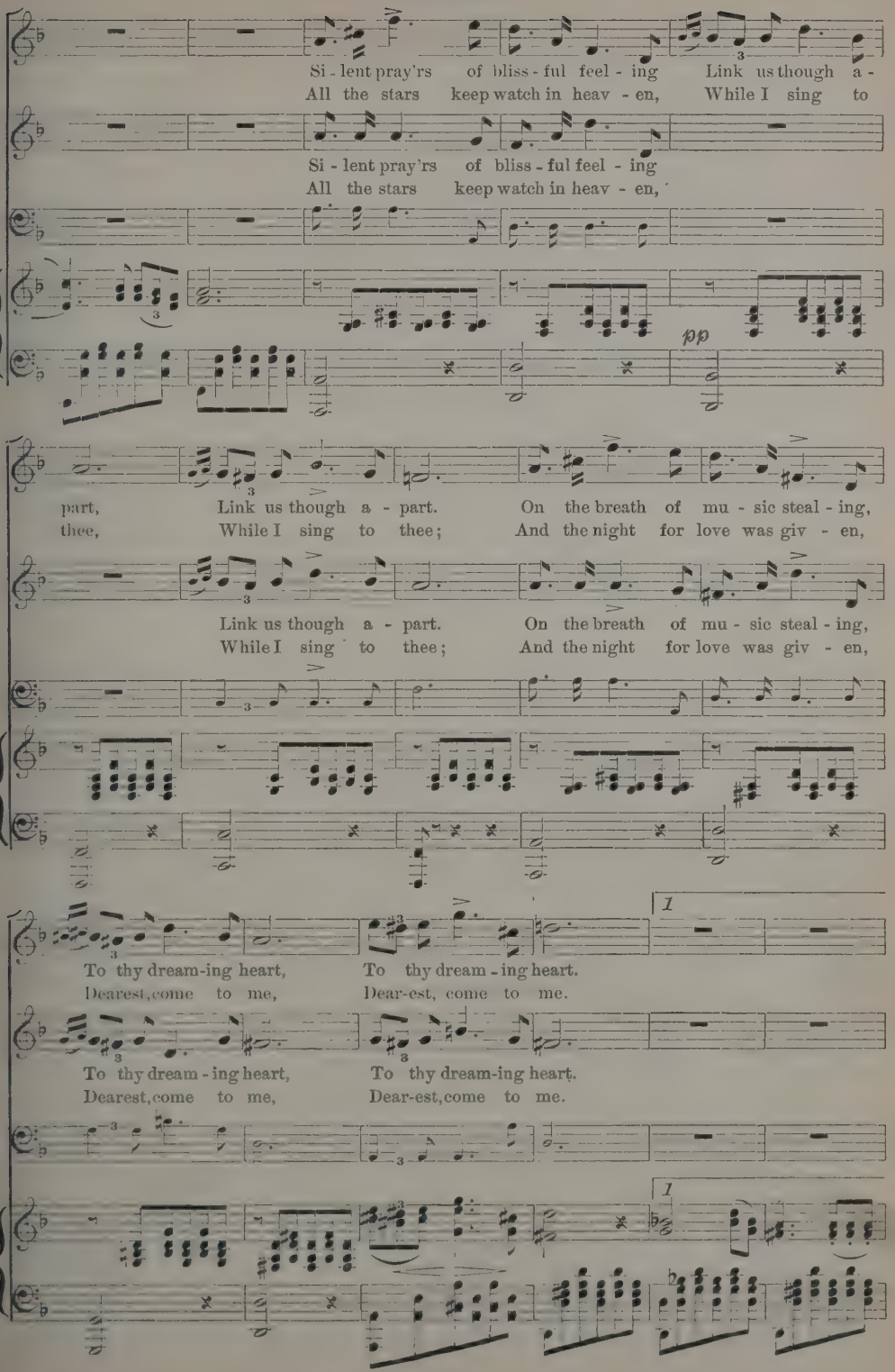
1. Thro' the leaves the night-winds moving, Mur - mur low and sweet;
2. Moonlight on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rustling low,

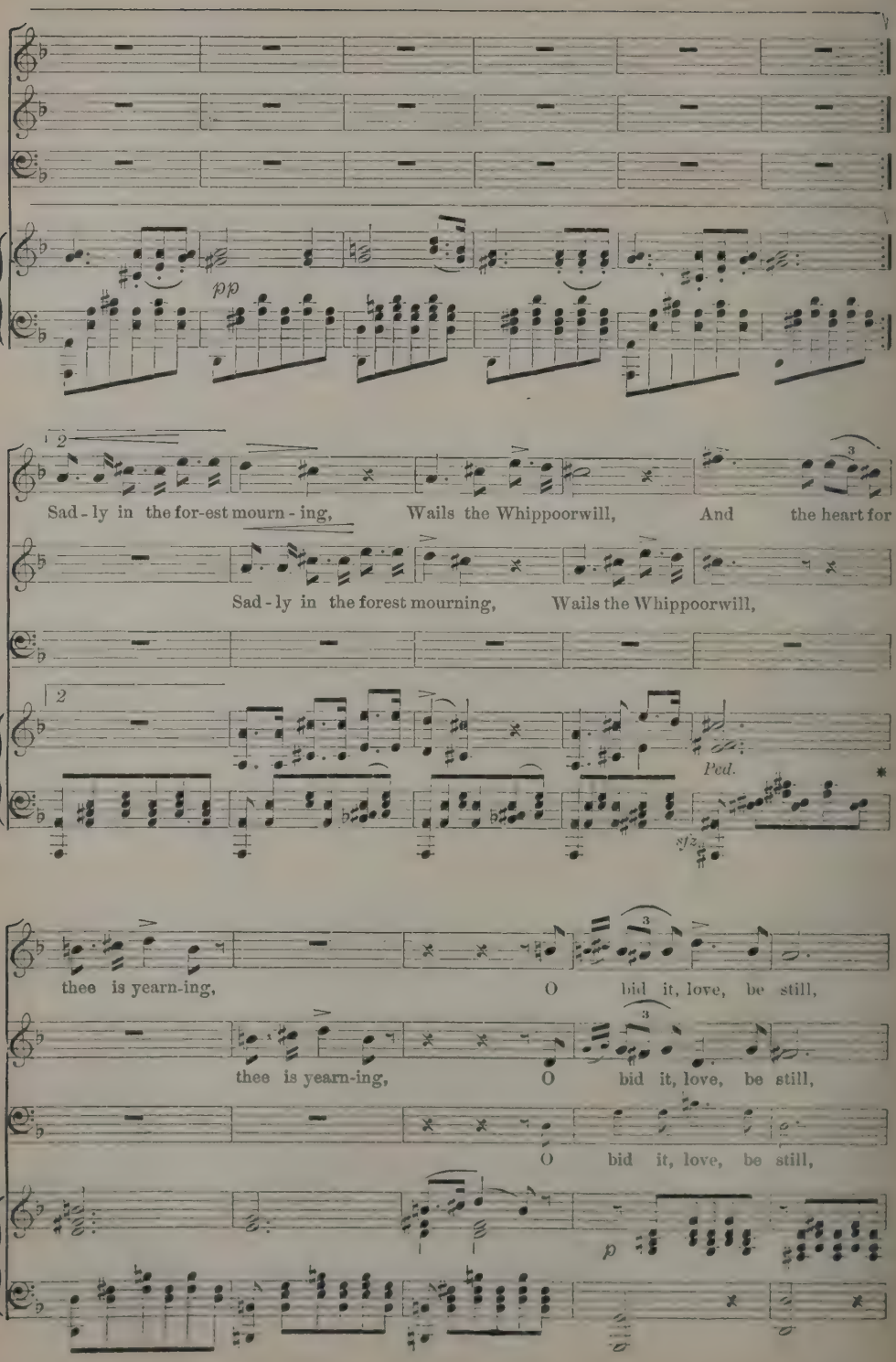
1. Thro' the leaves the night-winds moving, Mur - mur low and sweet;
2. Moonlight on the earth is sleep - ing, Winds are rustling low,

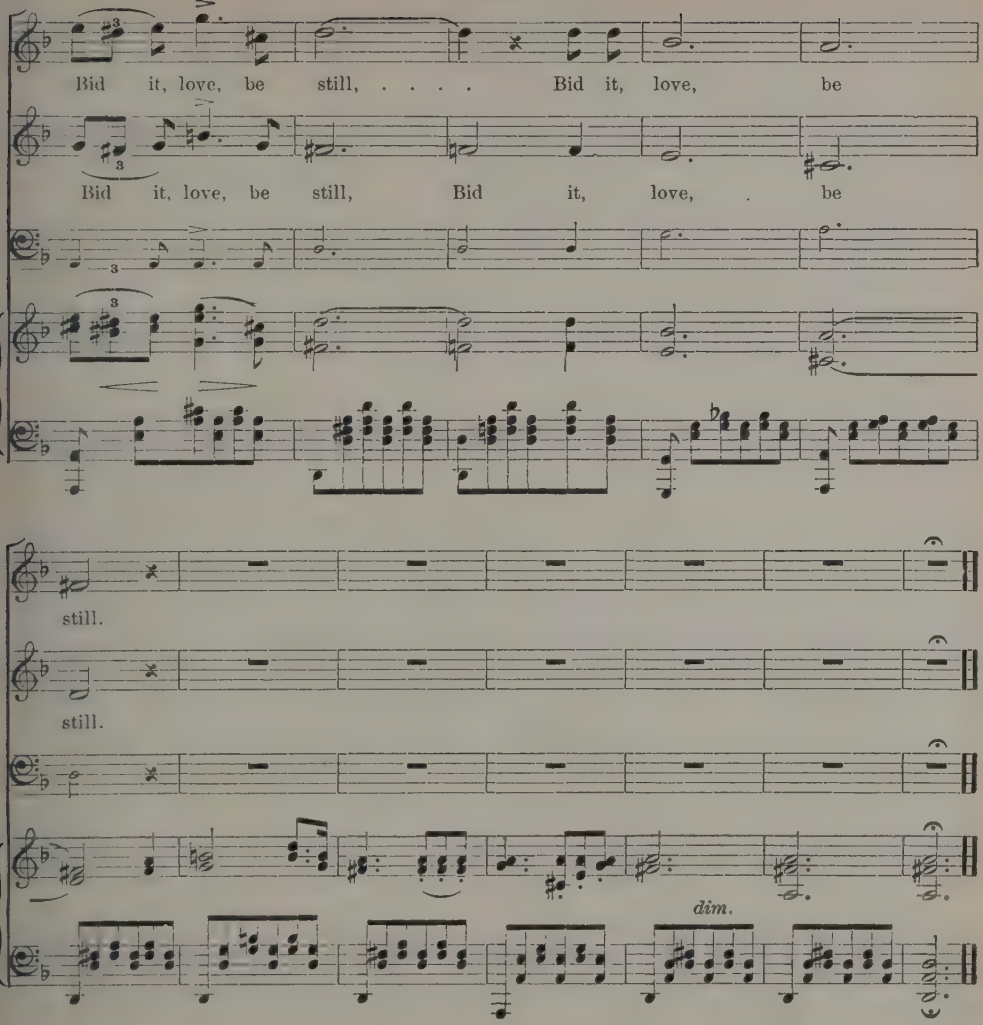
Bass (*ad libitum*).

To thy cham - ber win-dow rov - ing, Love hath led my feet.
Where the dark - ling streams are creep-ing, Dear - est, let us go!

To thy cham - ber win - dow rov - ing, Love hath led my feet.
Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing, Dear - est, let us go!

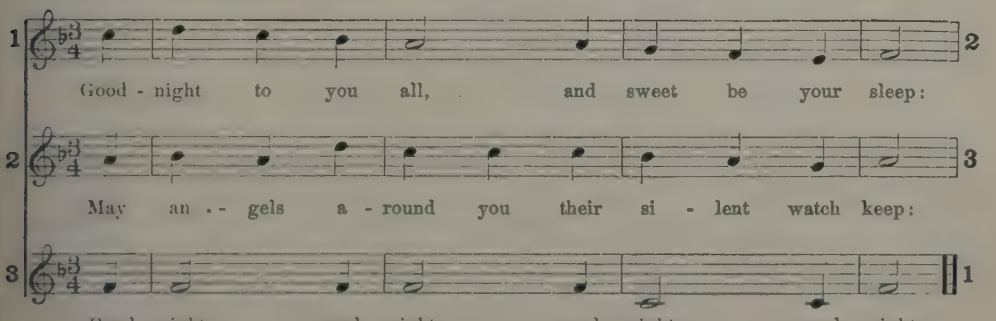

Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing Link us though a -
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to
Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing
All the stars keep watch in heav - en,
pp
part, Link us though a - part. On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing,
thee, While I sing to thee; And the night for love was giv - en,
Link us though a - part. On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing,
While I sing to thee; And the night for love was giv - en,
1
To thy dream-ing heart, To thy dream - ing heart.
Dearest, come to me, Dear-est, come to me.
To thy dream - ing heart, To thy dream-ing heart.
Dearest, come to me, Dear-est, come to me.
1


pp
Sad - ly in the for-est mourn - ing, Wails the Whippoorwill, And the heart for
Sad - ly in the forest mourning, Wails the Whippoorwill,
Ped.
sfz
thee is yearn-ing, O bid it, love, be still,
thee is yearn-ing, O bid it, love, be still,
O bid it, love, be still,
p



GOOD NIGHT.

(ROUND.)

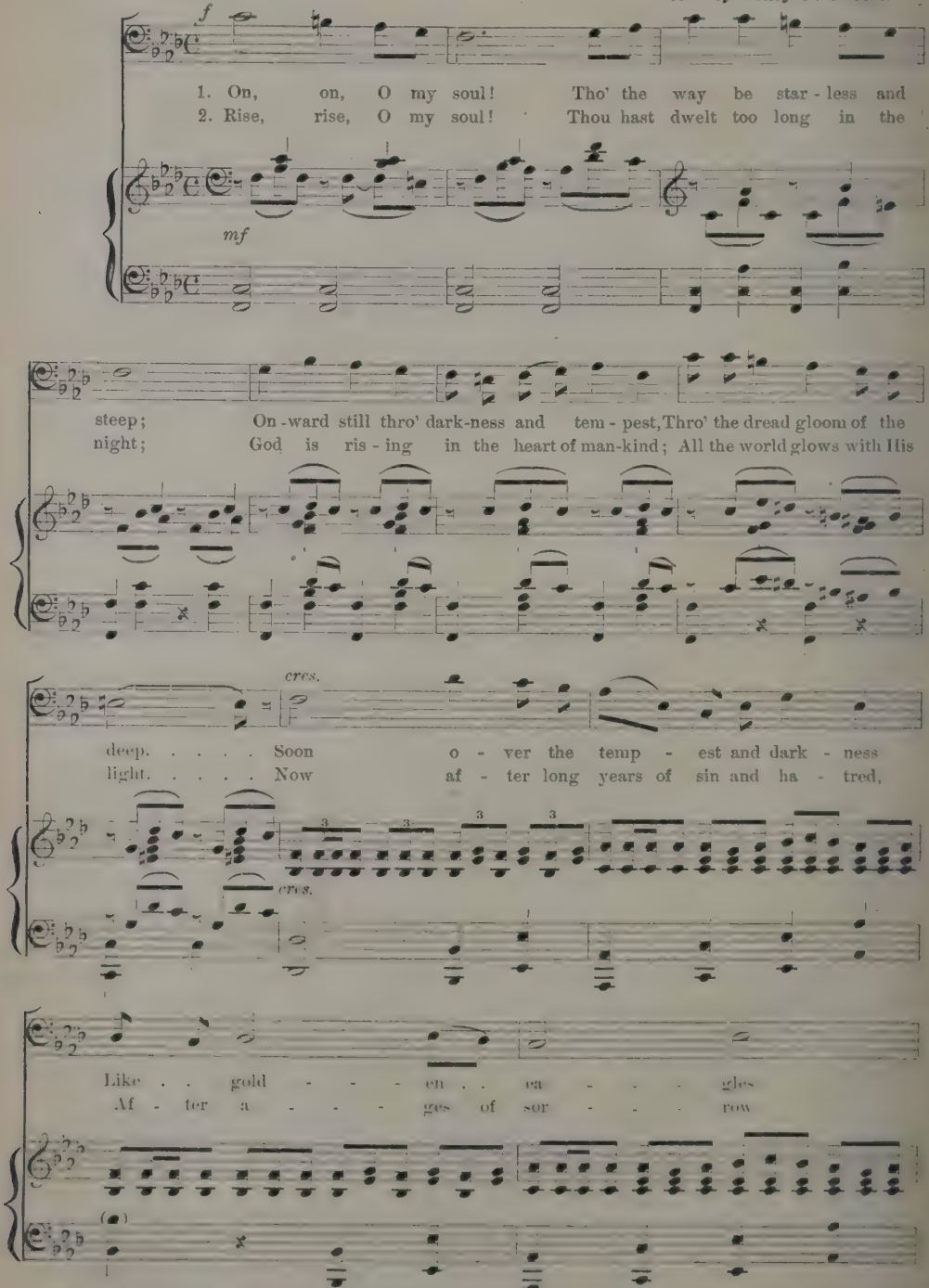

1
2
Good - night to you all, and sweet be your sleep:
2
3
May an - gels a - round you their si - lent watch keep:
3
1
Good - night, good - night, good night, good - night.

ARISE, O SOUL!

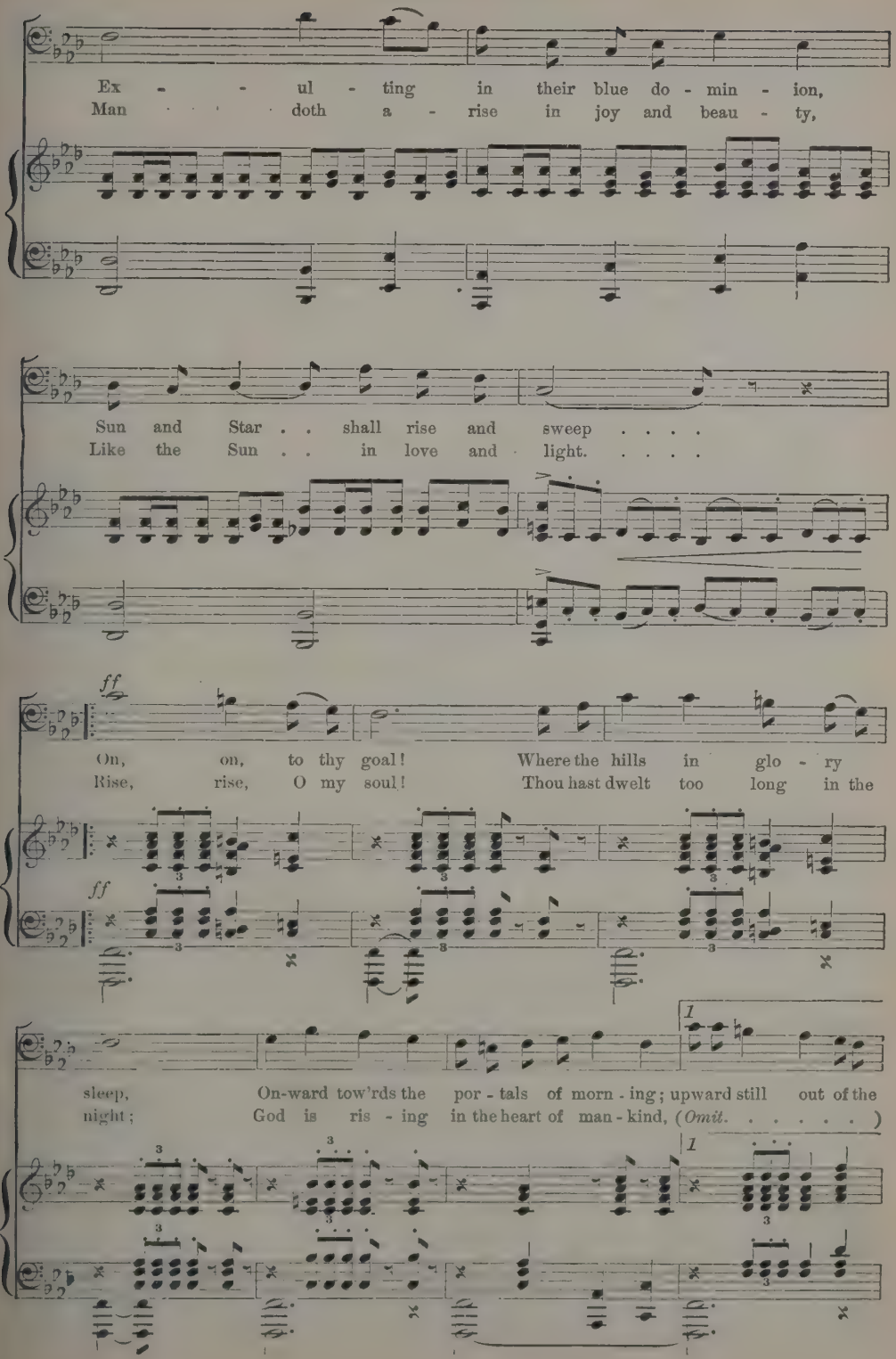
(FROM "MARCH SLAV.")

Mary Frances Galvin. *Tschaikovski.*

Moderato. *Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert.*


f
1. On, on, O my soul! Tho' the way be star - less and
2. Rise, rise, O my soul! Thou hast dwelt too long in the
mf
steep; On - ward still thro' dark-ness and tem - pest, Thro' the dread gloom of the
night; God is ris - ing in the heart of man-kind; All the world glows with His
cres.
deep. . . . . Soon o - ver the temp - est and dark - ness
light. . . . . Now af - ter long years of sin and ha - tred,
cres.
Like . . gold - - - - en . . ea - - - - gles
Af - ter a - - - - ges of sor - - - - row

May be sung in Unison by the entire class, the high voices in the Octave.


Ex - - ul - ting in their blue do - min - ion,
Man . . . doth a - rise in joy and beau - ty,
Sun and Star . . shall rise and sweep . . . .
Like the Sun . . in love and light. . . . .
ff
On, on, to thy goal! Where the hills in glo - ry
Rise, rise, O my soul! Thou hast dwelt too long in the
ff
sleep, On-ward tow'rds the por - tals of morn - ing; upward still out of the
night; God is ris - ing in the heart of man - kind, (Omit. . . . .)

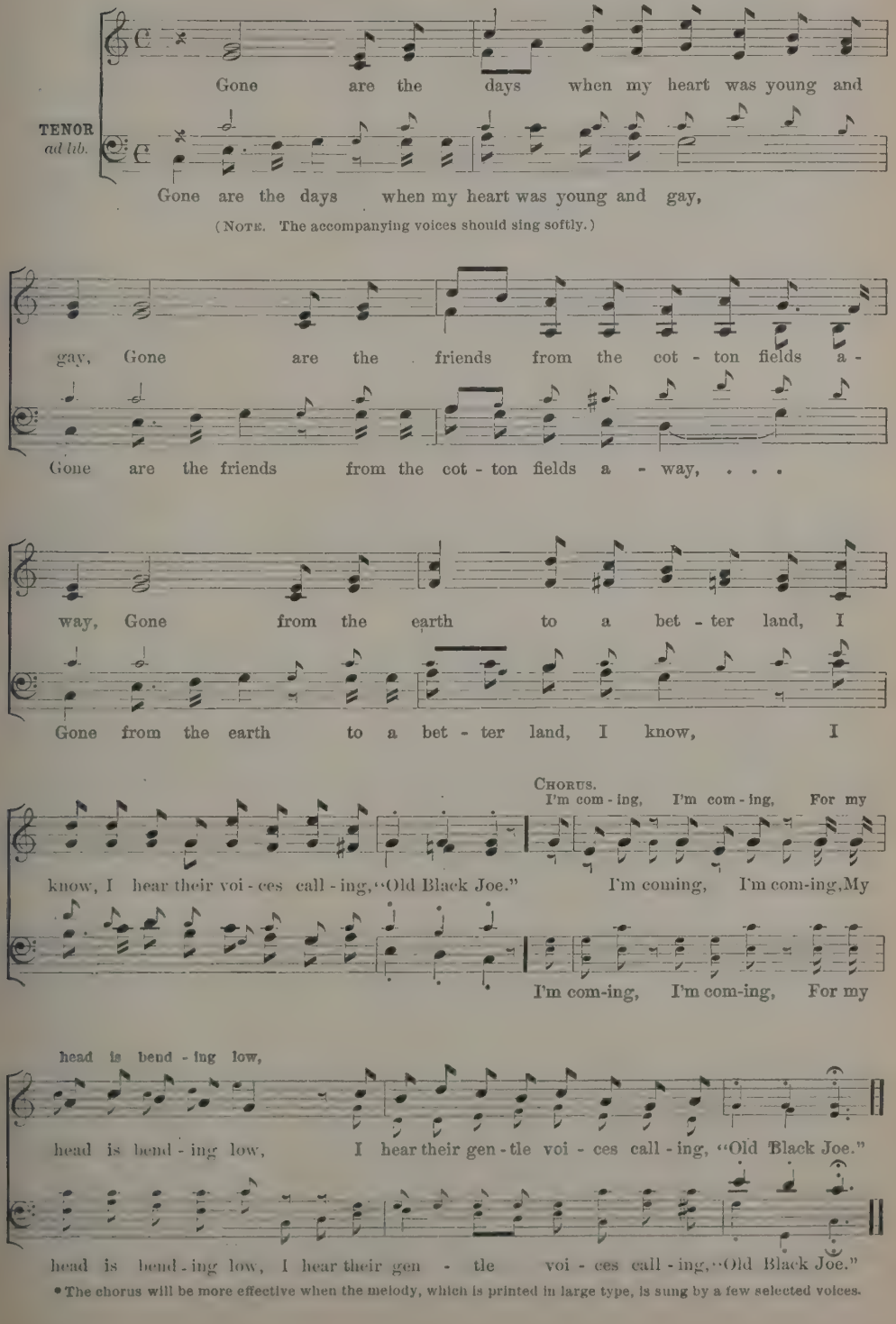
LOVE SONG.

Text by Ferdinand Collins. *Ch. Gounod.*
Arranged by W. L. T.

Andante.
p
1. When all the spring-time of thy joy - ous na - ture Shines in the
2. As two pure flow - ers on one stem u - ni - ted One in joy's
TENOR
ad lib.
p
cres.
dim.
sun-light of thy gold - en smile, Earth groweth brighter, heav'n seems more azure; May with its
noon-day and in sor - row's night, We two shall live, dear, till life be blight-ed; My glad-ness
cres.
dim.
sf
flow - ers, June's rich - est hours, All that men treasure shines in thy dear smile.
thine, dear, Thy sad - ness mine, dear, Long as our hearts thrill to life's glad light.
sf
Reach - ing ev - er t'ward the light a - bove, Grow - ing
mf
p dim.
p
Reach-ing e'er t'ward the light a - bove, Grow-ing ev - er in the sun of love.
p mf
p dim.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist.

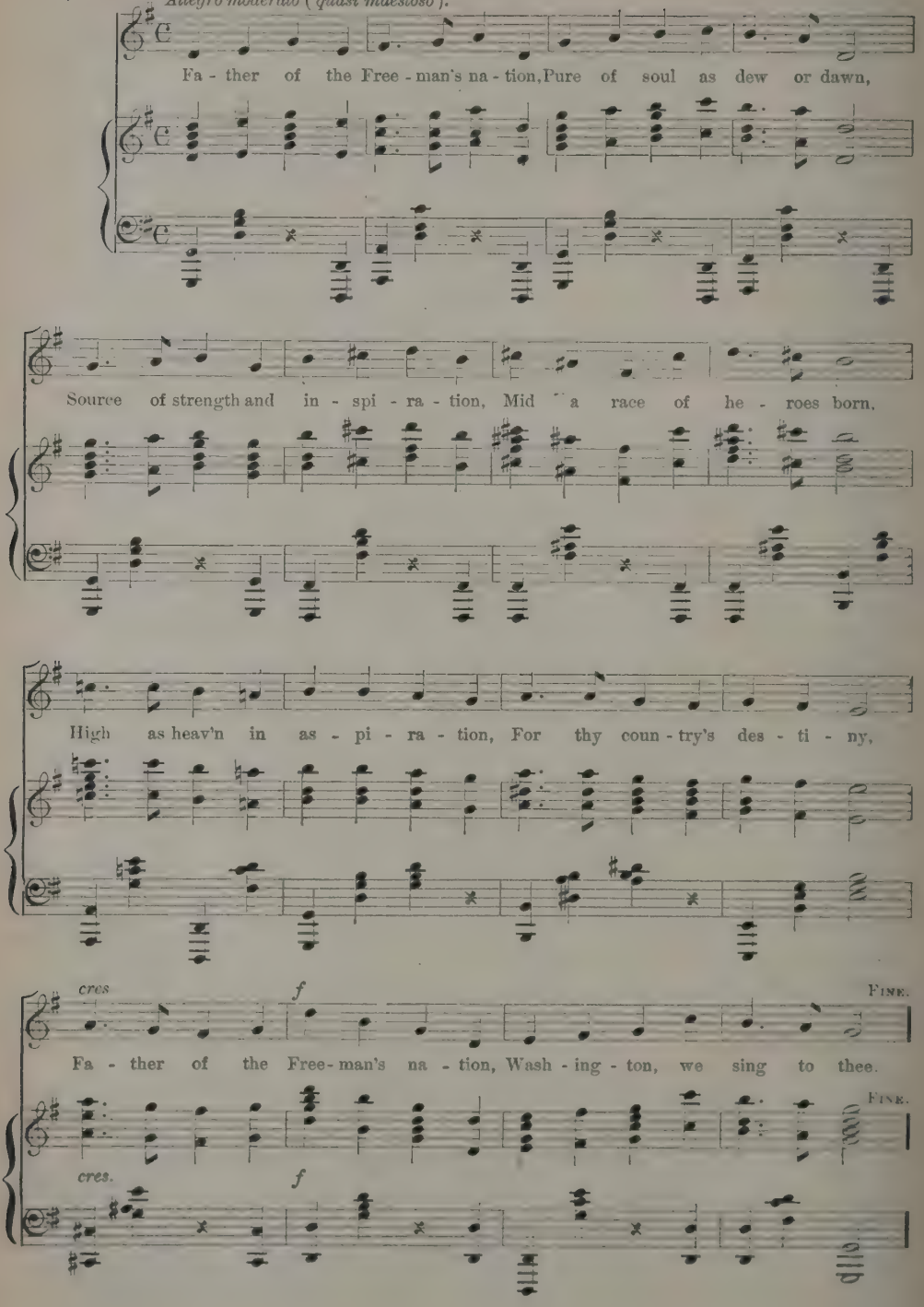

Gone are the days when my heart was young and
TENOR
ad lib.
Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
(Note. The accompanying voices should sing softly.)
gay, Gone are the friends from the cot - ton fields a -
Gone are the friends from the cot - ton fields a - way, . . .
way, Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I
Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know, I
Chorus.
I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my
know, I hear their voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe." I'm coming, I'm com-ing, My
I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my
head is bend - ing low,
head is bend - ing low, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
head is bend - ing low, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

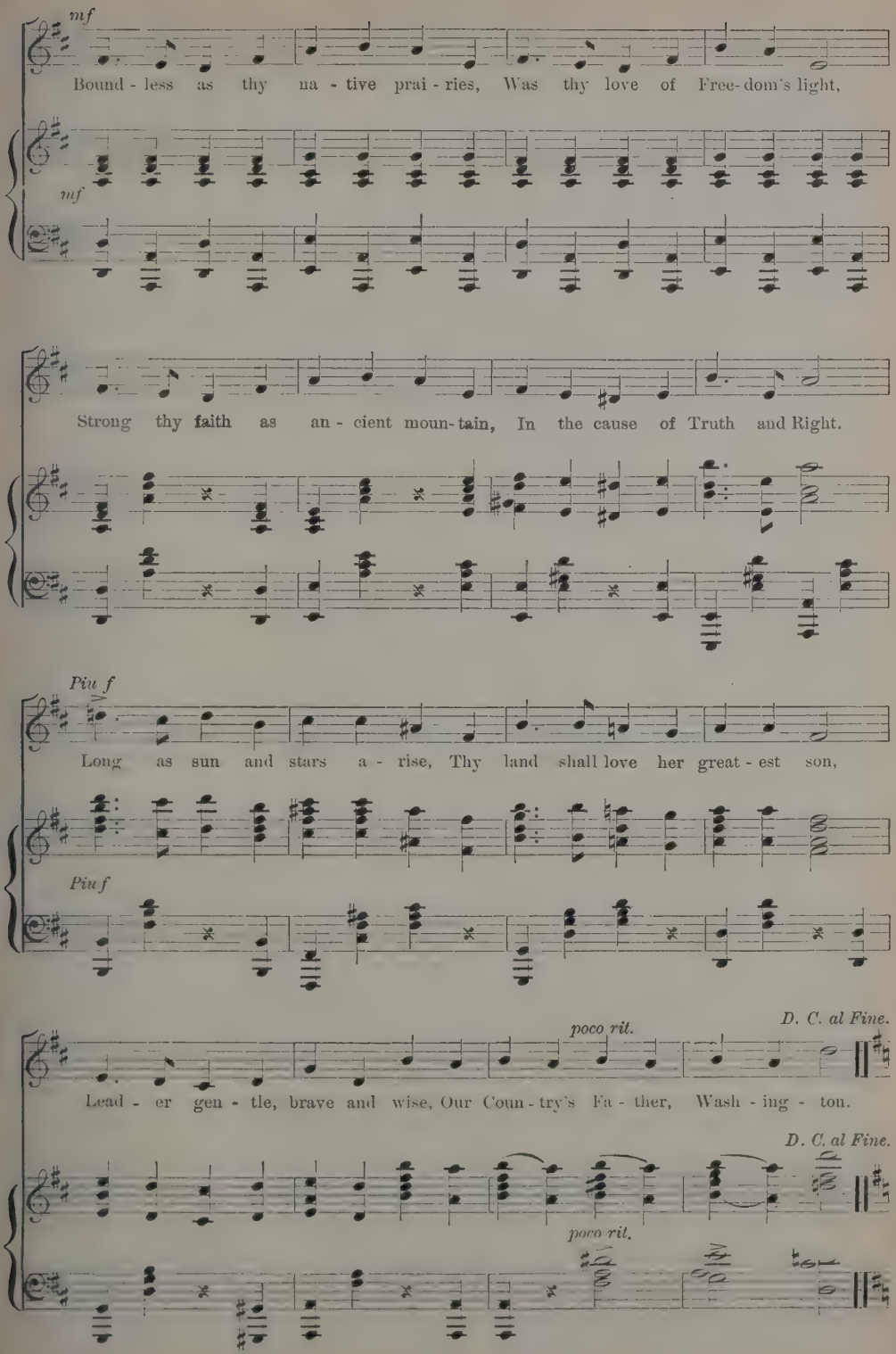
* The chorus will be more effective when the melody, which is printed in large type, is sung by a few selected voices.

WASHINGTON.

Mary Frances Galvin. *Henry Waller.*

Allegro moderato (quasi maestoso).


Fa - ther of the Free - man's na - tion, Pure of soul as dew or dawn,
Source of strength and in - spi - ra - tion, Mid a race of he - roes born,
High as heav'n in as - pi - ra - tion, For thy coun - try's des - ti - ny,
cres.
f
FINE.
Fa - ther of the Free - man's na - tion, Wash - ing - ton, we sing to thee.
FINE.
cres.
f

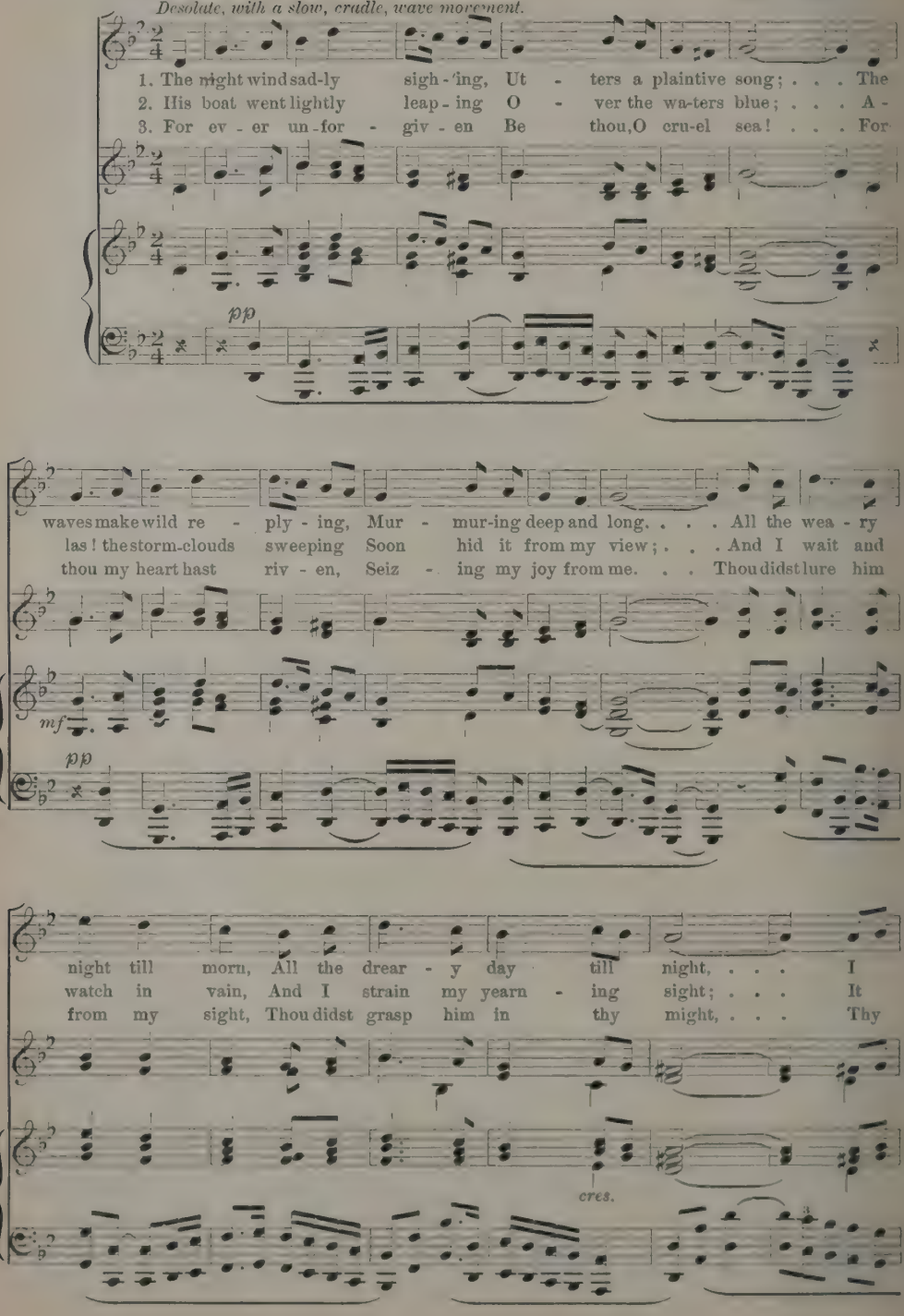

mf
Bound - less as thy na - tive prai - ries, Was thy love of Free - dom's light,
mf
Strong thy faith as an - cient moun - tain, In the cause of Truth and Right.
Piu f
Long as sun and stars a - rise, Thy land shall love her great - est son,
Piu f
poco rit.
D. C. al Fine.
Lead - er gen - tle, brave and wise, Our Coun - try's Fa - ther, Wash - ing - ton.
D. C. al Fine.
poco rit.

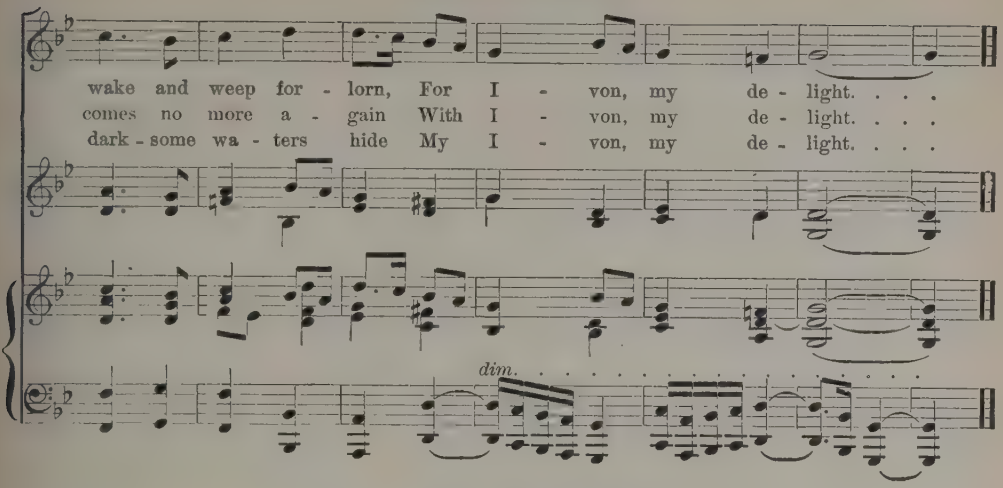
IVON, MY DELIGHT.

M. C. Gillington.

Old Breton Air.
Arr. W. L. T.

Desolate, with a slow, cradle, wave movement.

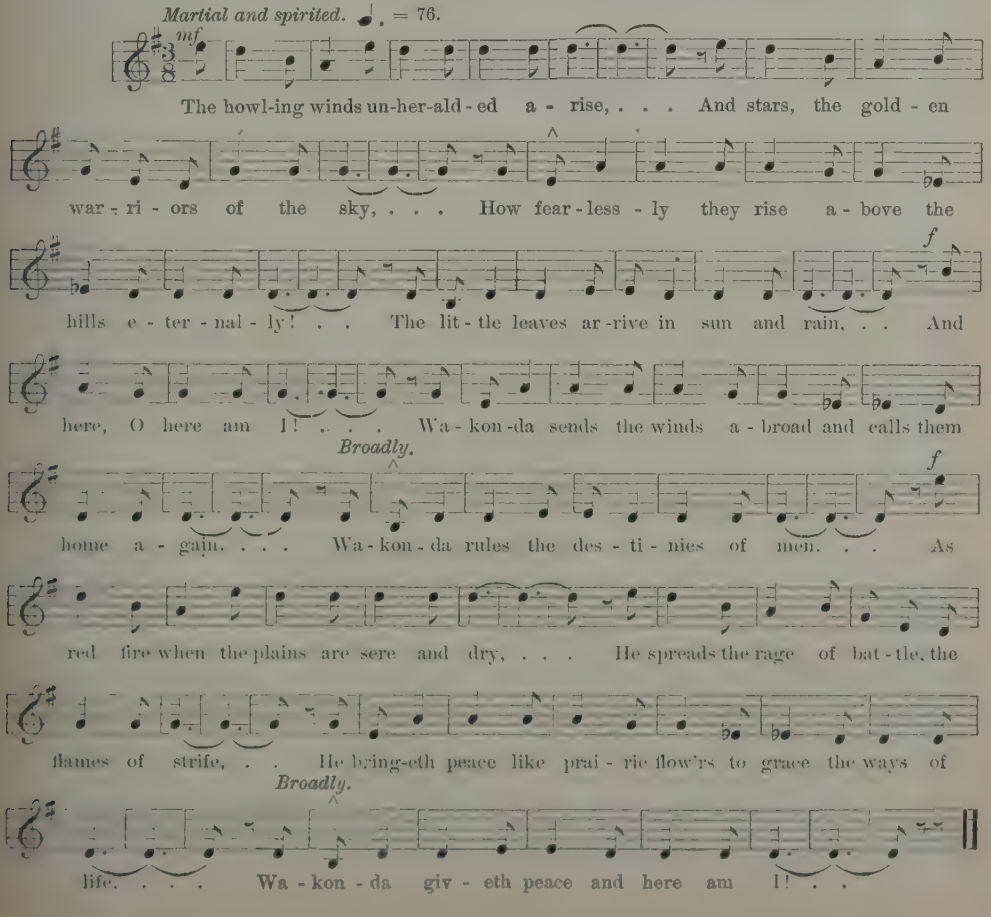

1. The night wind sad-ly sigh-ing, Ut-ters a plaintive song; . . . The
2. His boat went lightly leap-ing O-ver the wa-ters blue; . . . A-
3. For ev-er un-for-giv-en Be thou, O cru-el sea! . . . For
pp
waves make wild re-ply-ing, Mur-mur-ing deep and long. . . . All the wea-ry
las! the storm-clouds sweeping Soon hid it from my view; . . . And I wait and
thou my heart hast riv-en, Seiz-ing my joy from me. . . . Thou didst lure him
mf
pp
night till morn, All the drear-y day till night, . . . I
watch in vain, And I strain my yearn-ing sight; . . . It
from my sight, Thou didst grasp him in thy might, . . . Thy
cres.


wake and weep for - lorn, For I - von, my de - light. . . .
comes no more a - gain With I - von, my de - light. . . .
dark - some wa - ters hide My I - von, my de - light. . . .
dim.

SONG OF THE LEADER.

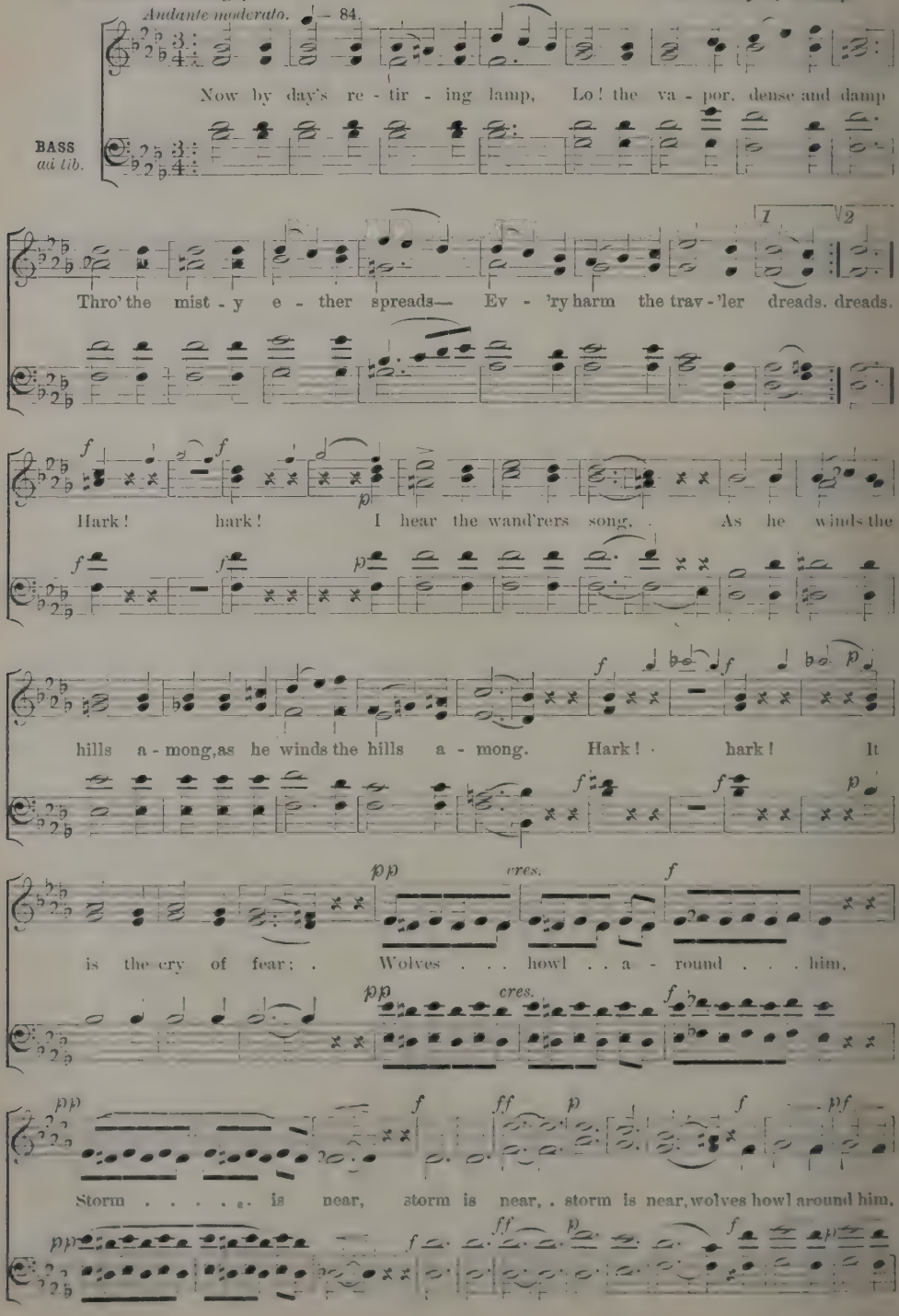
(*Sung by the leader of an Indian War party before hostilities.*)

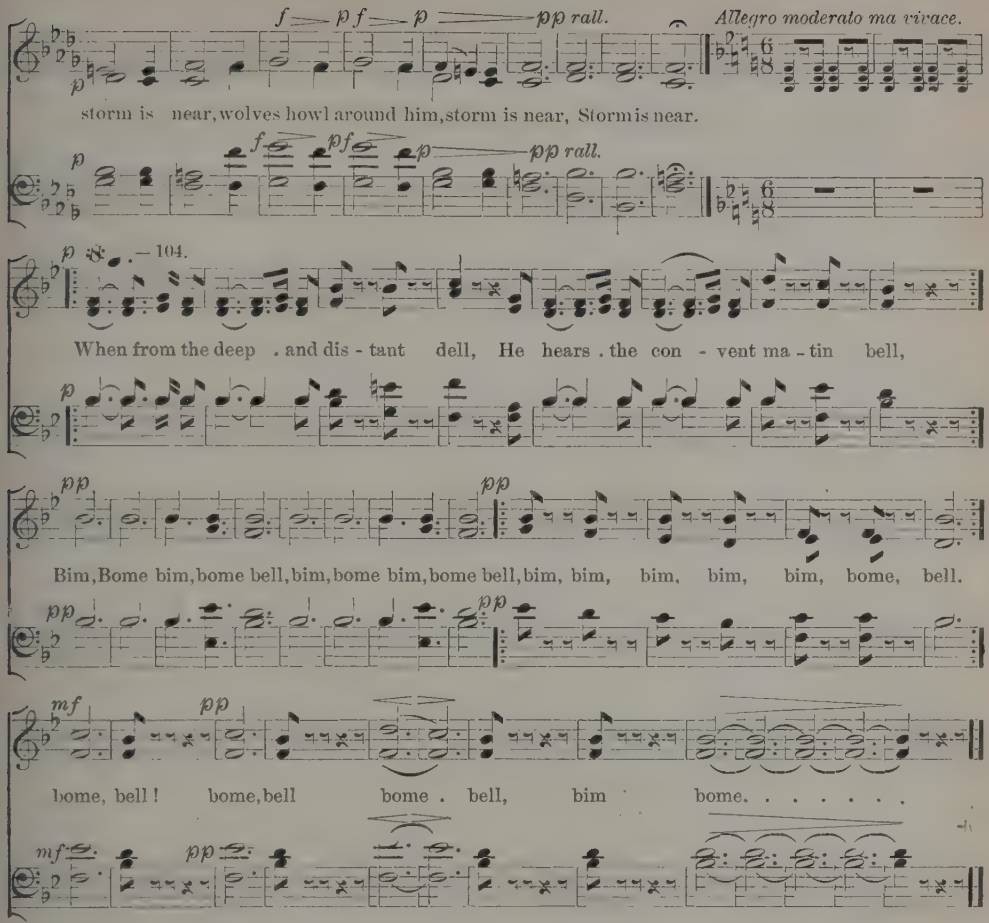
Poem by Frederick Manley. ***Traditional Omaha Indian Melody.***


Martial and spirited. ♩. = 76.
mf
The howl-ing winds un-her-ald-ed a - rise, . . . And stars, the gold - en
war - ri - ors of the sky, . . . How fear - less - ly they rise a - bove the
f
hills e - ter - nal - ly! . . The lit - tle leaves ar-rive in sun and rain, . . And
here, O here am I! . . . . Wa - kon-da sends the winds a - broad and calls them
Broadly.
f
home a - gain. . . . Wa - kon - da rules the des - ti - nies of men. . . As
red fire when the plains are sere and dry, . . . He spreads the rage of bat - tle, the
flames of strife, . . He bring-eth peace like prai - rie flow'rs to grace the ways of
Broadly.
life. . . . Wa - kon - da giv - eth peace and here am I! . .

THE MATIN BELL.

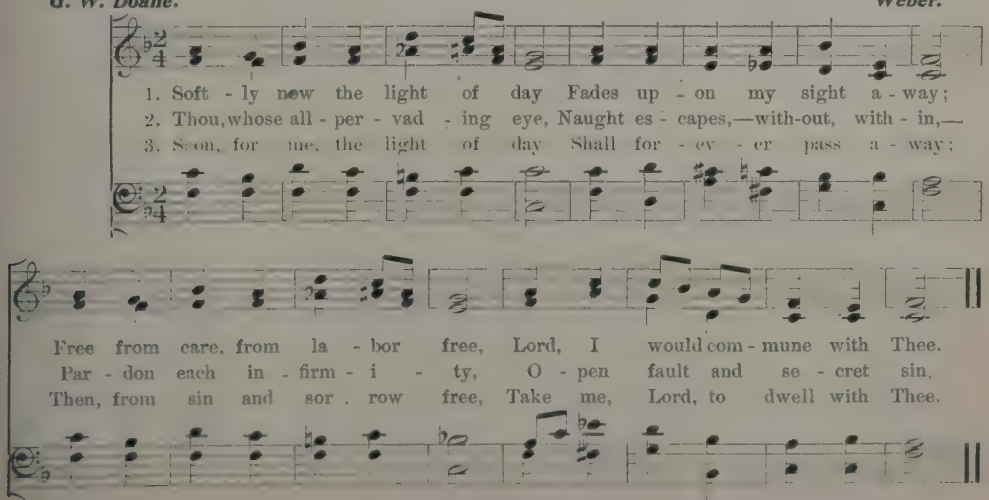
Lol Thomas Frothingay. *Sir Henry R. Bishop.*


Andante moderato. ♩ = 84.
Now by day's re - tir - ing lamp, Lo! the va - por, dense and damp
BASS ad lib.
Thro' the mist - y e - ther spreads— Ev - 'ry harm the trav - 'ler dreads. dreads.
Hark! hark! I hear the wand'rers song, As he winds the
hills a - mong, as he winds the hills a - mong. Hark! hark! It
is the cry of fear: Wolves howl a - round him,
Storm is near, storm is near, storm is near, wolves howl around him,


f p f p pp rall.
Allegro moderato ma vivace.
storm is near, wolves howl around him, storm is near, Storm is near.
f pf p pp rall.
p
— 104.
When from the deep . and dis - tant dell, He hears . the con - vent ma - tin bell,
pp
Bim, Bome bim, bome bell, bim, bome bim, bome bell, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bome, bell.
mf pp
bome, bell! bome, bell bome . bell, bim bome. . . . . .

SEYMOUR.

G. W. Doane. *Weber.*


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye, Naught es - capes,—with-out, with - in,—
3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor . row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

SLEEP, NOBLE HEARTS.

(A MEMORIAL SONG.)

Frederick Manley. *F. Mendelssohn.*
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

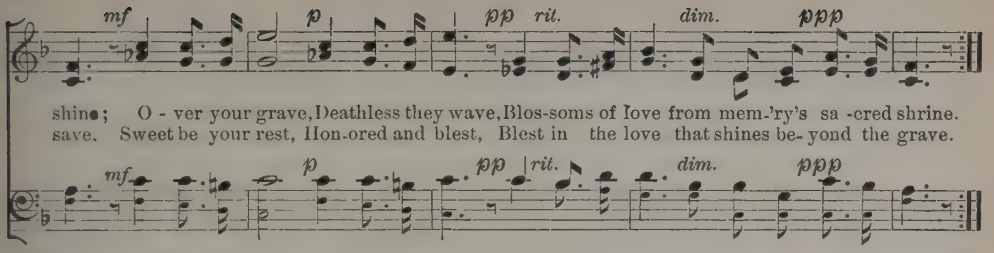
Adagio non troppo. ♩ = 58.

1. Sleep, no - ble hearts, your coun-try's love is o'er you; Sleep in the land you gave your lives to save. Long as the stars en - dure we will a - dore you, Com - ing with May to deck each he - ro's grave. Spring lights the earth with glad re - sur - gent beau - ty, Pour - ing her fra - grance of leaf and bud a - bout you, Oh, True and Brave, Who died for home and du - ty: And in her heart The Au-gust one who bore you, Change-less and bright her spir - it bless - eth.

2. Sleep side by side, dear sons of one great Moth - er; Rest, for the drums will stir your blood no more: Sleep, for the night that part - ed friend and broth - er, Long since is gone, to curse our land no more! Sweet as the light of dawn on lil - ies break-ing, Peace with her bless - ing of Friend-ship true and ten - der, from sea to sea Thro' all our land is wak - ing. Sleep side by side, Dear sons of one great Moth - er, Sleep in the land you gave your lives to

BASS *ad lib.*

p *mf* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *dim. e rit.* *tempo.*


mf
p
pp
rit.
dim.
ppp
shine; O - ver your grave, Deathless they wave, Blos-soms of love from mem-'ry's sa -cred shrine.
save. Sweet be your rest, Hon-ored and blest, Blest in the love that shines be- yond the grave.

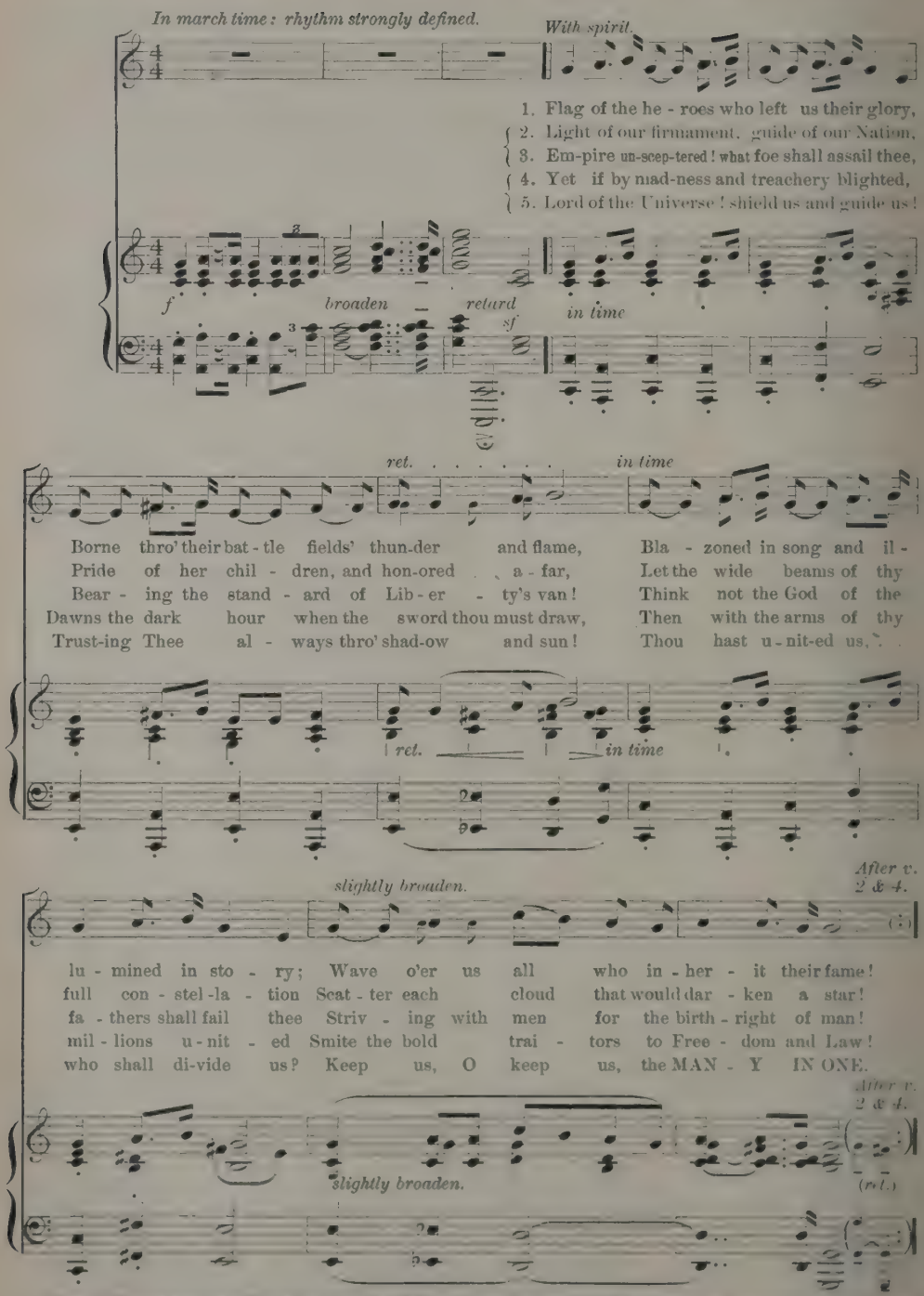
O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

Phillips Brooks. *Joseph Barnby.*

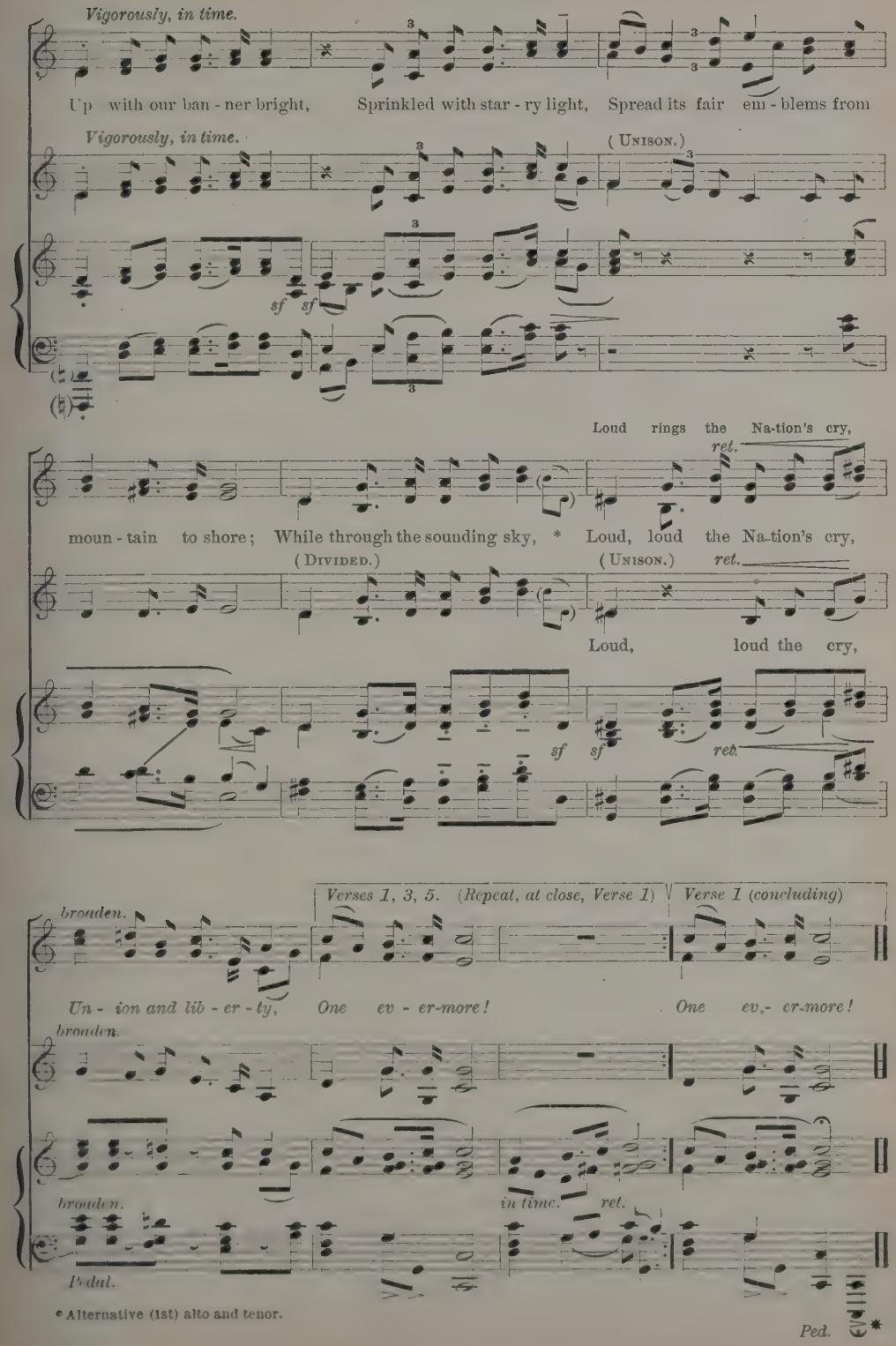
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le-hem, How still we see thee lie, . .
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove, .
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent-ly, The won- drous gift is given! .
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le- hem, De - scend to us we pray; .
A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love!
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ing of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in; Be born in us to - day.
Yet in Thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;
O morn - ing stars to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
No ear may hear his com - ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And praise - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el! A - MEN.

UNION AND LIBERTY.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. *Percy Lee Atherton.*

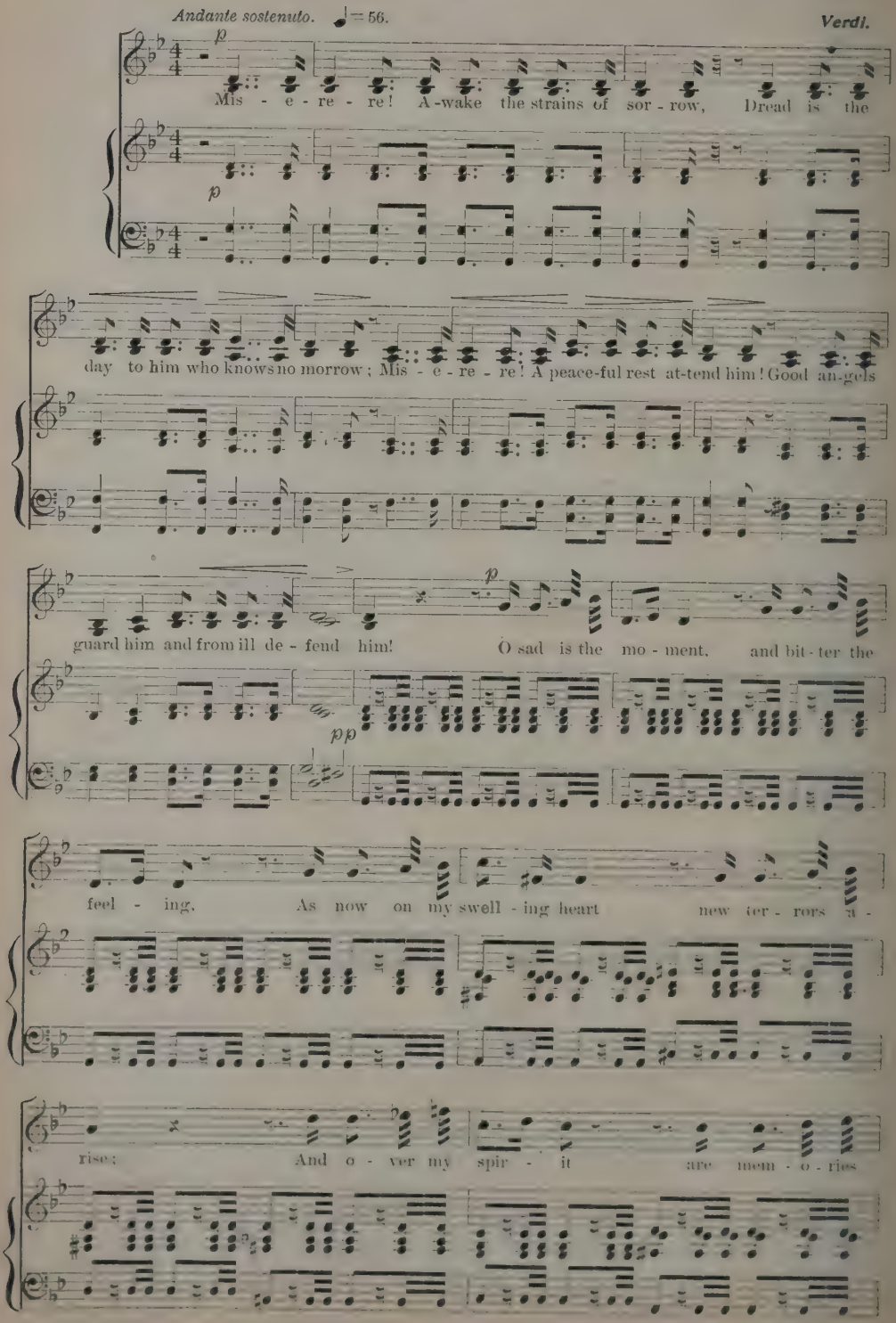

In march time: rhythm strongly defined.
With spirit.
1. Flag of the he - roes who left us their glory,
2. Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
3. Em-pire un-scep-tered! what foe shall assail thee,
4. Yet if by mad-ness and treachery blighted,
5. Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us!
f
broaden
retard
sf
in time
ret.
in time
Borne thro' their bat - tle fields' thun-der and flame,
Pride of her chil - dren, and hon-ored a - far,
Bear - ing the stand - ard of Lib-er - ty's van!
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Trust-ing Thee al - ways thro' shad-ow and sun!
Bla - zoned in song and il -
Let the wide beams of thy
Think not the God of the
Then with the arms of thy
Thou hast u - nit-ed us,
ret.
in time
slightly broaden.
After v. 2 & 4.
lu - mined in sto - ry; Wave o'er us all who in - her - it their fame!
full con - stel - la - tion Scat - ter each cloud that would dar - ken a star!
fa - thers shall fail thee Striv - ing with men for the birth - right of man!
mil - lions u - nit - ed Smite the bold trai - tors to Free - dom and Law!
who shall di-vide us? Keep us, O keep us, the MAN - Y IN ONE.
After v. 2 & 4.
slightly broaden.
(rit.)

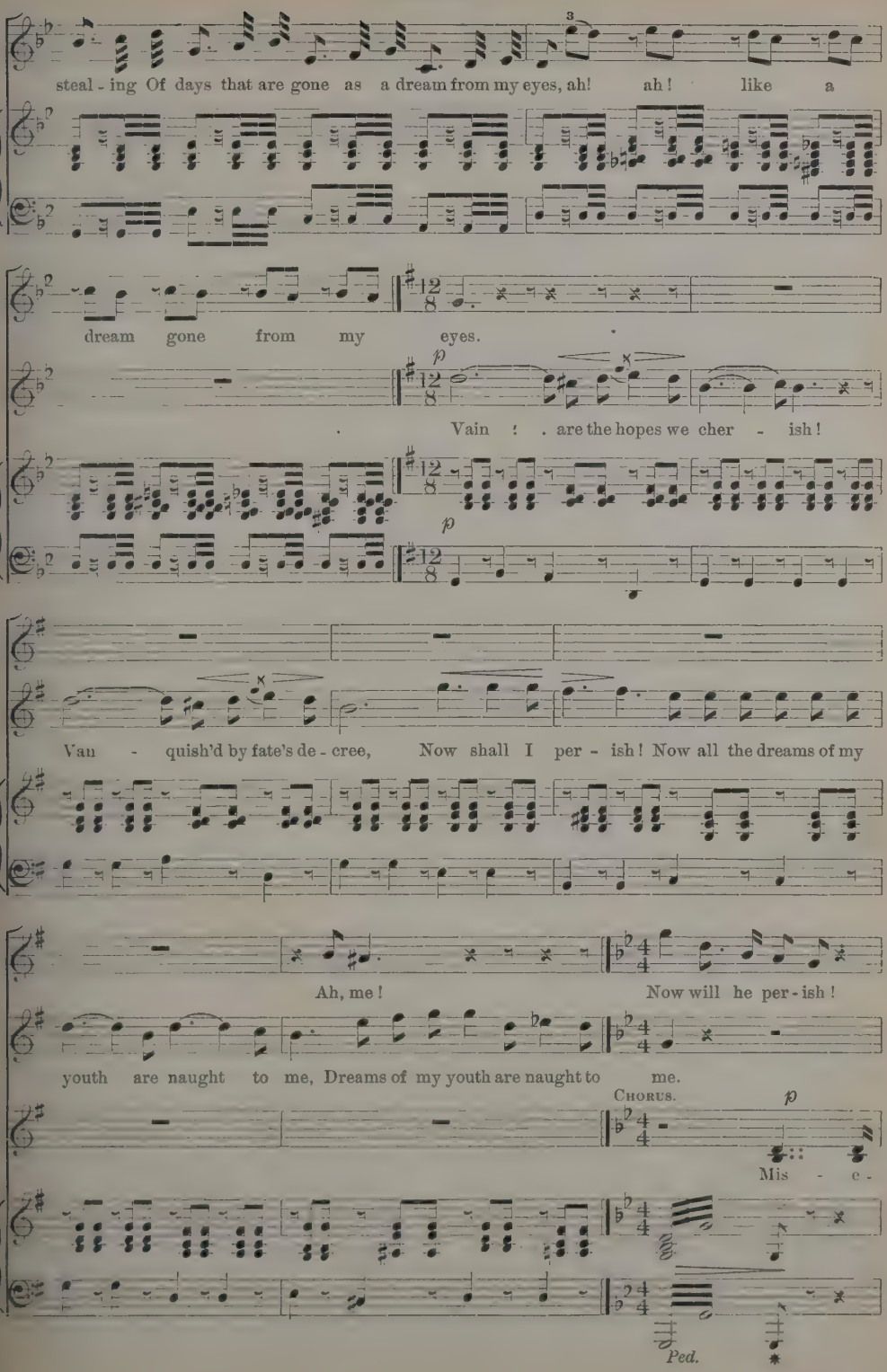
NOTE. The composer would urge that the refrain "Up with our banner bright" be sung after the 1st, 3d, and 5th verses only, and that the song conclude with a repetition of the first verse and refrain (see markings).

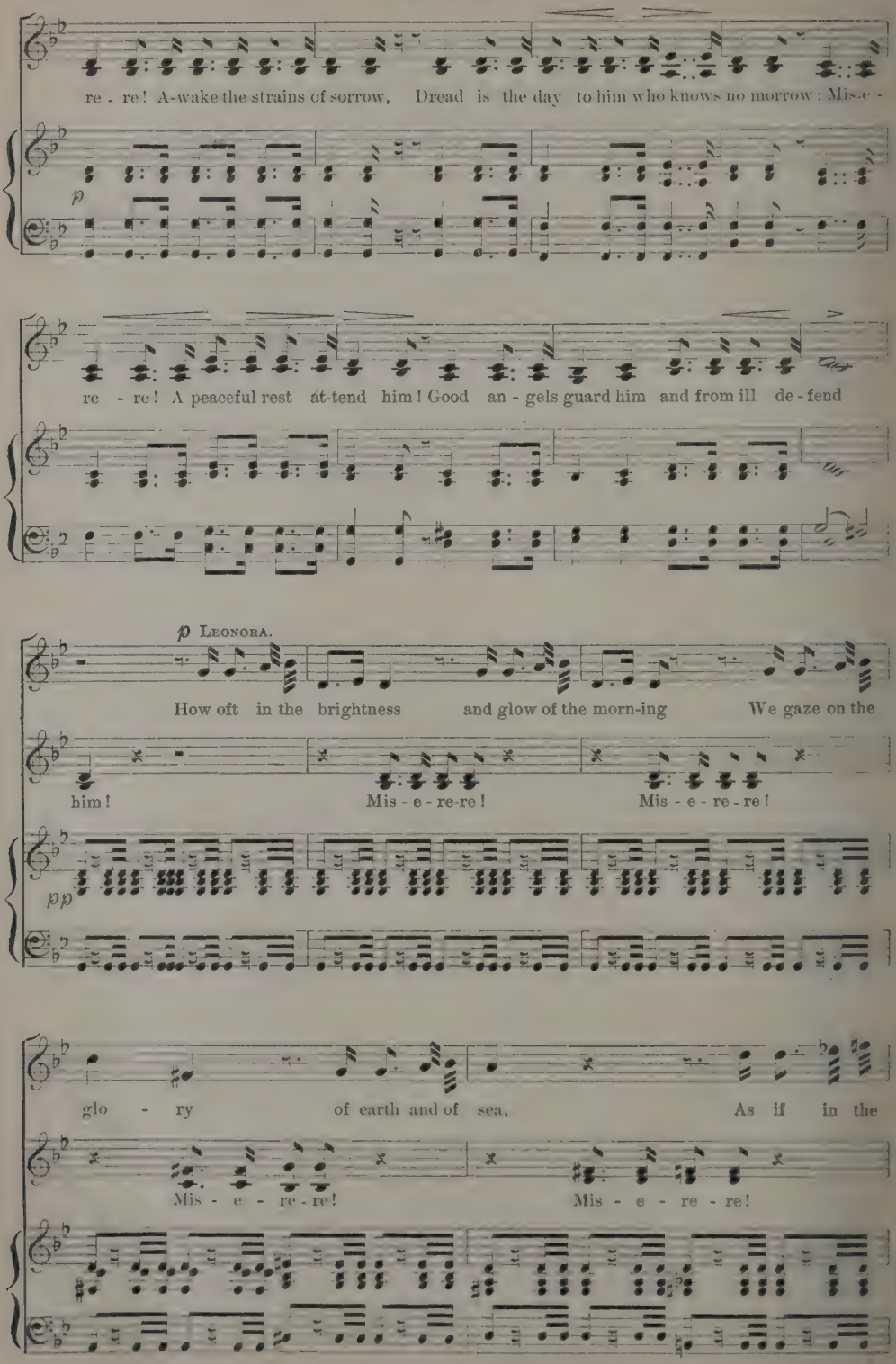

Vigorously, in time.
Up with our ban - ner bright, Sprinkled with star - ry light, Spread its fair em - blems from
Vigorously, in time.
(Unison.)
sf sf
Loud rings the Na-tion's cry,
ret.
moun - tain to shore; While through the sounding sky, * Loud, loud the Na-tion's cry,
(Divided.)
(Unison.)
ret.
Loud, loud the cry,
sf sf
ret.
Verses 1, 3, 5. (Repeat, at close, Verse 1)
Verse 1 (concluding)
broaden.
Un - ion and lib - er - ty, One ev - er-more! One ev - er-more!
broaden.
broaden.
in time.
ret.
Pedal.
Ped.

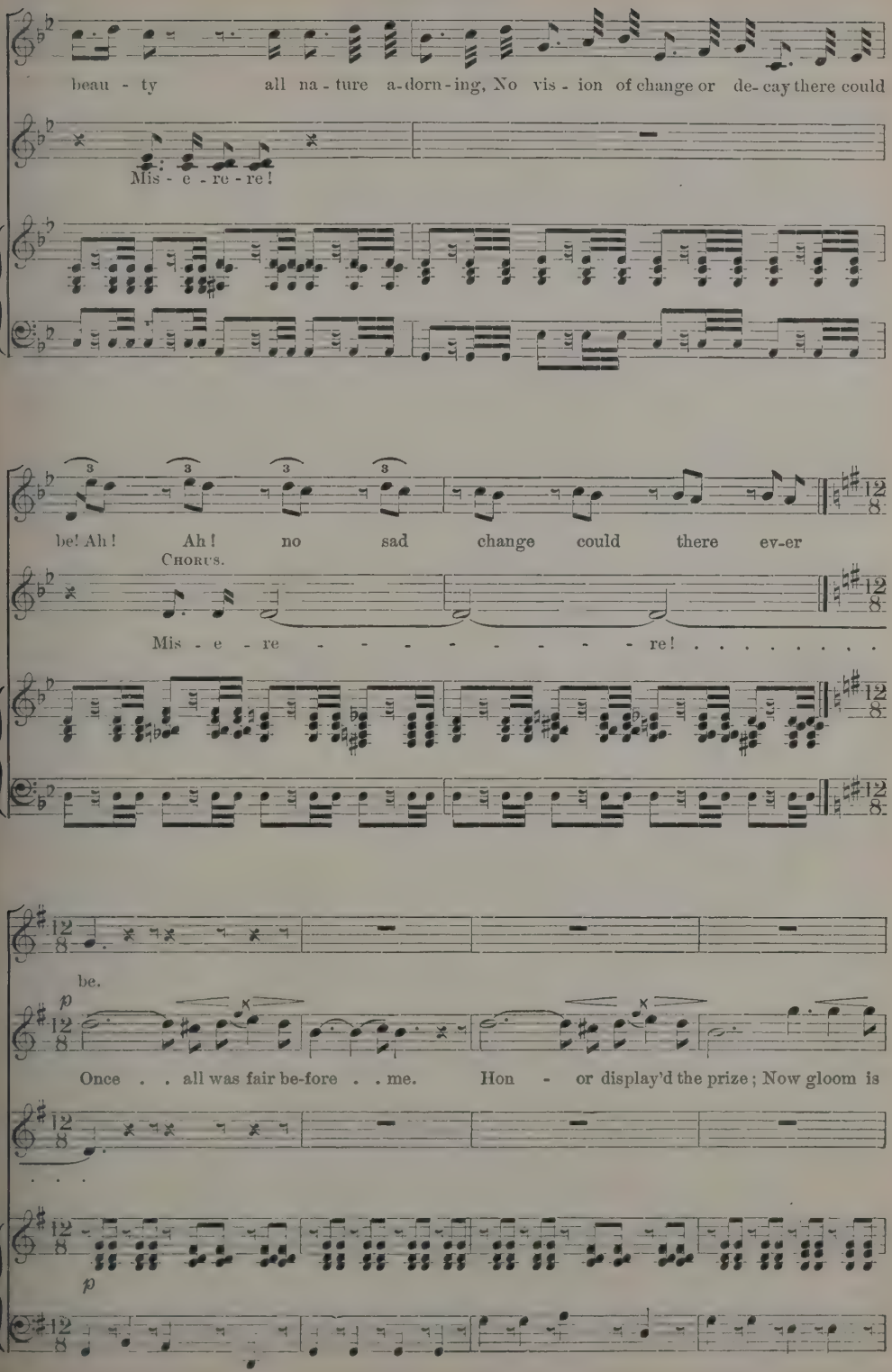
* Alternative (1st) alto and tenor.

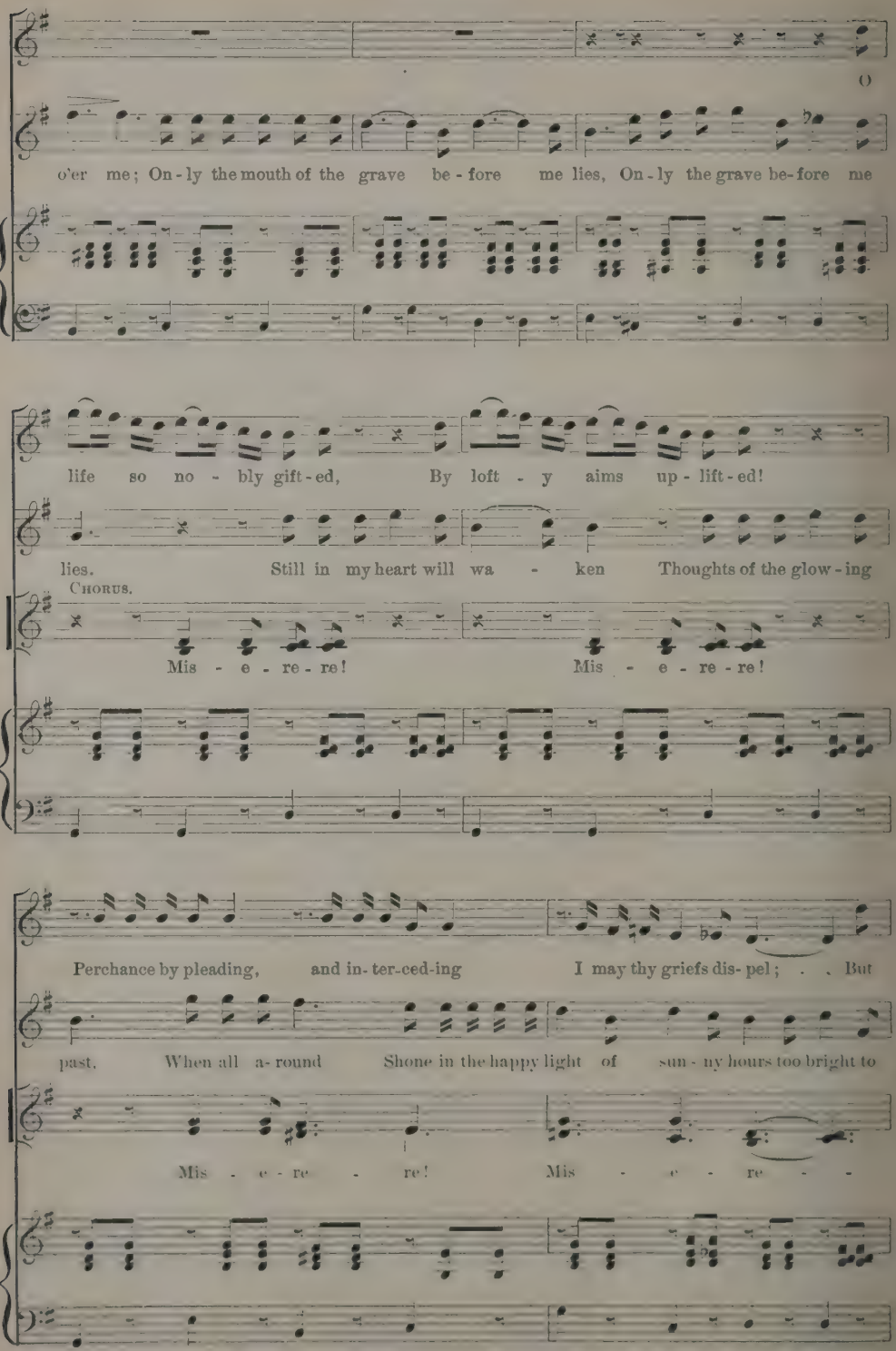
MISERERE.

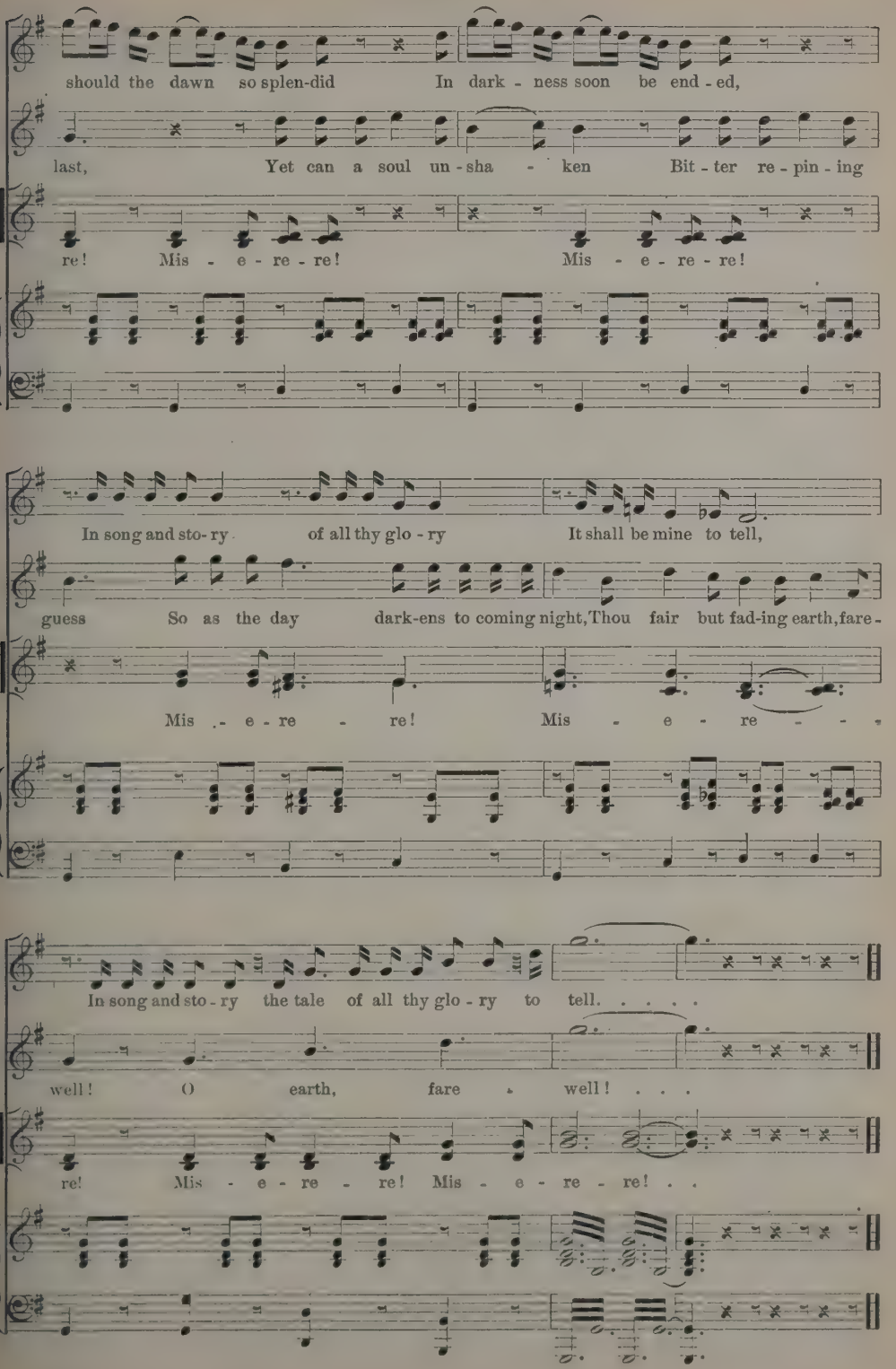

Andante sostenuto. ♩= 56.
Verdi.
p
Mis - e - re - re! A-wake the strains of sor - row, Dread is the
p
day to him who knows no morrow; Mis - e - re - re! A peace-ful rest at-tend him! Good an-gels
guard him and from ill de - fend him! O sad is the mo - ment, and bit - ter the
p
pp
feel - ing, As now on my swell - ing heart new ter - rors a -
rise: And o - ver my spir - it are mem - o - ries


steal - ing Of days that are gone as a dream from my eyes, ah! ah! like a
dream gone from my eyes.
Vain : . are the hopes we cher - ish!
Van - quish'd by fate's de - cree, Now shall I per - ish! Now all the dreams of my
Ah, me! Now will he per - ish!
youth are naught to me, Dreams of my youth are naught to me.
Chorus.
Mis - e -
Ped.


re - re! A-wake the strains of sorrow, Dread is the day to him who knows no morrow: Mis-e -
p
re - re! A peaceful rest at-tend him! Good an - gels guard him and from ill de - fend
p LEONORA.
How oft in the brightness and glow of the morn-ing We gaze on the
him!
Mis - e - re-re!
Mis - e - re - re!
pp
glo - ry of earth and of sea, As if in the
Mis - e - re - re!
Mis - e - re - re!

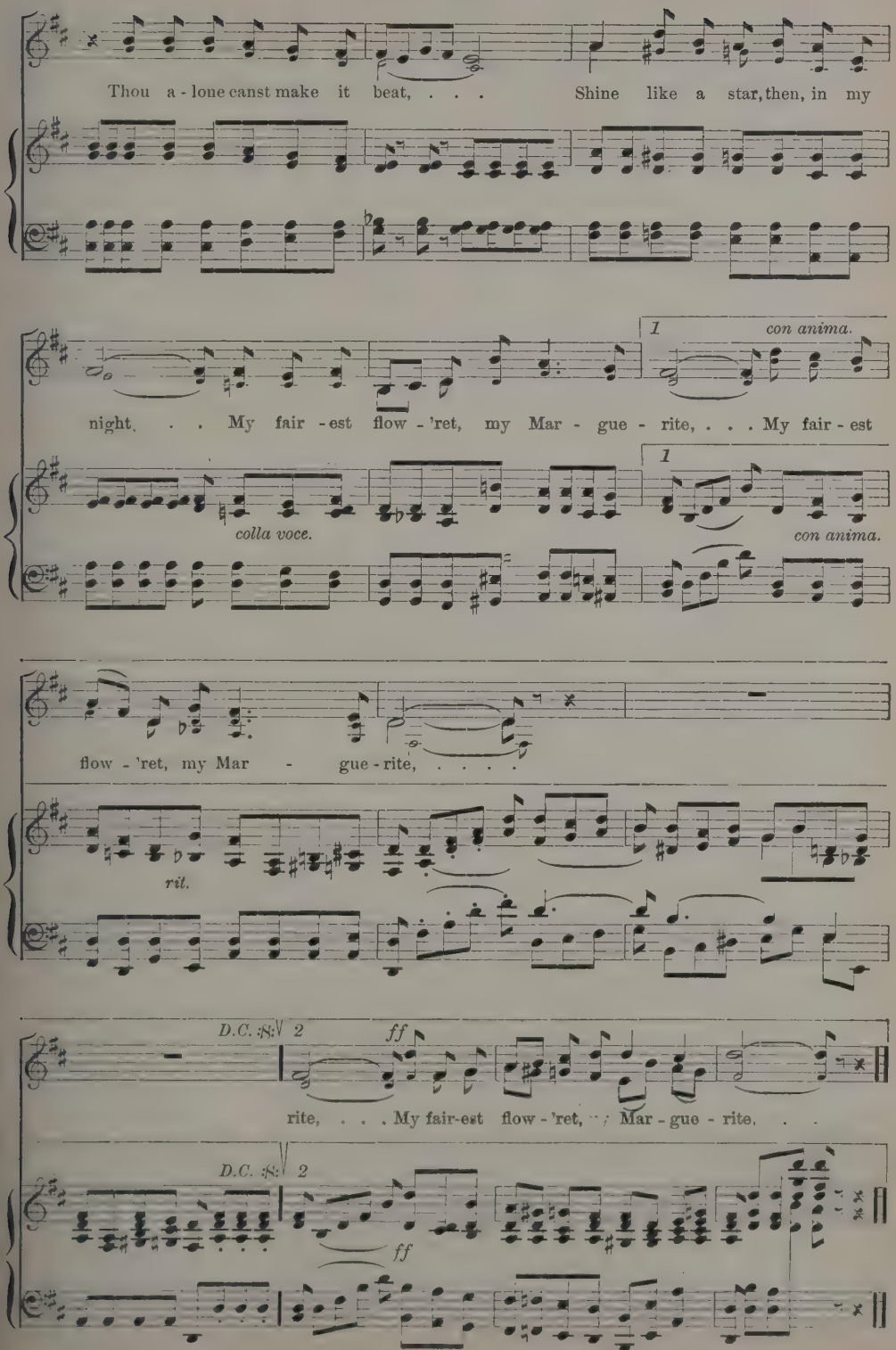

beau - ty all na - ture a-dorn-ing, No vis - ion of change or de- cay there could
Mis - e - re - re!
be! Ah! Ah! no sad change could there ev-er
Chorus.
Mis - e - re - - - - - - - - re! . . . . . .
be.
p
Once . . all was fair be-fore . . me. Hon - or display'd the prize; Now gloom is
p


O
o'er me; On-ly the mouth of the grave be-fore me lies, On-ly the grave be-fore me
life so no-bly gift-ed, By loft-y aims up-lift-ed!
lies. Still in my heart will wa-ken Thoughts of the glow-ing
Chorus.
Mis-e-re-re! Mis-e-re-re!
Perchance by pleading, and in-ter-ced-ing I may thy griefs dis-pel; . . But
past. When all a-round Shone in the happy light of sun-ny hours too bright to
Mis-e-re-re! Mis-e-re-


should the dawn so splen-did In dark - ness soon be end - ed,
last, Yet can a soul un - sha - ken Bit - ter re - pin - ing
re! Mis - e - re - re! Mis - e - re - re!
In song and sto- ry of all thy glo - ry It shall be mine to tell,
guess So as the day dark-ens to coming night, Thou fair but fad-ing earth, fare -
Mis - e - re - re! Mis - e - re - -
In song and sto - ry the tale of all thy glo - ry to tell. . . . .
well! O earth, fare well! . . .
re! Mis - e - re - re! Mis - e - re - re! . .

CHARMING MARGUERITE.

Allegretto grazioso.
Old French.
sempre leggiero.
1. Praise not to me the new-blown rose, ... Tho' she's called . . . the beau-teous
2. Bright is the mar - a - gold and gay, ... When she crowns . . with gold the
3. No! I con-fess I'm not in love . . . . With the vi - o - let that
queen of ev - 'ry bow'r, I'll tell you where a blos-som grows, . . More love - ly
fields of ear - ly May, But to my mind still I must say, . . . She lacks the
bends her head so low, Tho' she looks ten - der as a dove, . . She's not as
far than ev - 'ry oth - er flow'r. . . Thou'rt all my heart's de - light, . . .
charm of true sim - pli - ci - ty. . . . Thou'rt all my heart's de - light. . . .
sweet as Mar-gue - rite, . . I know. . . Thou'rt all my heart's de - light. . . .

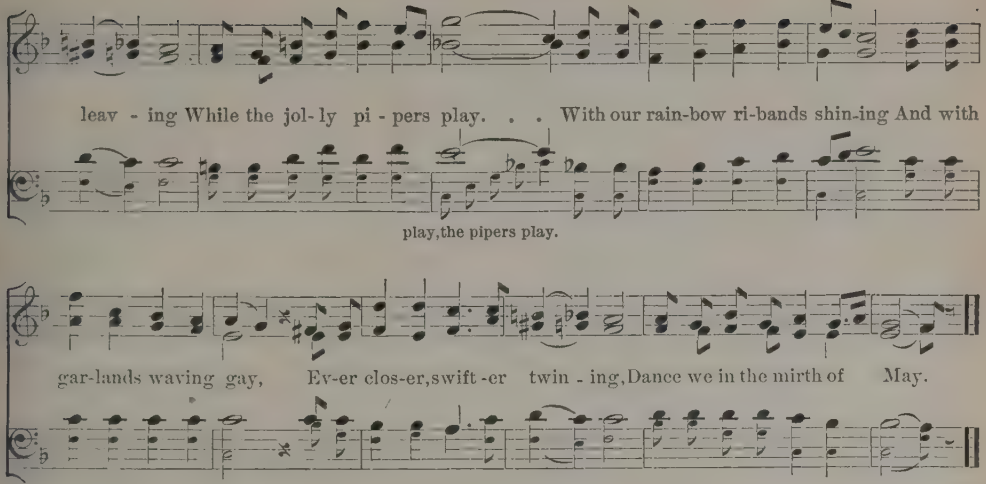

Thou a - lone canst make it beat, . . . Shine like a star, then, in my
night, . . My fair - est flow - 'ret, my Mar - gue - rite, . . . My fair - est
1
con anima.
colla voce.
1
con anima.
flow - 'ret, my Mar - gue - rite, ...
ril.
D.C. 8:
2
ff
rite, . . . My fair-est flow - 'ret, my Mar - gue - rite, . .
D.C. 8:
2
ff

MAY POLE DANCE.

M. T. Loughlin.

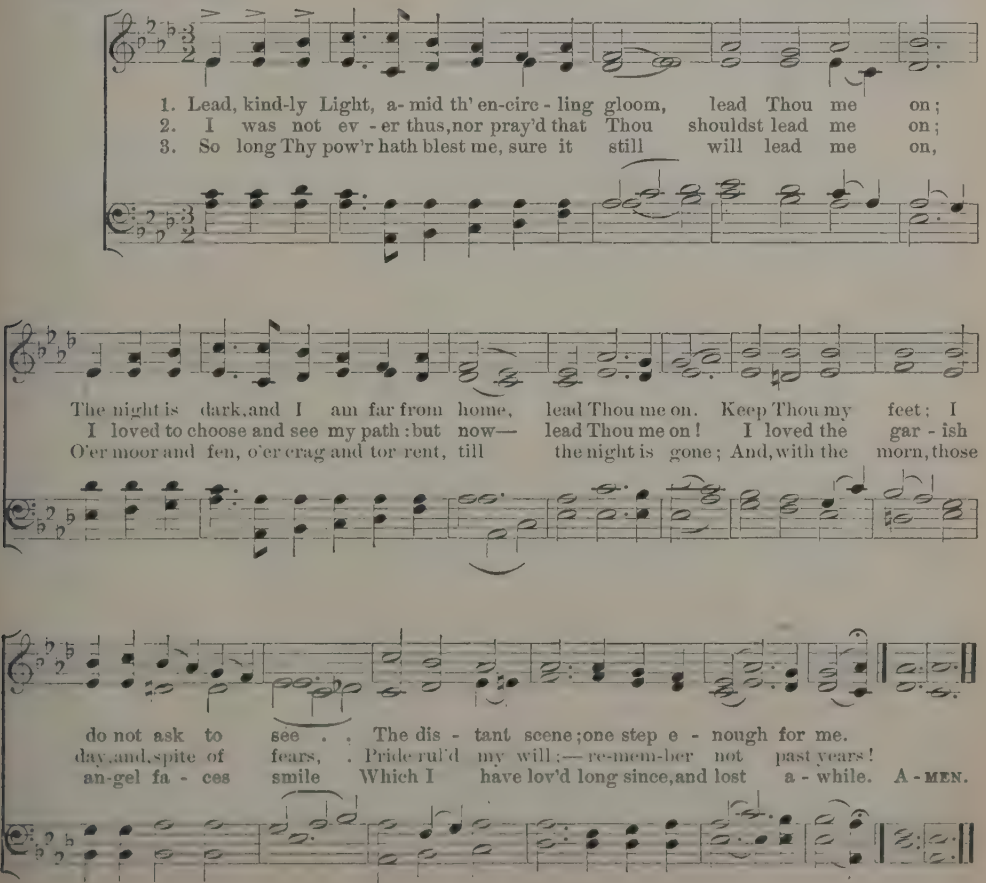
Jakobowski.
Arr. by Osborne McConathy.

1. Join in sing - ing, po - sies fling - ing, 'Till the
2. Hear the ta - bor! Leave your la - bor! Come and
BASS
ad lib.
Join in sing - ing, po - sies fling - ing,
Hear the ta - bor! Leave your la - bor!
ech - oes sweet re - ply, As we trip it, as we skip it, While the
join our hap - py throng; Youth and maid - en, flow - er - la - den, Sport we
ech - oes sweet re - ply, sweet re - ply, As we trip it, as we skip, the
join our hap - py throng, hap-py throng; Youth and maiden, flow-er - la - den,
hours un - heed- ed fly. Tread it neat - ly, Step it fleat - ly, To the
all the day - light long. Bells are peal- ing, Winds are steal-ing, All the
fly, hours fly. Tread it neat - ly, Step it fleat - ly,
long, day-light long. Bells are peal- ing, Winds are steal-ing
mu - sic's air - y swing, We will greet the May time meet-ly With the mer - ry song we sing.
hours new splendor bring, While to mu - sic light-ly wheel-ing Thus our mer - ry song we sing.
swing, airy swing, song we sing.
bring, splendor bring, song we sing.
CHORUS.
All in and out we're weaving, And a-round with rhyth-mic sway, Gai - ly meet-ing, gai - ly


leav - ing While the jol- ly pi - pers play. . . With our rain-bow ri-bands shin-ing And with
play, the pipers play.
gar-lands waving gay, Ev-er clos-er, swift-er twin - ing, Dance we in the mirth of May.

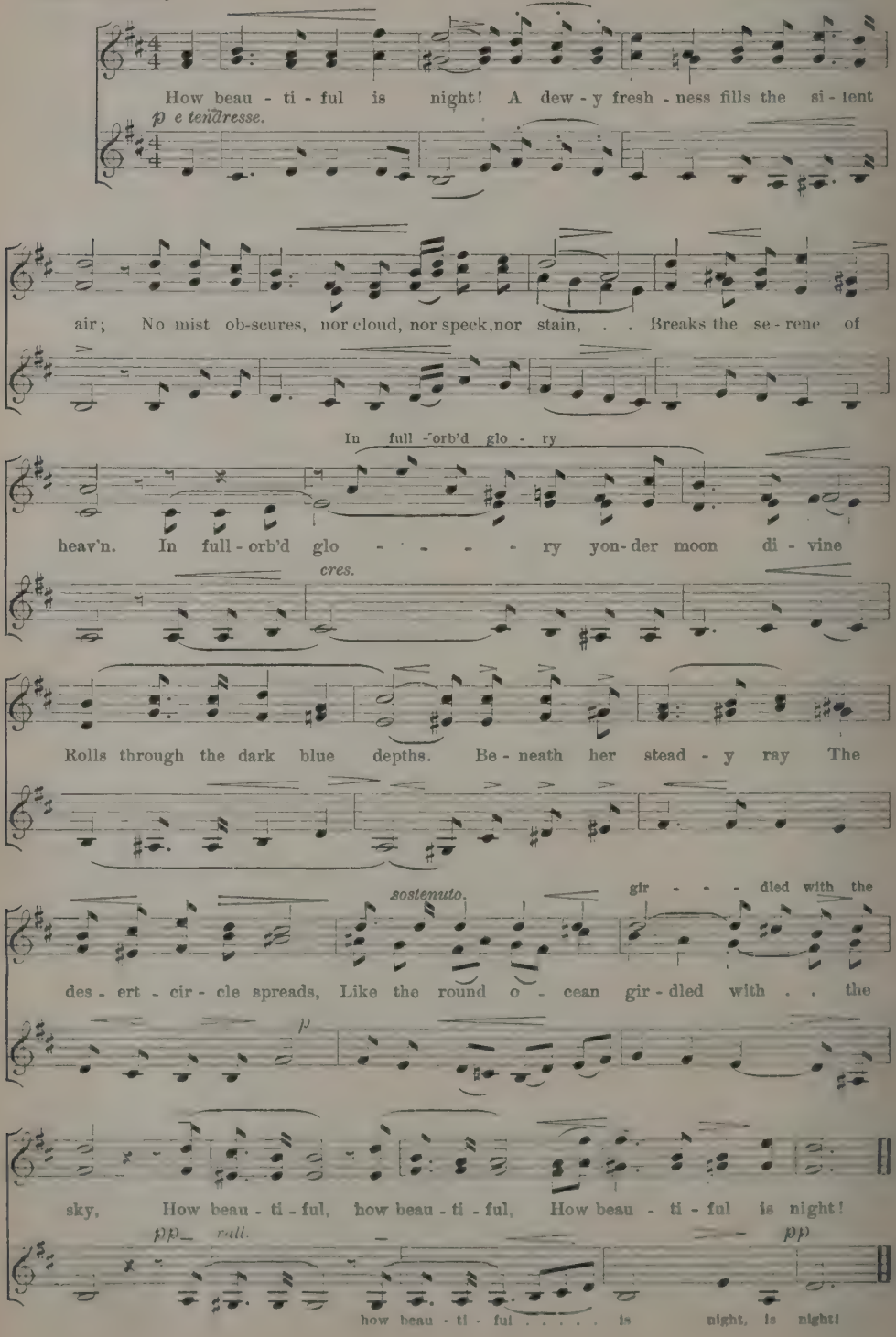
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

John Henry Newman. *John B. Dykes.*


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a- mid th' en-circ - ling gloom, lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,
The night is dark, and I am far from home, lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
I loved to choose and see my path: but now— lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till the night is gone; And, with the morn, those
do not ask to see . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, . Pride rul'd my will: — re-mem-ber not past years!
an-gel fa - ces smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while. A - MEN.

NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

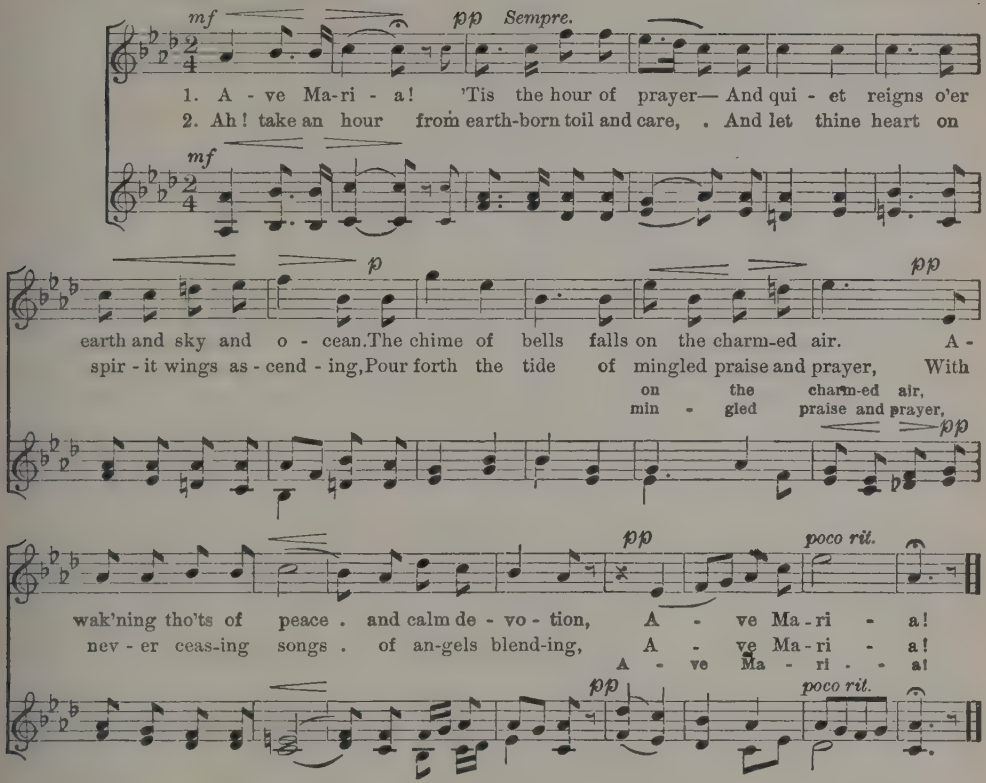
Robert Southey. *F. F. Beale.*


How beau - ti - ful is night! A dew - y fresh - ness fills the si - lent
p e tendresse.
air; No mist ob-scures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain, . . Breaks the se - rene of
In full - orb'd glo - ry
heav'n. In full - orb'd glo - - - - - ry yon-der moon di - vine
cres.
Rolls through the dark blue depths. Be - neath her stead - y ray The
sostenuto.
gir - - - dled with the
des - ert - cir - cle spreads, Like the round o - cean gir - dled with . . the
p
sky, How beau - ti - ful, how beau - ti - ful, How beau - ti - ful is night!
pp rall.
pp
how beau - ti - ful . . . . . is night, is night!

AVE MARIA.

Thomas Harpin. *Henry Smart.*
Arr. by W. L. T.

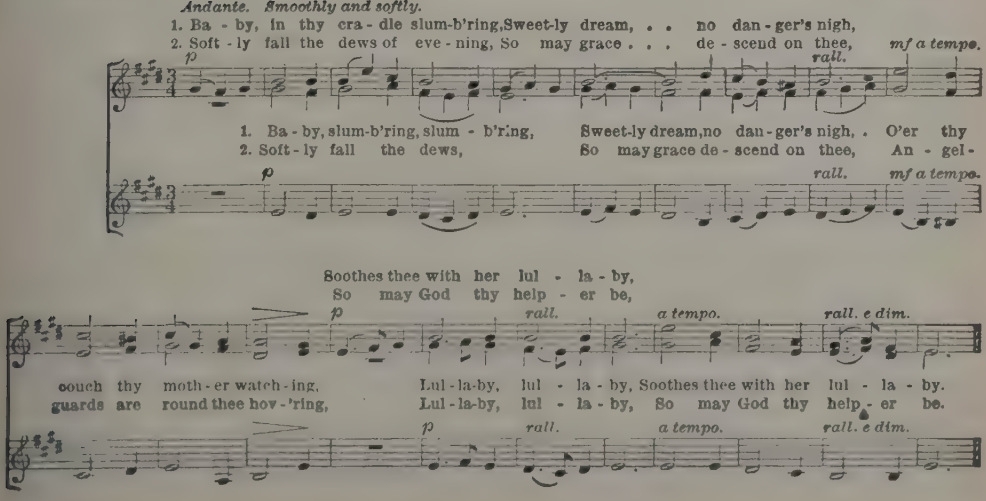
Andante non troppo. ♪ = 80.


mf
pp Sempre.
1. A - ve Ma-ri - a! 'Tis the hour of prayer— And qui - et reigns o'er
2. Ah! take an hour from earth-born toil and care, . And let thine heart on
mf
p
pp
earth and sky and o - cean. The chime of bells falls on the charm-ed air. A -
spir - it wings as - cend - ing, Pour forth the tide of mingled praise and prayer, With
on the charm-ed air,
min - gled praise and prayer,
pp
pp
poco rit.
wak'ning tho'ts of peace . and calm de - vo - tion, A - ve Ma - ri - a!
nev - er ceas-ing songs . of an-gels blend-ing, A - ve Ma - ri - a!
A - ve Ma - ri - a!
pp
poco rit.

A LULLABY.

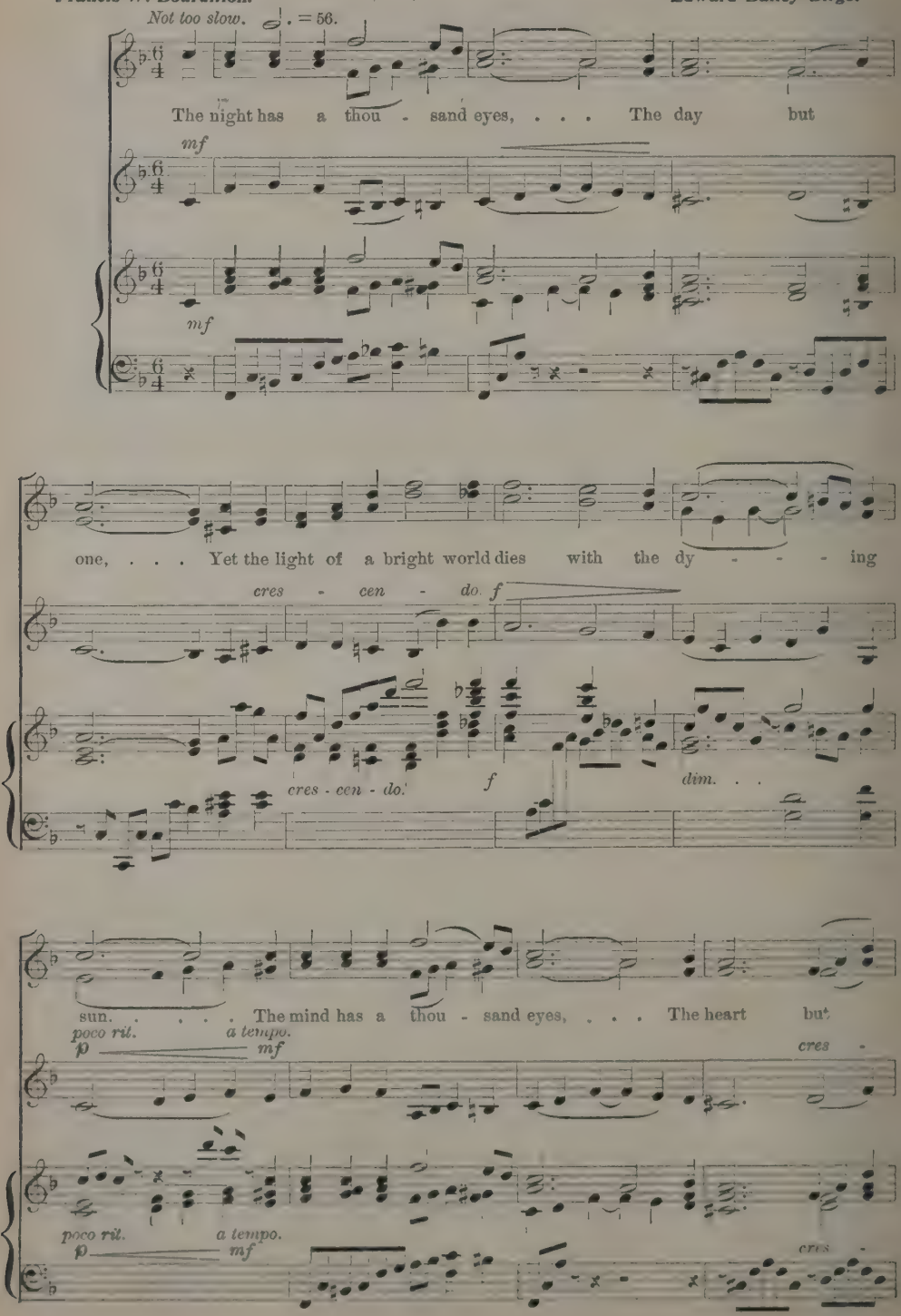
Bateman. *J. Gardner.*

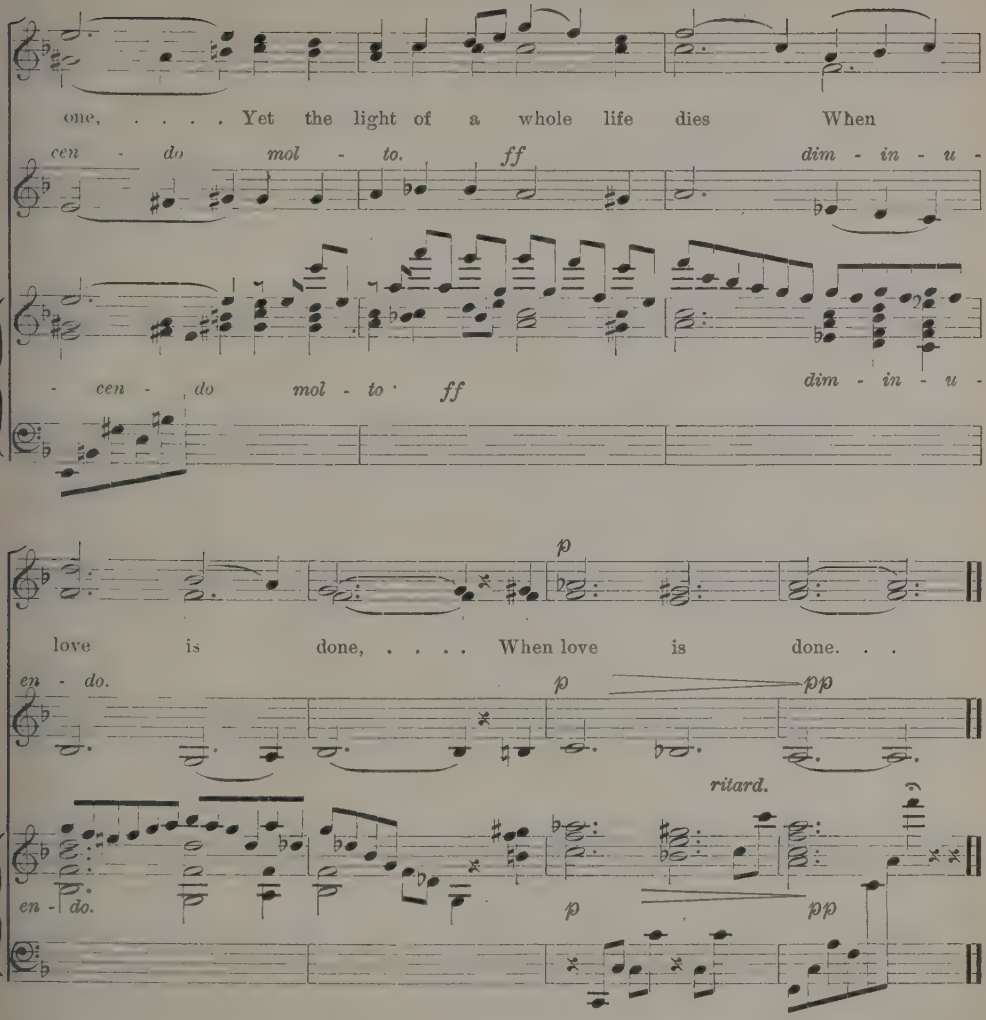
Andante. Smoothly and softly.


1. Ba - by, in thy cra - dle slum-b'ring, Sweet-ly dream, . . no dan - ger's nigh,
2. Soft - ly fall the dews of eve - ning, So may grace . . . de - scend on thee,
mf a tempo.
p
rall.
1. Ba - by, slum-b'ring, slum - b'ring, Sweet-ly dream, no dan - ger's nigh, . O'er thy
2. Soft - ly fall the dews, So may grace de - scend on thee, An - gel -
p
rall.
mf a tempo.
Soothes thee with her lul - la - by,
So may God thy help - er be,
p
rall.
a tempo.
rall. e dim.
couch thy moth - er watch - ing, Lul - la-by, lul - la - by, Soothes thee with her lul - la - by.
guards are round thee hov - 'ring, Lul - la-by, lul - la - by, So may God thy help - er be.
p
rall.
a tempo.
rall. e dim.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.

Francis W. Bourdillon. *Edward Bailey Birge.*

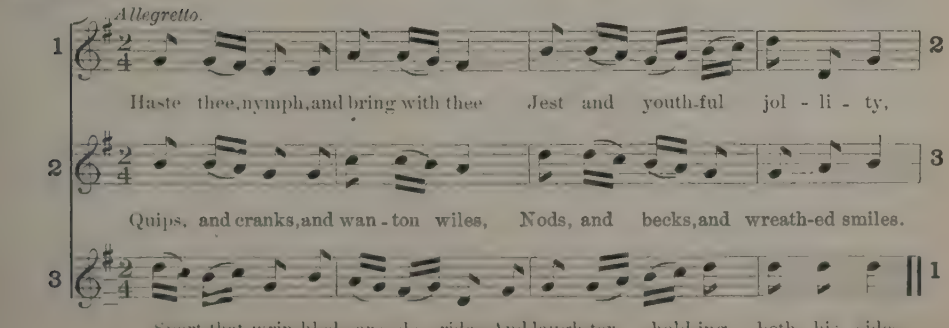

Not too slow. ♩. = 56.
The night has a thou - sand eyes, . . . The day but
mf
mf
one, . . . Yet the light of a bright world dies with the dy - - - ing
cres - cen - do. f
cres - cen - do.
f
dim. . .
sun. . . . The mind has a thou - sand eyes, . . . The heart but
poco rit.
a tempo.
p
mf
cres -
poco rit.
a tempo.
p
mf
cres -


one, ... Yet the light of a whole life dies When
cen - do mol - to. ff dim - in - u -
- cen - do mol - to ff dim - in - u -
love is done, ... When love is done. . .
en - do.
p pp
ritard.
en - do.
p pp

HASTE THEE, NYMPH.

(ROUND.)

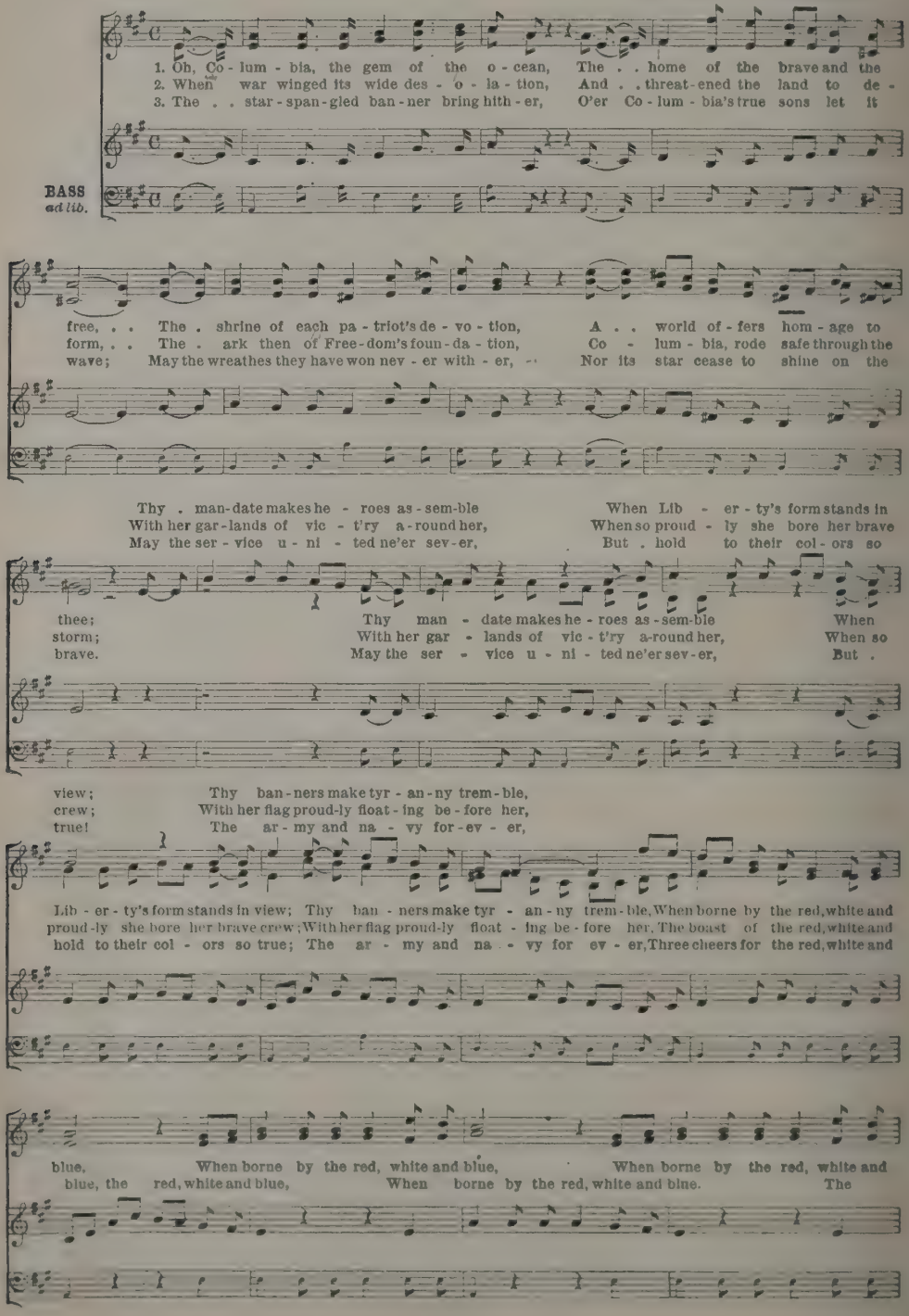
John Milton. *F. Arnold.*

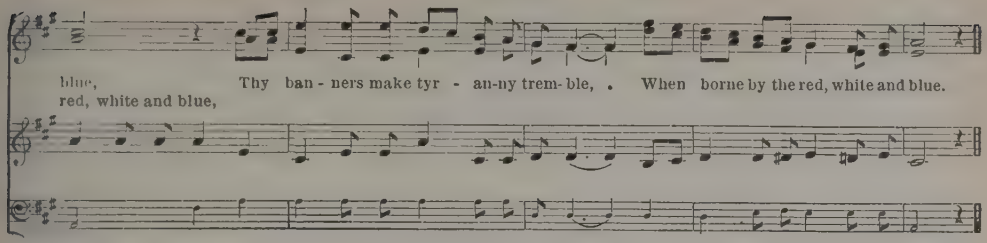

Allegretto.
1
2
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youth-ful jol - li - ty,
2
3
Quips, and cranks, and wan - ton wiles, Nods, and becks, and wreath-ed smiles.
3
1
Sport that wrin-kled care de - rides, And laugh-ter hold-ing both his sides

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

D. T. Shaw.

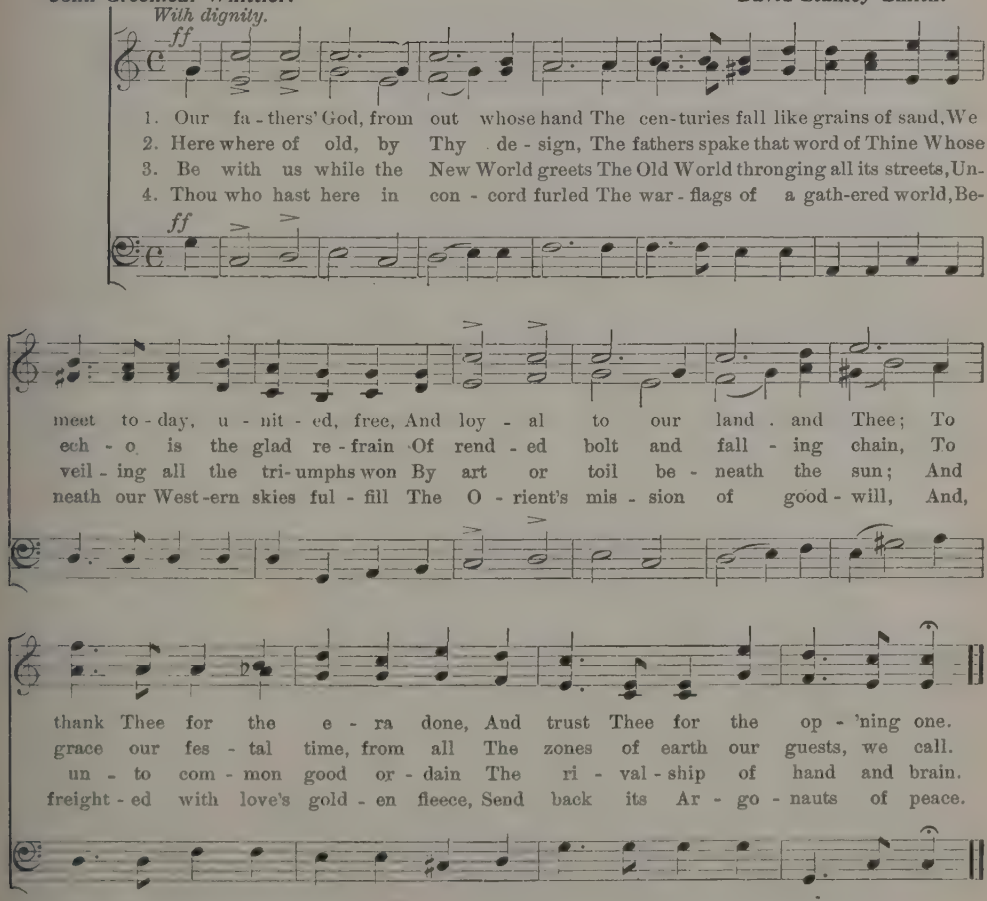
D. T. Shaw.
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist.


1. Oh, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The . . home of the brave and the
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And . . threat-ened the land to de -
3. The . . star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co - lum - bia's true sons let it
BASS
ad lib.
free, . . The . shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A . . world of - fers hom - age to
form, . . The . ark then of Free - dom's foun - da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe through the
wave; May the wreathes they have won nev - er with - er, Nor its star cease to shine on the
Thy . man - date makes he - roes as - sem - ble When Lib - er - ty's form stands in
With her gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave
May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But . hold to their col - ors so
thee; Thy man - date makes he - roes as - sem - ble When
storm; With her gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so
brave. May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But .
view; Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble,
crew; With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her,
true! The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er,
Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and
proud - ly she bore her brave crew; With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and
hold to their col - ors so true; The ar - my and na - vy for ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and
blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and
blue, the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue. The



CENTENNIAL HYMN.

John Greenleaf Whittier. *David Stanley Smith.*

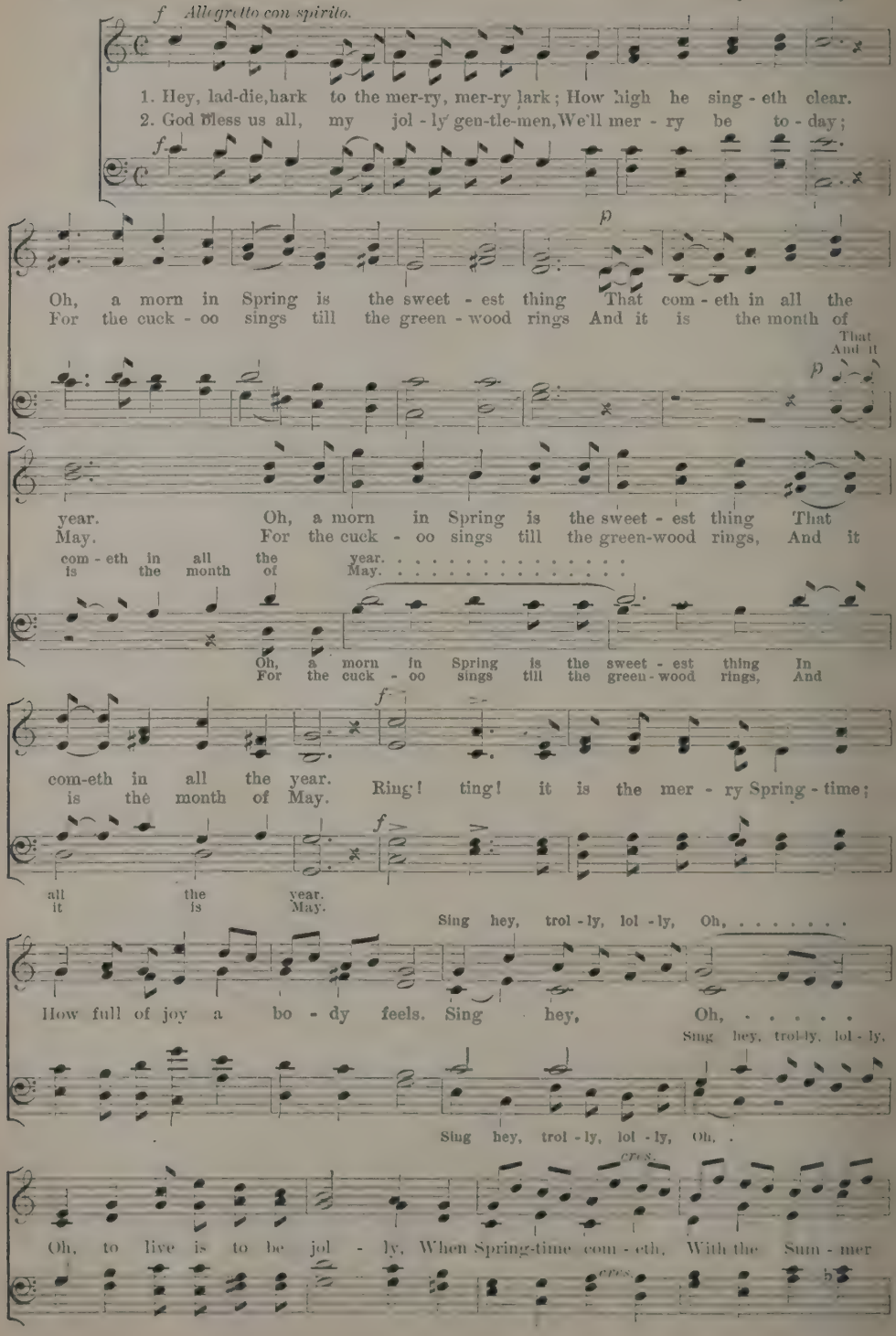

With dignity.
ff
1. Our fa - thers' God, from out whose hand The cen-turies fall like grains of sand, We
2. Here where of old, by Thy de - sign, The fathers spake that word of Thine Whose
3. Be with us while the New World greets The Old World thronging all its streets, Un-
4. Thou who hast here in con - cord furled The war - flags of a gath-ered world, Be-
ff
meet to - day, u - nit - ed, free, And loy - al to our land . and Thee; To
ech - o is the glad re - frain Of rend - ed bolt and fall - ing chain, To
veil - ing all the tri-umphs won By art or toil be - neath the sun; And
neath our West-ern skies ful - fill The O - rient's mis - sion of good - will, And,
thank Thee for the e - ra done, And trust Thee for the op - 'ning one.
grace our fes - tal time, from all The zones of earth our guests, we call.
un - to com - mon good or - dain The ri - val - ship of hand and brain.
freight - ed with love's gold - en fleece, Send back its Ar - go - nauts of peace.

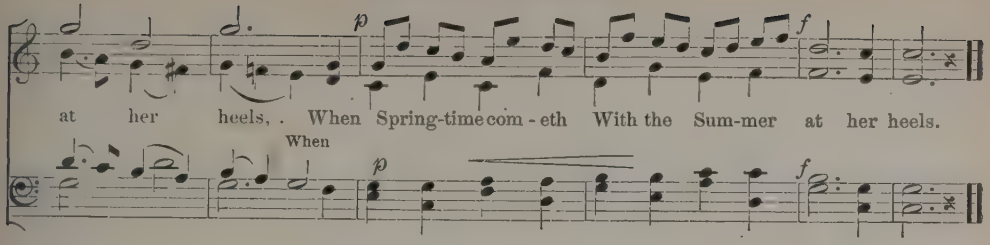
5 For art and labor meet in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold.

6 Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould
Let the new cycle shame the Old!

THE SKY LARK SONG.

John Bennett. *Henry K. Hadley.*


f Allegretto con spirito.
1. Hey, lad-die, hark to the mer-ry, mer-ry lark; How high he sing-eth clear.
2. God bless us all, my jol-ly gen-tle-men, We'll mer-ry be to-day;
Oh, a morn in Spring is the sweet-est thing That com-eth in all the
For the cuck-oo sings till the green-wood rings And it is the month of
That
And it
year.
May.
Oh, a morn in Spring is the sweet-est thing That
For the cuck-oo sings till the green-wood rings, And it
com-eth in all the year.
is the month of May.
Oh, a morn in Spring is the sweet-est thing In
For the cuck-oo sings till the green-wood rings, And
com-eth in all the year.
is the month of May.
Ring! ting! it is the mer-ry Spring-time;
all the year.
it is May.
Sing hey, trol-ly, lol-ly, Oh,
How full of joy a bo-dy feels. Sing hey, Oh,
Sing hey, trol-ly, lol-ly,
Sing hey, trol-ly, lol-ly, Oh,
cres.
Oh, to live is to be jol-ly, When Spring-time com-eth, With the Sum-mer
cres.



IT IS GOOD TO BE ALIVE!

*Charlotte Perkins-Stetson.** *J. Remington Fairlamb.*

Allegretto.
1. It is good to be a - live when the trees shine green, And the
2. It is good to be a - live when the strong winds blow, The
steep, red hills stand up a-gainst the az - ure sky; . . . . Big sky, . .
strong, sweet winds that blow straight off the rest - less sea; . . . . Great sea, . .
blue sky, with fly - ing clouds be - tween, It is good to be a - live, it is
green sea, with swing-ing ebb and flow, It is good to be a - live, it is
a - live, . . .
a - live, . . .
good to be a - live And see the clouds, the clouds drive by!
good to be a - live And see the waves, the waves roll free!
. . . . . and see the clouds drive by!
. . . . . and see the waves roll free!

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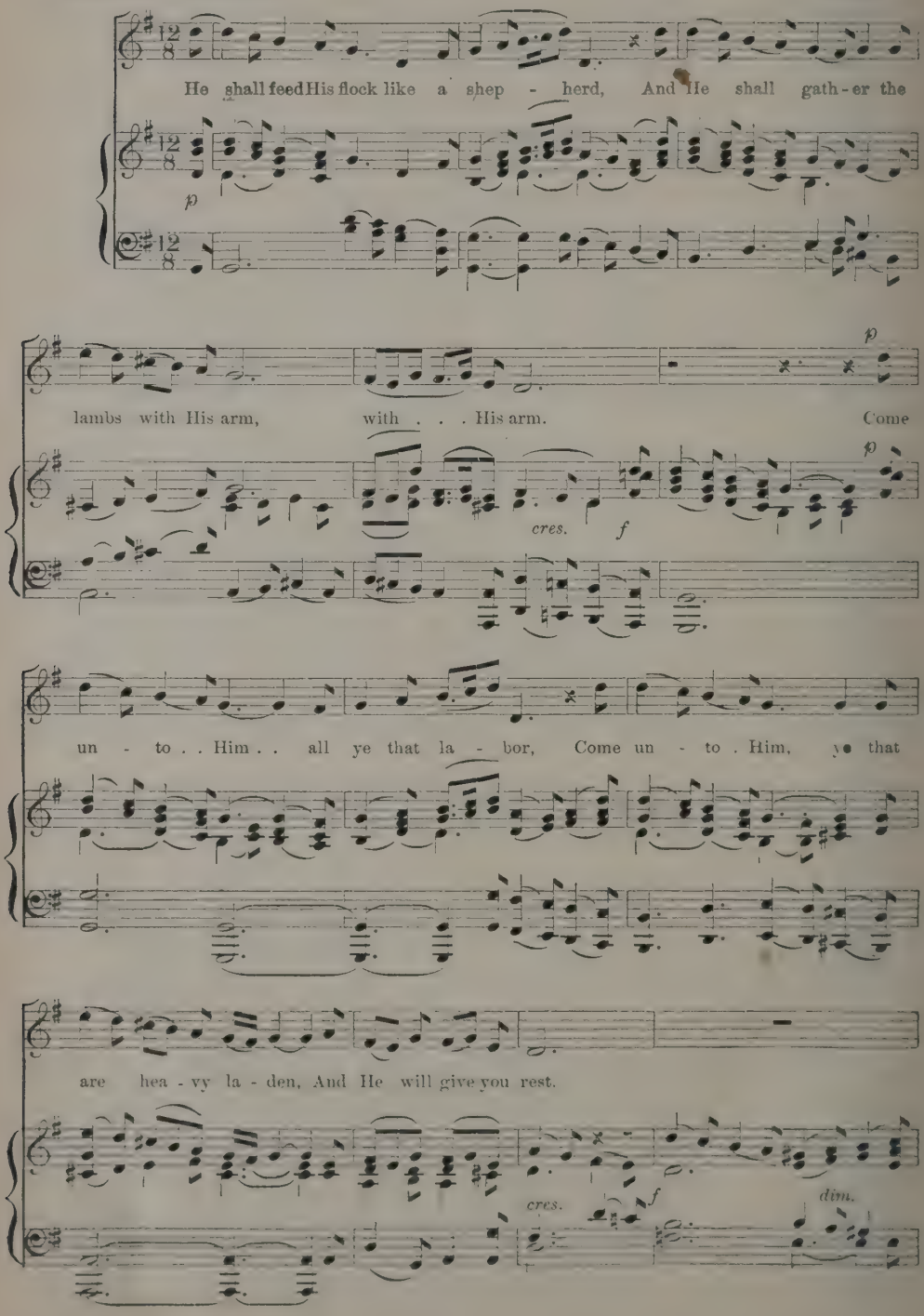
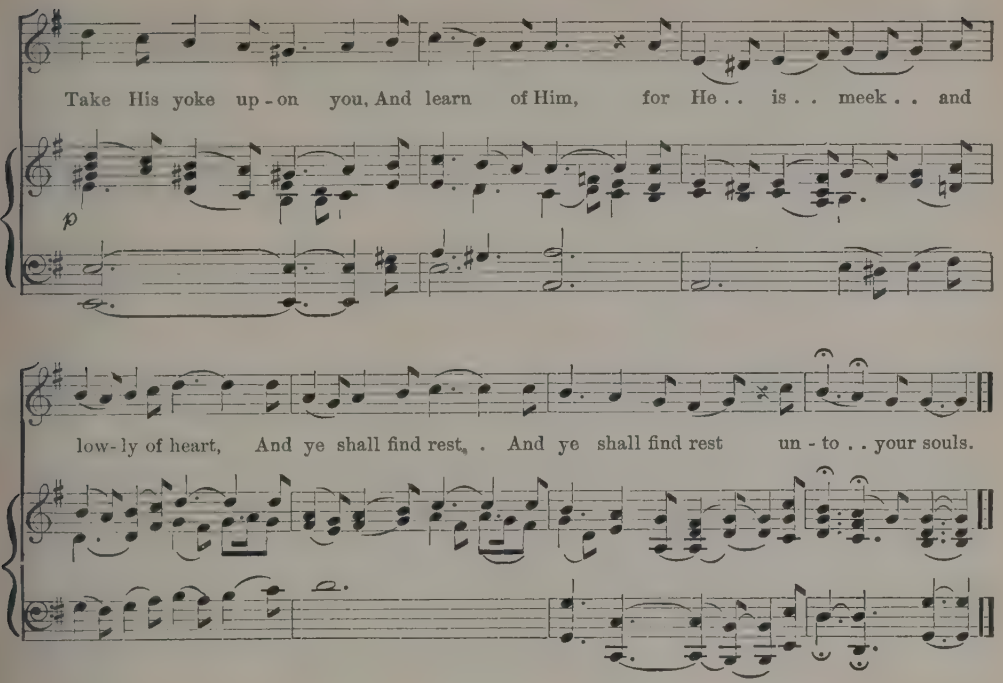
HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD.

(FROM MESSIAH.)

Matthew xi. Isaiah xl. *Handel.*

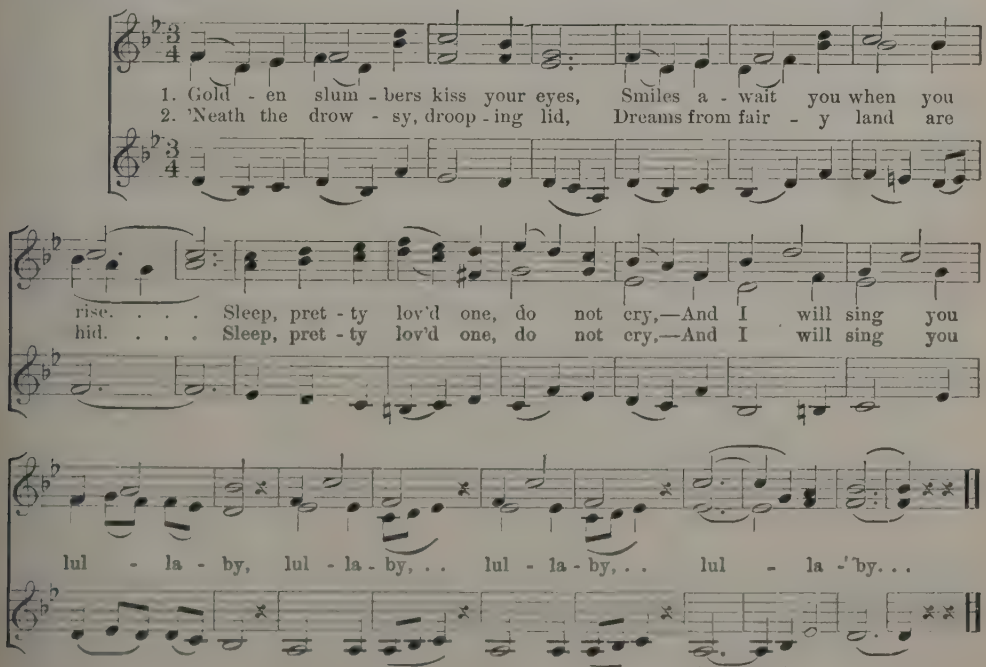

He shall feed His flock like a shep - herd, And He shall gath - er the
p
lambs with His arm, with . . . His arm. Come
p
cres.
f
un - to . . Him . . all ye that la - bor, Come un - to . Him, ye that
are hea - vy la - den, And He will give you rest.
cres.
f
dim.


Take His yoke up - on you, And learn of Him, for He . . is . . meek . . and
low - ly of heart, And ye shall find rest, . And ye shall find rest un - to . . your souls.

GOLDEN SLUMBERS.

Thomas Dekker.
From "Patient Grisel."

English.
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist.


1. Gold - en slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wait you when you
2. 'Neath the drow - sy, droop - ing lid, Dreams from fair - y land are
rise. . . . Sleep, pret - ty lov'd one, do not cry,—And I will sing you
hid. . . . Sleep, pret - ty lov'd one, do not cry,—And I will sing you
lul - la - by, lul - la - by, . . lul - la - by, . . lul - la - by. . .

THE MERRY MAKERS.

Abbie Farwell Brown. *Von Suppé.*
Arr. by Osbourn McConathy.

Allegro.

p

1. Up - on the mist - y moun - tain top that rears so high
2. The ti - ny, qui - et world be - low we can - not see
3. Up - on the mag - ic moun - tain top we would re - main

BASS *ad lib.*

We set the ech - oes ring - ing With mer - ry, mer - ry sing - ing.
For clouds have come be - tween us A fai - ry charm to screen us,
But night is soft - ly fall - ing And home our heart is call - ing,

The wing - ed notes do fly . . . Like swal - lows up the sky.
That hid - en we may be . . . Like spir - its sing - ing free.
Then on - ly once a - gain . . We sing the glad re - frain.

We set the ech - oes ring - ing, With mer - ry, mer - ry sing - ing,
For clouds have come be - tween us, A fai - ry charm to screen us,
The night is soft - ly fall - ing, And home our heart is call - ing,

The wing - ed notes do fly . . . Like swal - lows up the sky.
That hid - en we may be . . . Like spir - its sing - ing free.
Then on - ly once a - gain . . We sing the glad re - frain.

f CHORUS.

Hark, how the mer - ry wing - ed notes swift-ly fly, up the sky soar-ing like

f

Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la,

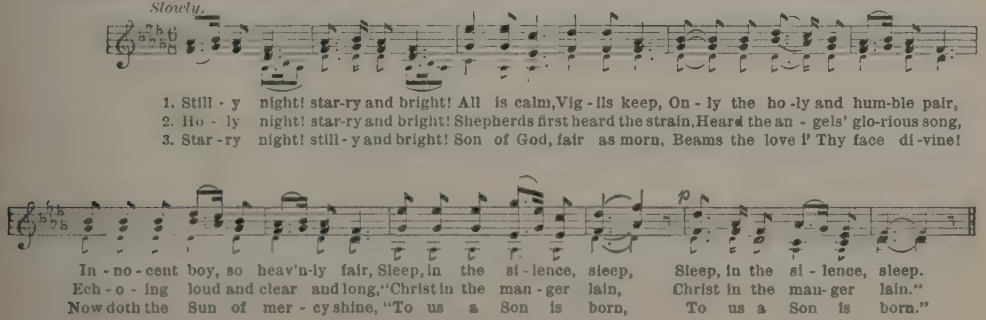
f

Tra la la la, Tra la la la,

Birds on air - y wing, glad voi - ces ring, mer - ri - ly sing, Hark how the
Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la la, Hark how the
Tra la la la, Tra la la, la, Tra la ra
mer - ry wing-ed notes swift-ly fly, up the sky, Soar-ing like birds on air - y
mer - ry wing-ed notes swift - ly fly, up the sky, Soar-ing like birds on air - y
Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la,
wing, glad voi-ces ring, mer - ri - ly sing. . . . . .
wing, glad voi-ces ring, mer - ri - ly sing, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la.
Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la.

STILLY NIGHT.

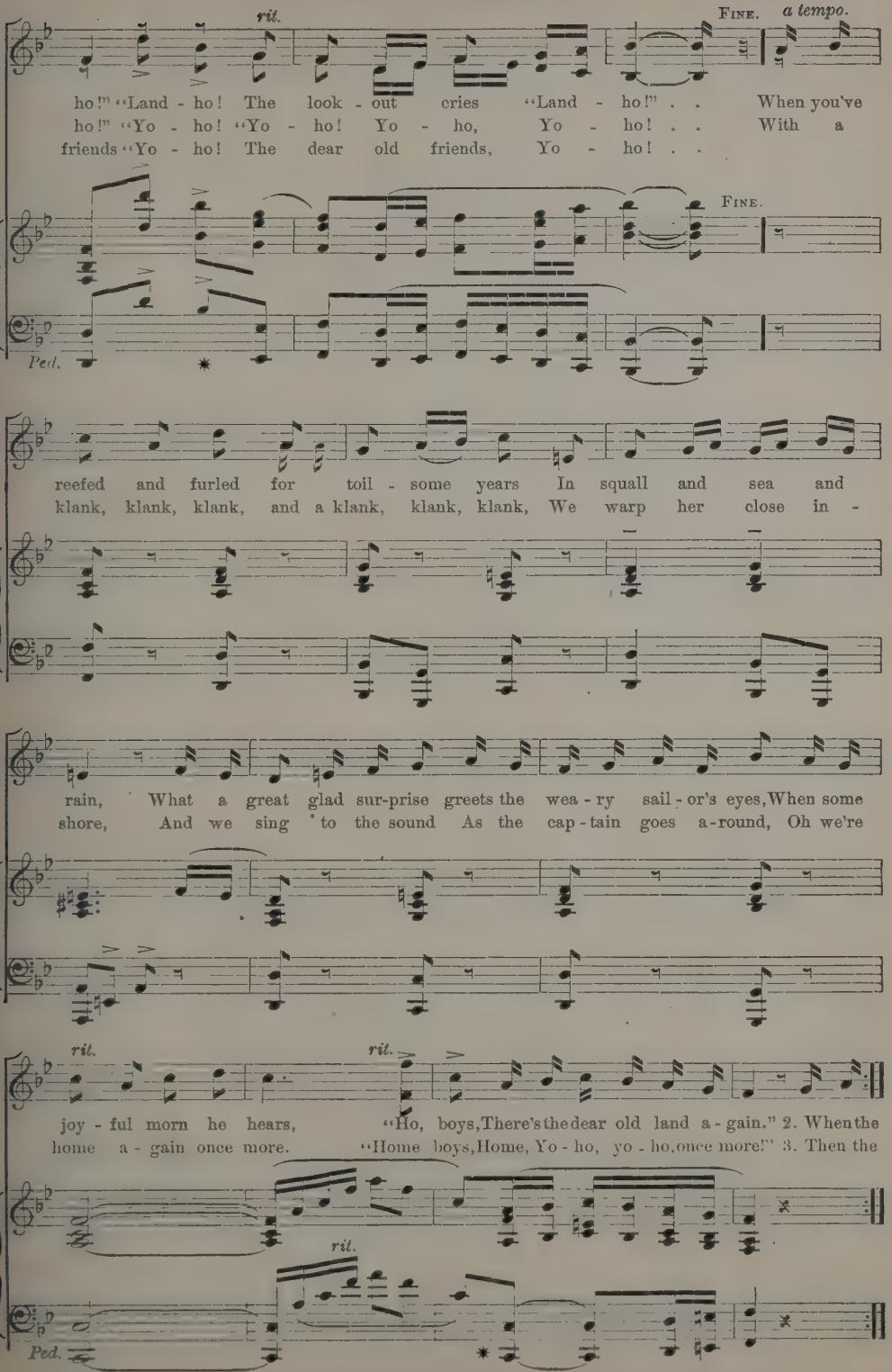
English version by Dean Farrar. ***Franz Gruber.***


Slowly.
1. Still - y night! star-ry and bright! All is calm, Vig - ils keep, On - ly the ho - ly and hum-ble pair,
2. Ho - ly night! star-ry and bright! Shepherds first heard the strain, Heard the an - gels' glo-rious song,
3. Star - ry night! still - y and bright! Son of God, fair as morn, Beams the love l' Thy face di - vine!
In - no - cent boy, so heav'n-ly fair, Sleep, in the si - lence, sleep, Sleep, in the si - lence, sleep.
Ech - o - ing loud and clear and long, "Christ in the man - ger lain, Christ in the man-ger lain."
Now doth the Sun of mer - cy shine, "To us a Son is born, To us a Son is born."

A SAILOR CHANTY.

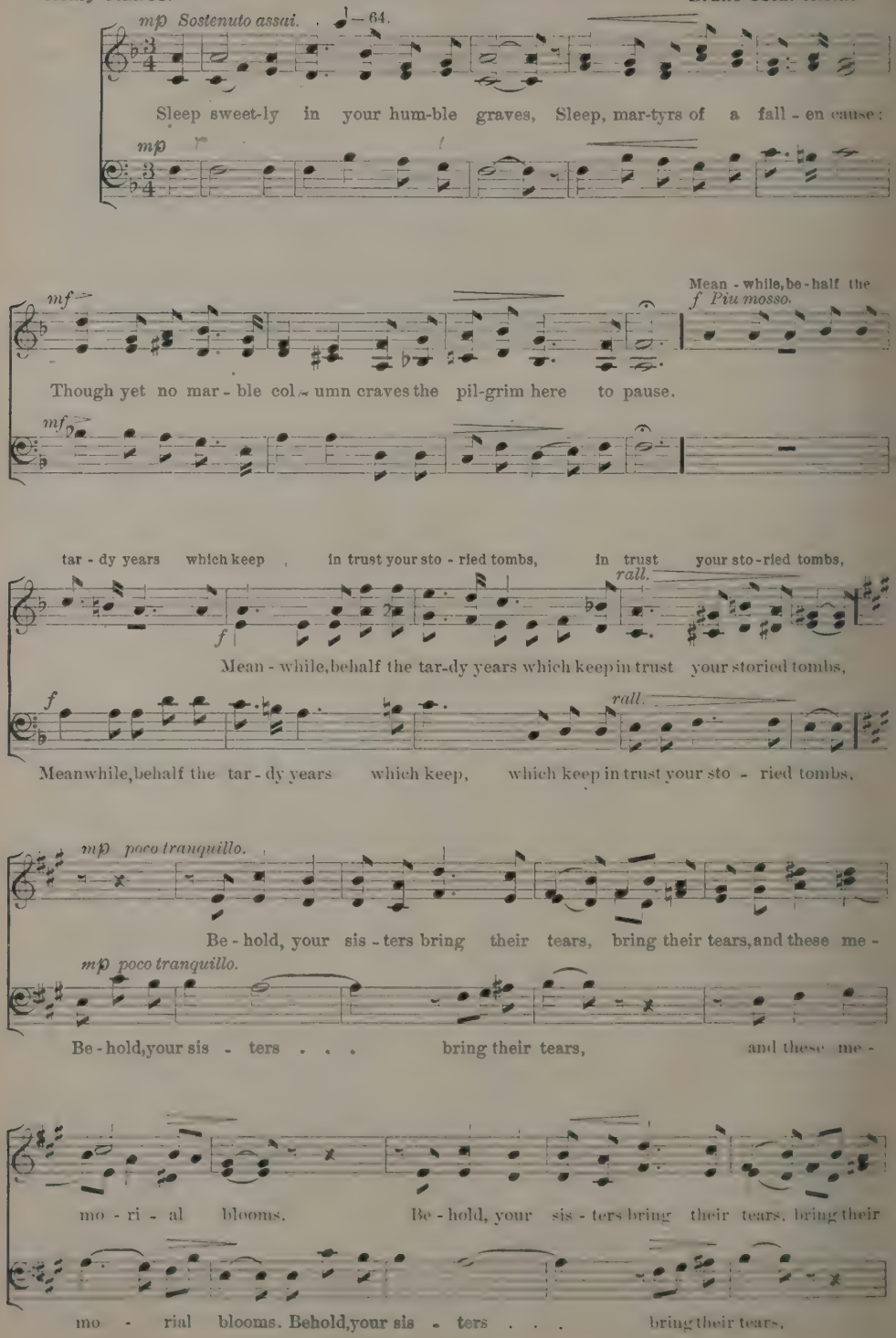
Mary Frances Galvin. *Henry Waller.*

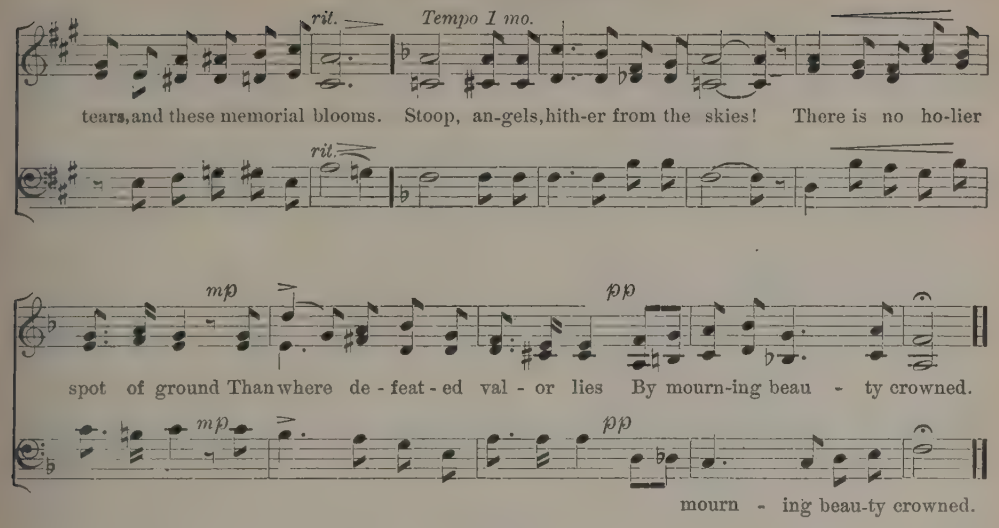
Moderato.
f pesante.
rit.
Ped.
f a tempo.
1. Oh, there's no de - light or joy so dear As home-ward sai - lors
haw - ser's fast, the cap - stain mann'd, And 'round and 'round we
an - chor's freed with joy - ful sound, We laugh to hear it
mf
Ped.
rit.
know, When from the crow's-nest, loud and clear The look - out cries "Land
go, What shouts of joy on ev - 'ry hand—"Yo - ho," we sing, "Yo
go, For now we're fast to na - tive ground And soon for home and


rit.
FINE.
a tempo.
ho!" "Land - ho! The look - out cries "Land - ho!" . . When you've
ho!" "Yo - ho! "Yo - ho! Yo - ho, Yo - ho! . . With a
friends "Yo - ho! The dear old friends, Yo - ho! . .
FINE.
Ped.
reefed and furled for toil - some years In squall and sea and
klank, klank, klank, and a klank, klank, klank, We warp her close in -
rain, What a great glad sur-prise greets the wea - ry sail - or's eyes, When some
shore, And we sing to the sound As the cap - tain goes a - round, Oh we're
rit.
rit.
joy - ful morn he hears, "Ho, boys, There's the dear old land a - gain." 2. When the
home a - gain once more. "Home boys, Home, Yo - ho, yo - ho, once more!" 3. Then the
rit.
Ped.

IN MAGNOLIA CEMETERY.

Henry Timrod. *Bruno Oscar Klein.*


mp Sostenuto assai.
♩ = 64.
Sleep sweet-ly in your hum-ble graves, Sleep, mar-tyrs of a fall - en cause:
mf
Though yet no mar - ble col - umn craves the pil-grim here to pause.
Mean - while, be - half the
f Piu mosso.
tar - dy years which keep, in trust your sto - ried tombs, in trust your sto - ried tombs,
rall.
f
Mean - while, behalf the tar-dy years which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Meanwhile, behalf the tar - dy years which keep, which keep in trust your sto - ried tombs,
mp poco tranquillo.
Be - hold, your sis - ters bring their tears, bring their tears, and these me -
Be - hold, your sis - ters . . . bring their tears, and these me -
mo - ri - al blooms. Be - hold, your sis - ters bring their tears, bring their
mo - rial blooms. Behold, your sis - ters . . . bring their tears.


ritard.
Tempo 1 mo.
tears, and these memorial blooms. Stoop, an-gels, hith-er from the skies! There is no ho-lier
ritard.
mp
pp
spot of ground Than where de - feat - ed val - or lies By mourn-ing beau - ty crowned.
mp
pp
mourn - ing beau-ty crowned.

PRAYER.

F. H. Himmel.

Andante sostenuto.
p
agitato e piu moto.
f
1. Fa - ther, I cry to Thee, Black though the smoke that rolls
2. Fa - ther, O lead Thou me, Thy might - y hand in the
3. Fa - ther, I feel Thee near, Near in the whis - p'ring of
4. Fa - ther, O bless Thou me, In - to Thy hand I com -
p
f
ff
threat - en - ing o'er me; Bright tho' the light - ning that flash - es be - fore me,
tu - mult shall guide me, Thy will be done, what - so - e'er may be - tide me:
na - ture's sweet won - der, Near in the roll - ing of dread can - non thun - der,
mend me; O save me! Thou canst but take what Thy hand a - lone gave me.
ff
sostenuto.
p
cres.
pp
Mas - ter of Bat - tles, I cry to Thee, Fa - ther, O lead Thou me.
Vic - tor or van - quished, O lead Thou me! Fa - ther, I feel Thee near.
Source of all mer - cy, I feel Thee near; Fa - ther, O bless Thou me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing, O bless Thou me, Fa - ther, I praise Thy Name.
p
pp

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. *W. H. Neidlinger.*

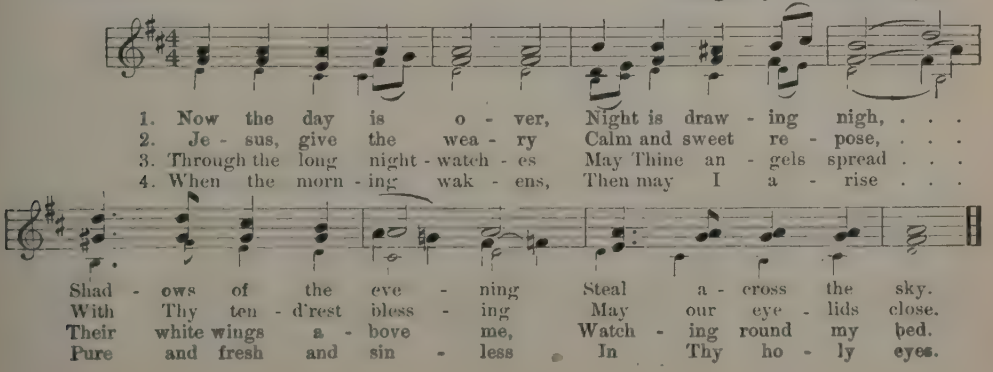
1. What flow'r is this that
3. Be - hold its stream - ing
Brisk march time.
N. f
mf
cres.
1. What flow'r is
3. Be - hold its
N. f
greets the morn, Its hues from heav'n so fresh - ly born, With burn - ing star and flam - ing band, It
rays u - nite, One ming - ling flood of braid - ed light, The red that fires the south-ern rose With
cres.
this that greets the morn, With burn - ing star and
stream - ing rays u - nite, One ming - ling flood of
cres.
kin - dles all the sun - set land; O tell us what its name may be, Is
spot - less white from north - ern snows, And span - gled o'er its az - ure, see, The
dim.
flam - ing band, O tell us what its
braid - ed light, And span - gled o'er its
dim.
this the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty? It is, it is the ban - ner of the free, The
sis - ter stars of Lib - er - ty; Then hail, then hail the ban - ner of the free, The
cres.
name may be, It is the ban - - - ner
az - ure, see! The sis - ter stars of
cres.
star - ry flow'r, The Flow'r of Lib - er - ty, The star - ry flow'r, The ban - ner of the free, The
rit. cres.
ff
of the free, The star - ry flow'r, ... The
Lib - er - ty, The star - ry flow'r, ... The
rit.
cres.
ff

Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! 2. Thy sa - cred leaves, fair free - dom's flow'r, Shall ev - er float on
Fine. mf In time.
dim.
Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! 2. Thy leaves, fair free-dom's flow'r, Shall float on
mf
cres.
In black'ning frost or crim-son
dome and tow'r, To all their heav'nly col-ors true, In frost or crim - son
cres.
To all their heav'nly col-ors true, In frost or crim-son
dew,
cres.
dew,—And God love us as we love thee, Thrice ho - ly Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! Then
cres.
hail, then hail the ban - ner of the free,
D.S.
hail, then hail the Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty.
hail the ban - ner of the free,
then hail the Flow'r,

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

S. Baring Gould, 1865.

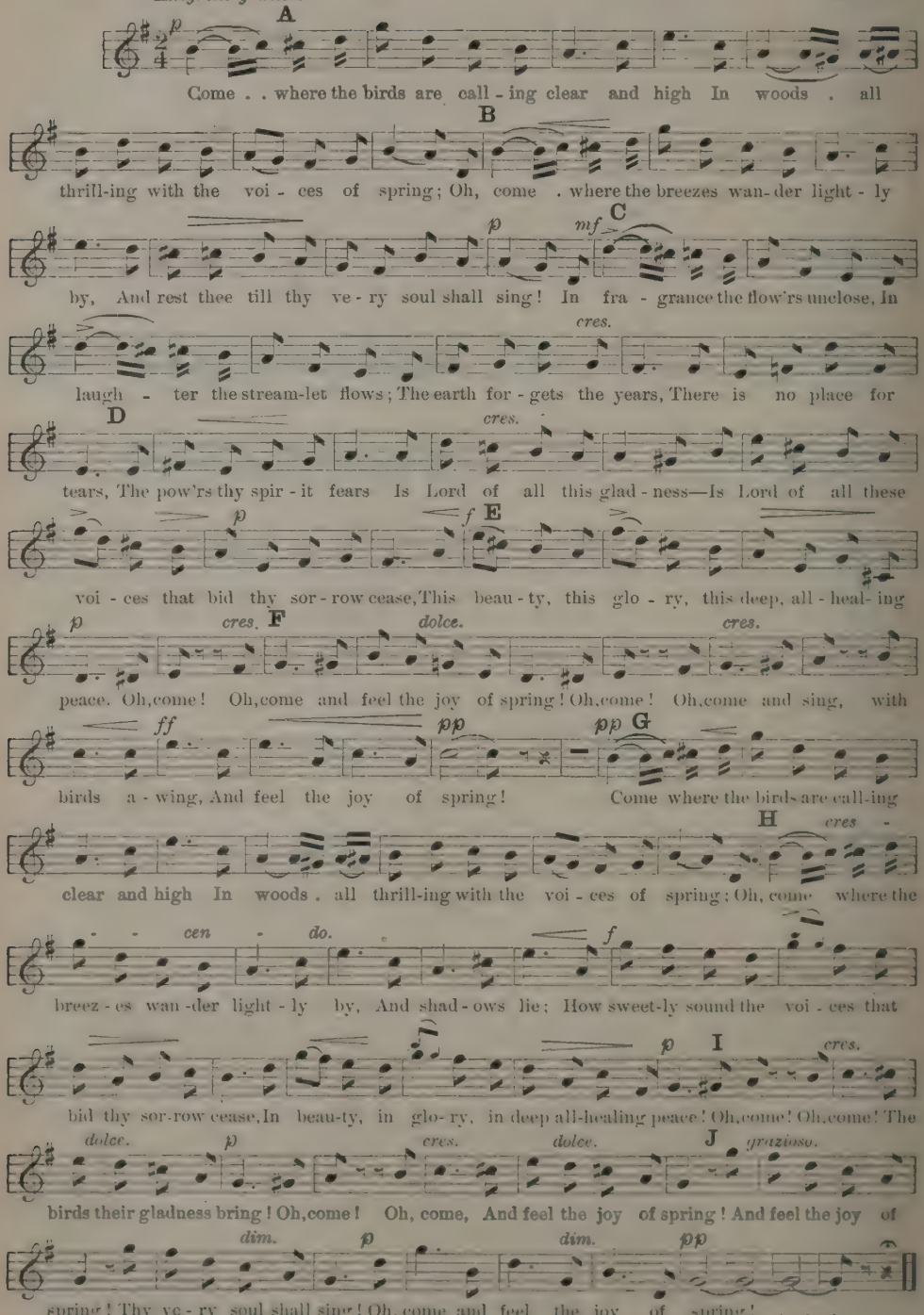
Joseph Barnby, 1868.
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, . . .
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose, . . .
3. Through the long night - watch - es May Thine an - gels spread . . .
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise . . .
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

SPRING SONG.*

Mary T. Loughlin. *Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.*

Allegretto grazioso.


A
Come . . where the birds are call - ing clear and high In woods . all
B
thrill-ing with the voi - ces of spring; Oh, come . where the breezes wan-der light - ly
C
by, And rest thee till thy ve - ry soul shall sing! In fra - grance the flow'rs unclose, In
cres.
laugh - ter the stream-let flows; The earth for - gets the years, There is no place for
D
cres.
tears, The pow'rs thy spir - it fears Is Lord of all this glad - ness—Is Lord of all these
E
voi - ces that bid thy sor - row cease, This beau - ty, this glo - ry, this deep, all - heal- ing
F
dolce.
cres.
peace. Oh, come! Oh, come and feel the joy of spring! Oh, come! Oh, come and sing, with
G
birds a - wing, And feel the joy of spring! Come where the birds are call-ing
H
cres -
clear and high In woods . all thrill-ing with the voi - ces of spring; Oh, come where the
cen - do.
breez - es wan -der light - ly by, And shad - ows lie; How sweet-ly sound the voi - ces that
I
cres.
bid thy sor-row cease, In beau-ty, in glo-ry, in deep all-healing peace! Oh, come! Oh, come! The
dolce.
cres.
dolce.
J
grazioso.
birds their gladness bring! Oh, come! Oh, come, And feel the joy of spring! And feel the joy of
dim.
dim.
spring! Thy ve - ry soul shall sing! Oh, come and feel the joy of spring! . . .

*Note. Complete score (for voices and piano) is published by this company in The Laurel Octavo.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

J. L. Molloy.
Arr. by H. F. Gilbert.

Moderato.

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the
2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it

mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng,
dwells for-ev-er more; Foot-steps may fal-ter, wea-ry grows the way,

the dreams that
fal-ter

Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk, where fell the twi-light gleam,
Still we can hear it at the close of day. So to the end, when life's dim shad-ows fall,

where
when

p (*Humming.*)

Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.
Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low,

mf

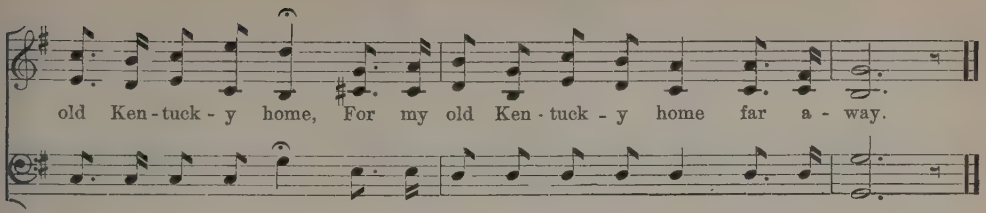
And the flick-'ring shad-ows soft-ly come and go, . . Tho' the heart be wea-ry, sad the day and

long, . Still to us at twi-light, comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song. .

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster. Arr. by W. L. T.

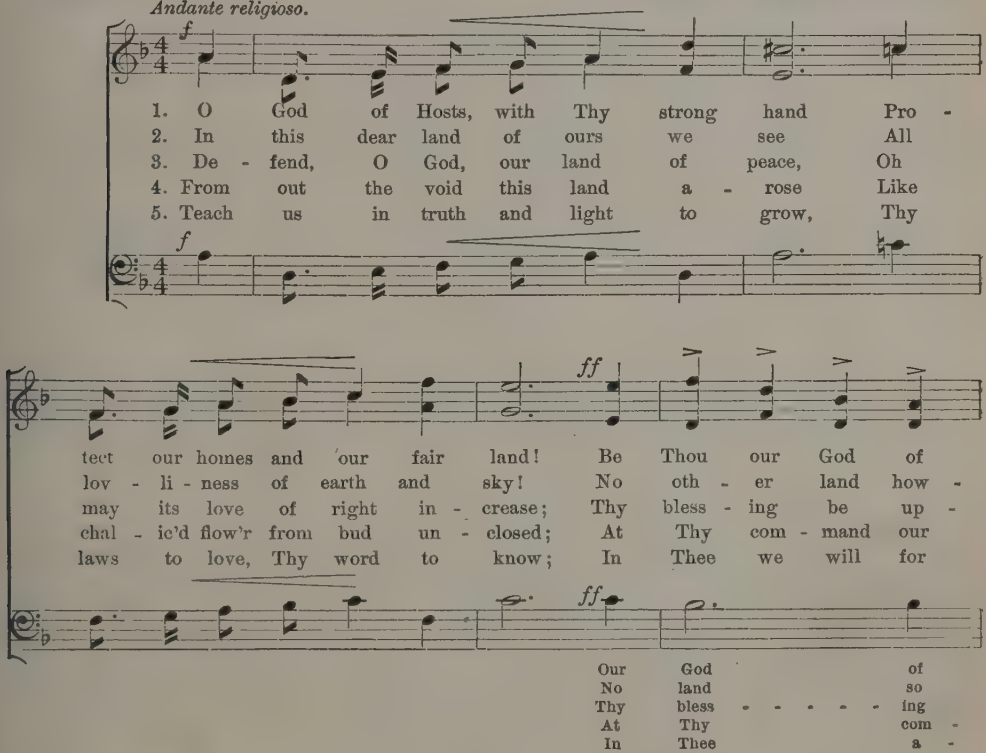
1. The sun shines bright in my old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mea-dow, the hill, and the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may
gay, The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mus-ic all the
shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
go, A few more days and the trou-ble all will end In the field where the su-gar canes
day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, and hap-py and
door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-
grow. A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be
bright, By'n by hard times comes a knocking at the door, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
light, The time will come when the darkies have to part. Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
light; A few more days 'till we tot-ter on the road, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh weep no more to-day, We will sing one song for my



PSALM OF PEACE.

Ralfsen. *Edvard Grieg.*
Arr. by Harvey Worthington Loomis.

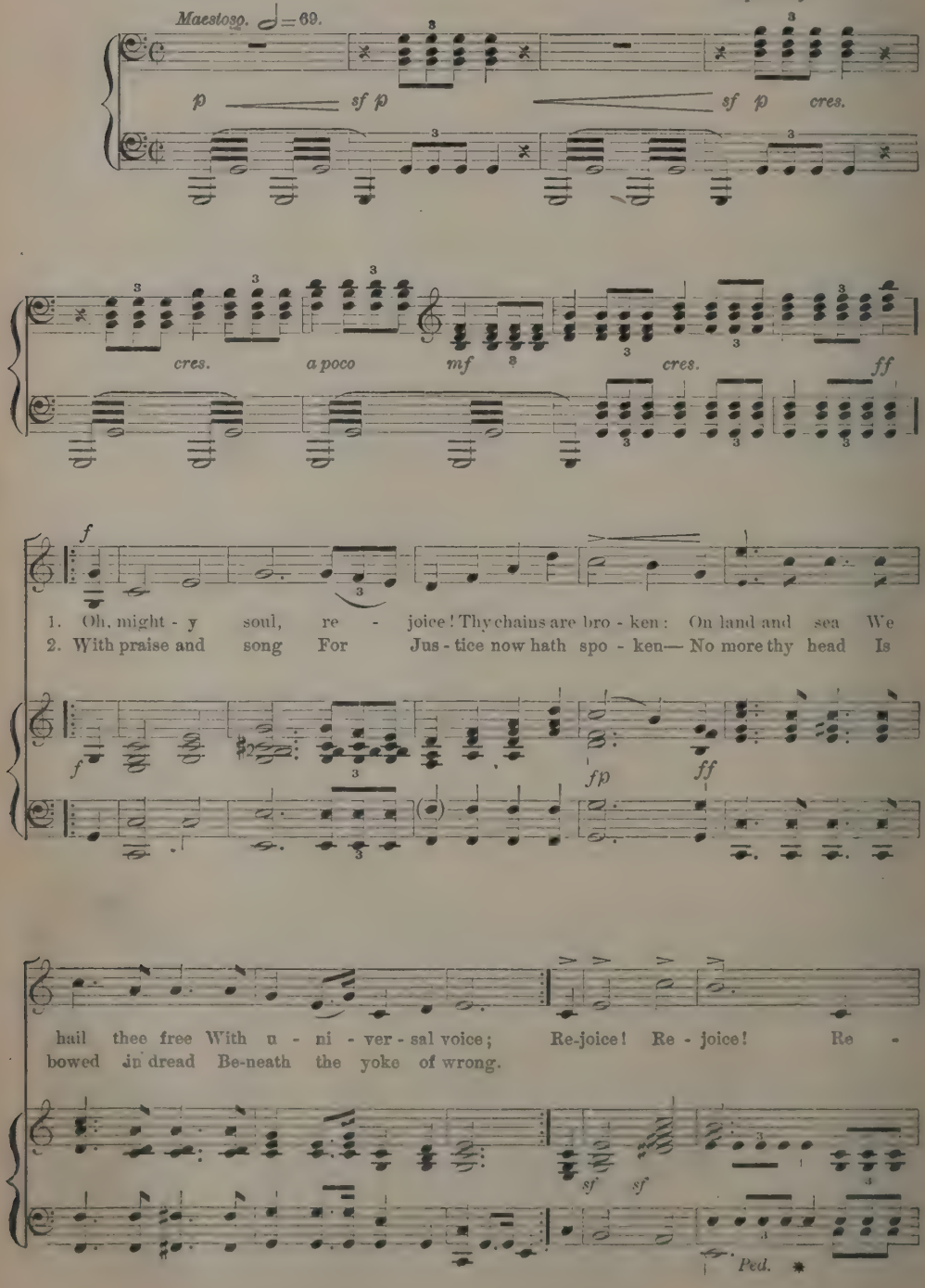
Andante religioso.

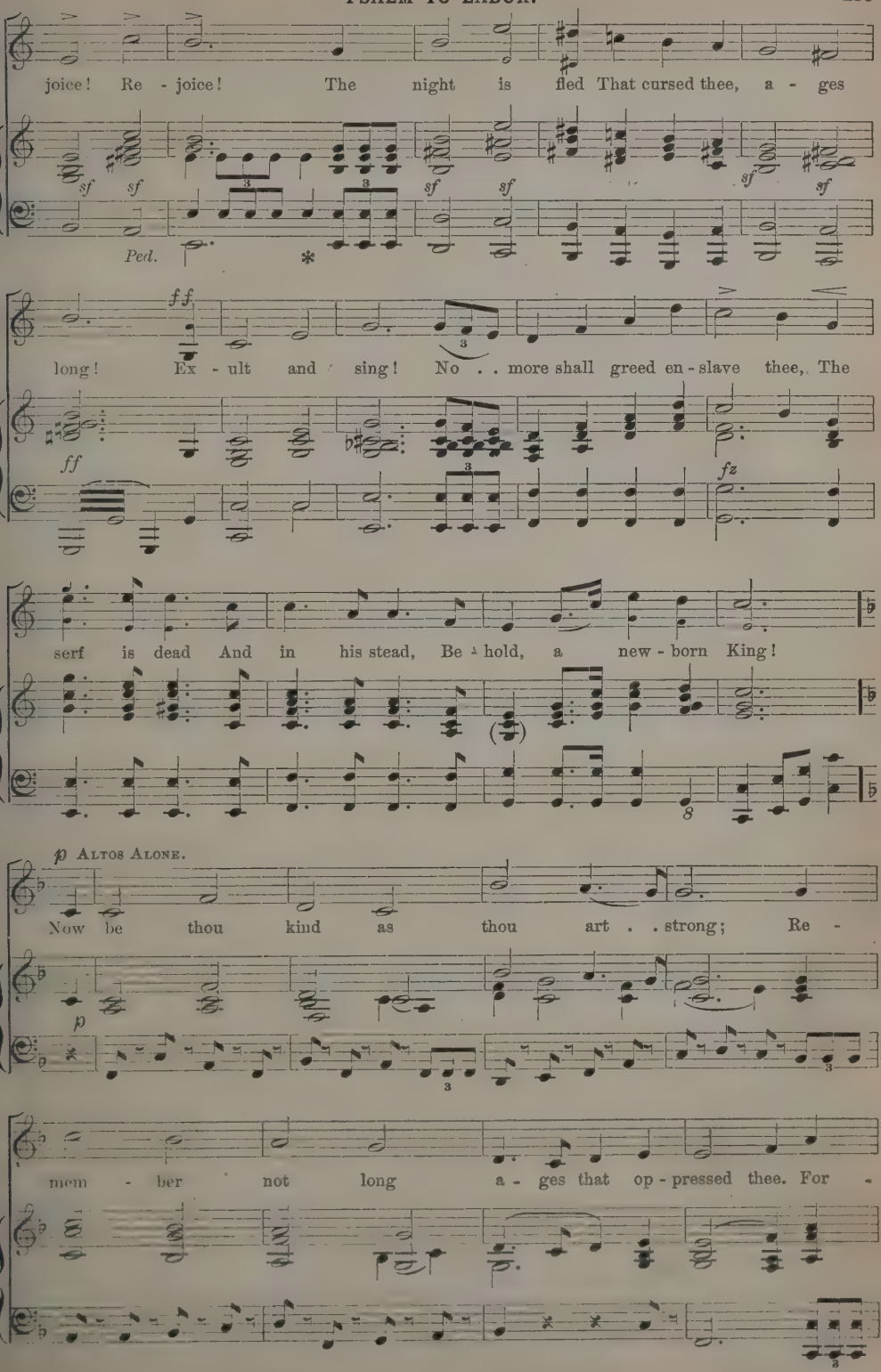

1. O God of Hosts, with Thy strong hand Pro -
2. In this dear land of ours we see All
3. De - fend, O God, our land of peace, Oh
4. From out the void this land a - rose Like
5. Teach us in truth and light to grow, Thy
f
f
tect our homes and our fair land! Be Thou our God of
lov - li - ness of earth and sky! No oth - er land how -
may its love of right in - crease; Thy bless - ing be up -
chal - ic'd flow'r from bud un - closed; At Thy com - mand our
laws to love, Thy word to know; In Thee we will for
ff
ff
Our God of
No land so
Thy bless - - - - - ing
At Thy com -
In Thee a -
dim.
end - less peace, And guide our steps till life shall cease.
ev - er fair, Can with our glo - rious land com - pare.
on it shed Like morn - ing dew on flow - 'ry bed.
God and Lord, Still let us pros - per in Thy word.
aye a - bide, O King of Glo - ry, be our guide.
dim.
peace, Oh, guide our steps till life shall cease.
fair, Can with our glo - rious land com - pare.
shed Like morn - ing dew on flow - 'ry bed.
mand, Still let us pros - per in Thy word.
bide, O King of Glo - ry, be our guide.

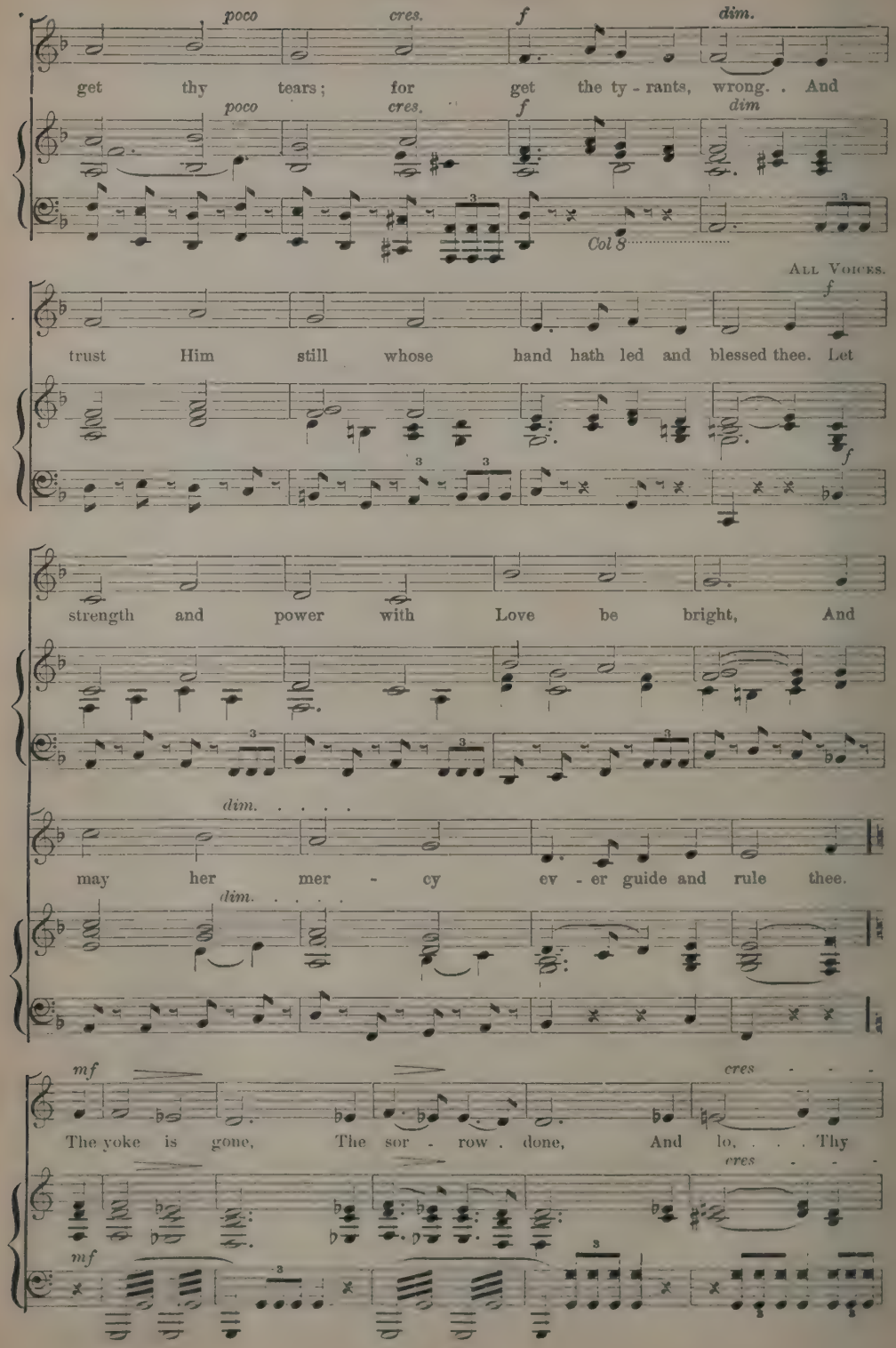
PSALM TO LABOR.

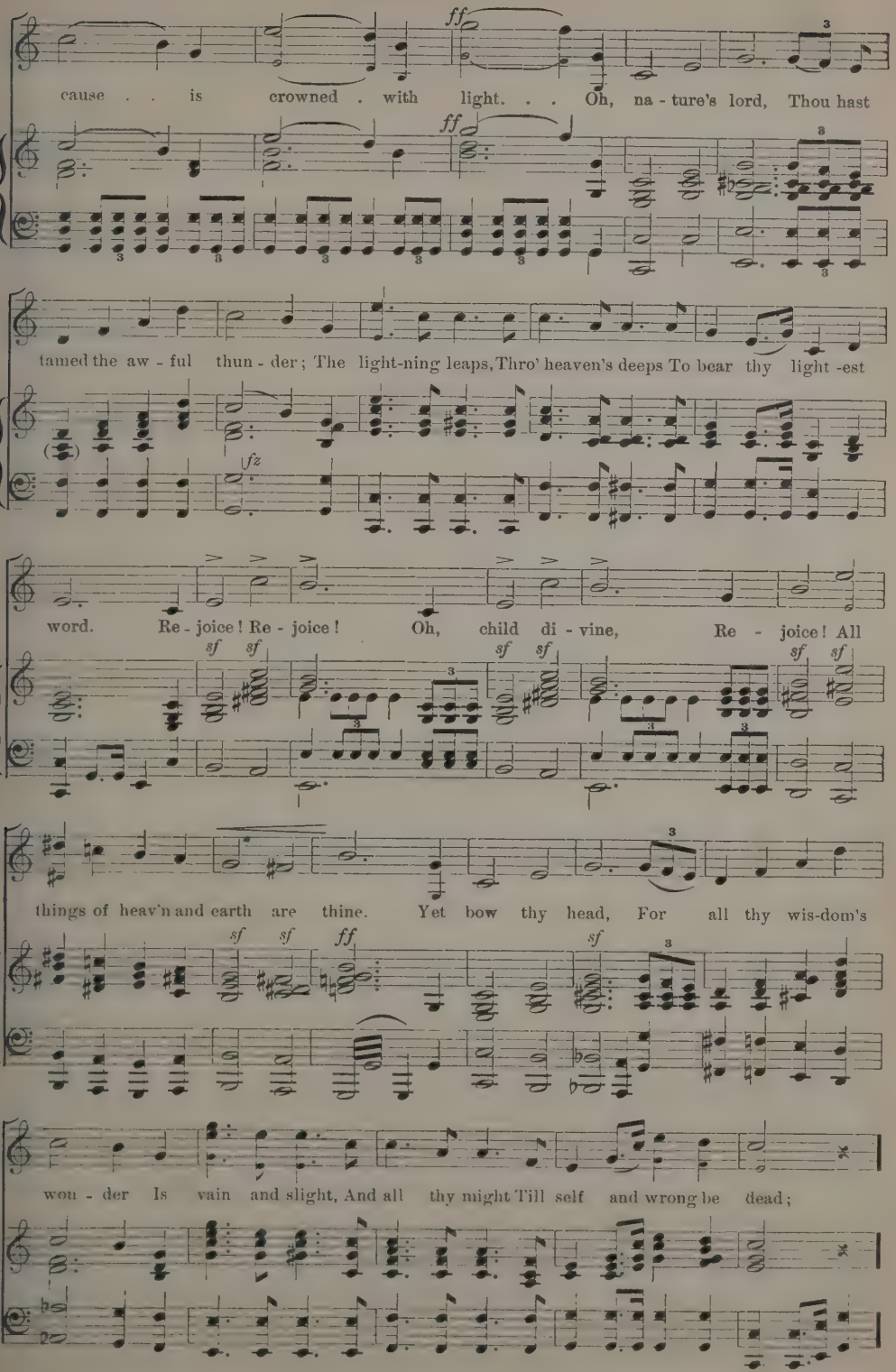
(FROM "ATHALIE.")

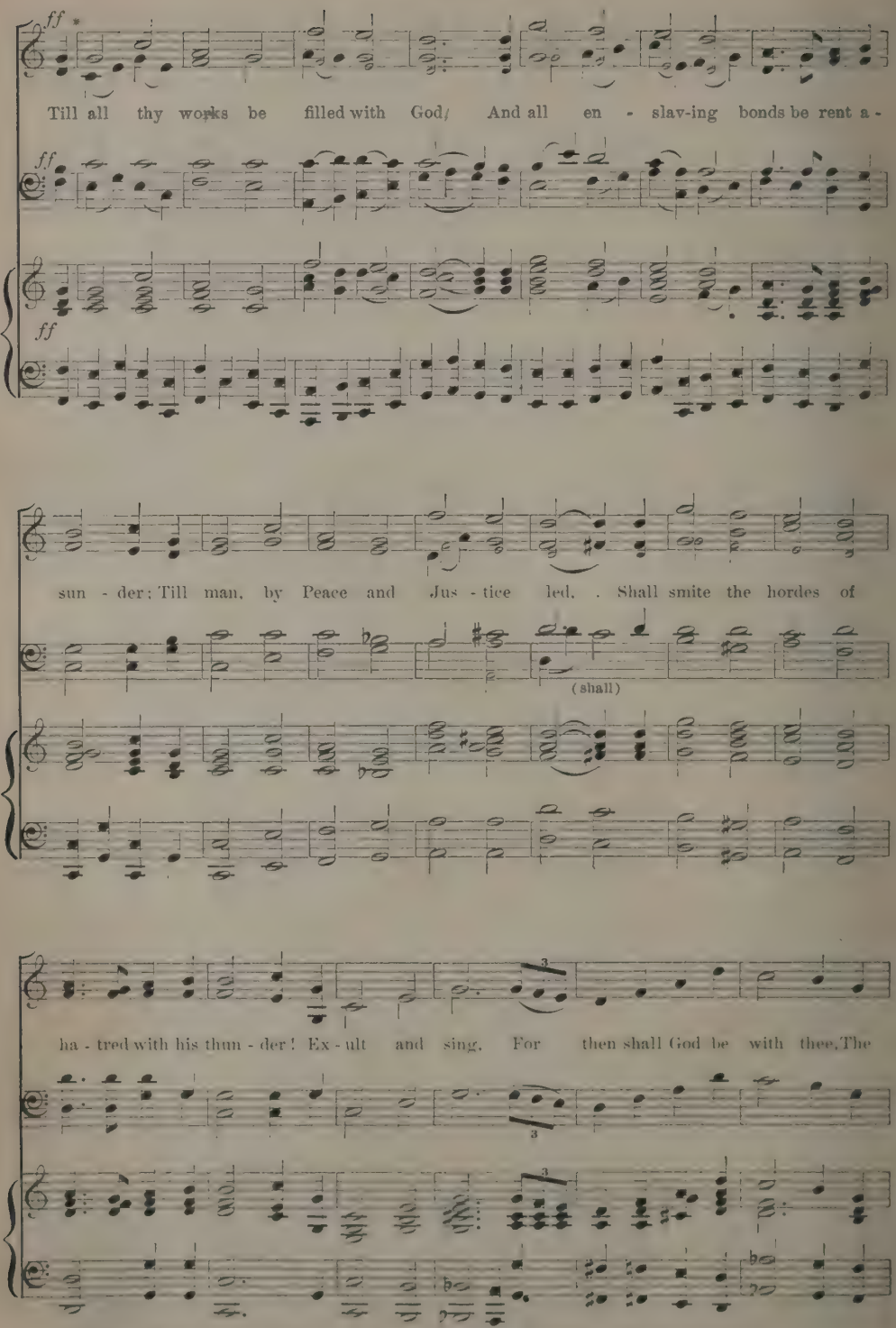
Mary Frances Galvin. *F. Mendelssohn. Adapted by N. C. P.*


Maestoso. ♩ = 69.
p sf p sf p cres.
cres. a poco mf cres. ff
f
1. Oh, might - y soul, re - joice! Thy chains are bro - ken: On land and sea We
2. With praise and song For Jus - tice now hath spo - ken— No more thy head Is
f fp ff
hail thee free With u - ni - ver - sal voice; Re-joice! Re - joice! Re -
bowed in dread Be-neath the yoke of wrong.
sf sf
Ped. *

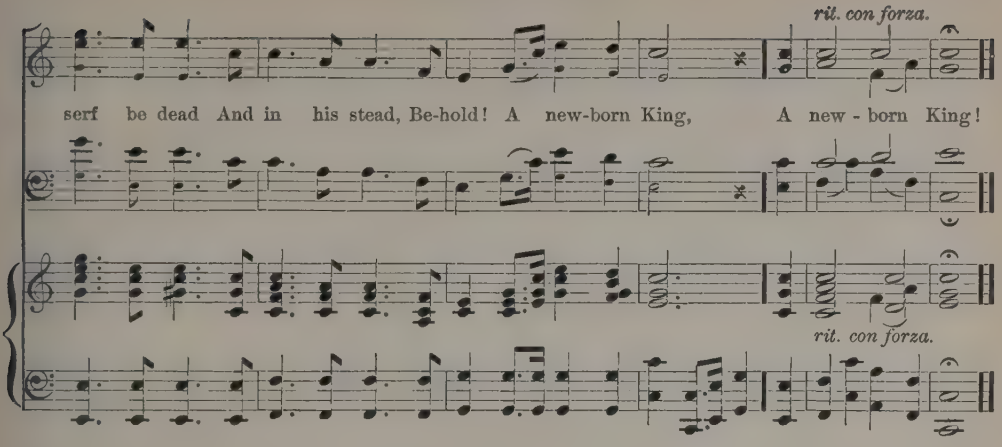

joice! Re - joice! The night is fled That cursed thee, a - ges
Ped.
long! Ex - ult and sing! No . . more shall greed en - slave thee, The
serf is dead And in his stead, Be - hold, a new - born King!
p Altos Alone.
Now be thou kind as thou art . . strong; Re -
mem - ber not long a - ges that op - pressed thee. For -


poco
cres.
f
dim.
get thy tears; for get the ty - rants, wrong. . And
Col 8
All Voices.
trust Him still whose hand hath led and blessed thee. Let
strength and power with Love be bright, And
dim. . . . .
may her mer - cy ev - er guide and rule thee.
mf
cres - - -
The yoke is gone, The sor - row done, And lo, . . . Thy


ff
cause . . is crowned . with light. . . Oh, na - ture's lord, Thou hast
tamed the aw - ful thun - der; The light-ning leaps, Thro' heaven's deeps To bear thy light -est
fz
word. Re - joice! Re - joice! Oh, child di - vine, Re - joice! All
sf sf
things of heav'n and earth are thine. Yet bow thy head, For all thy wis-dom's
sf sf ff sf
won - der Is vain and slight, And all thy might Till self and wrong be dead;


ff *
Till all thy works be filled with God; And all en - slav-ing bonds be rent a -
ff
ff
sun - der; Till man, by Peace and Jus - tice led, . Shall smite the hordes of
(shall)
ha - tred with his thun - der! Ex - ult and sing, For then shall God be with thee, The

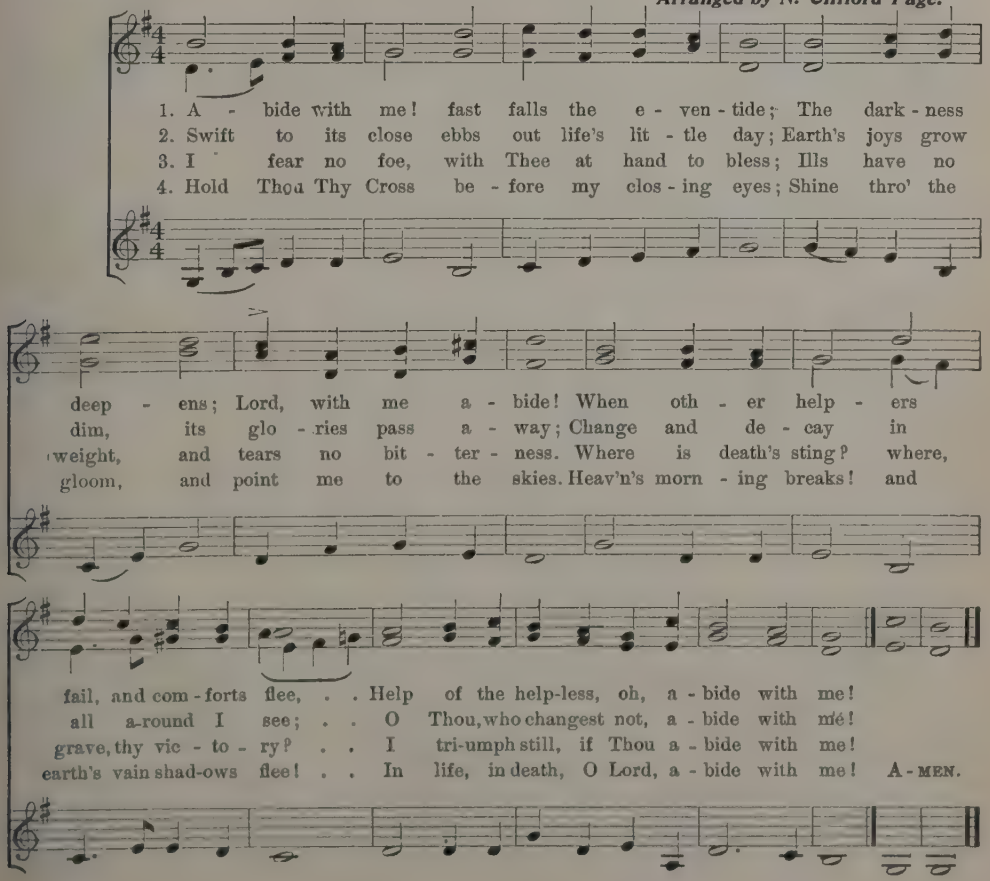
* If unison is preferred, Altos and Basses will sing lower octave of melody (small notes) where necessary.



ABIDE WITH ME! FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE.

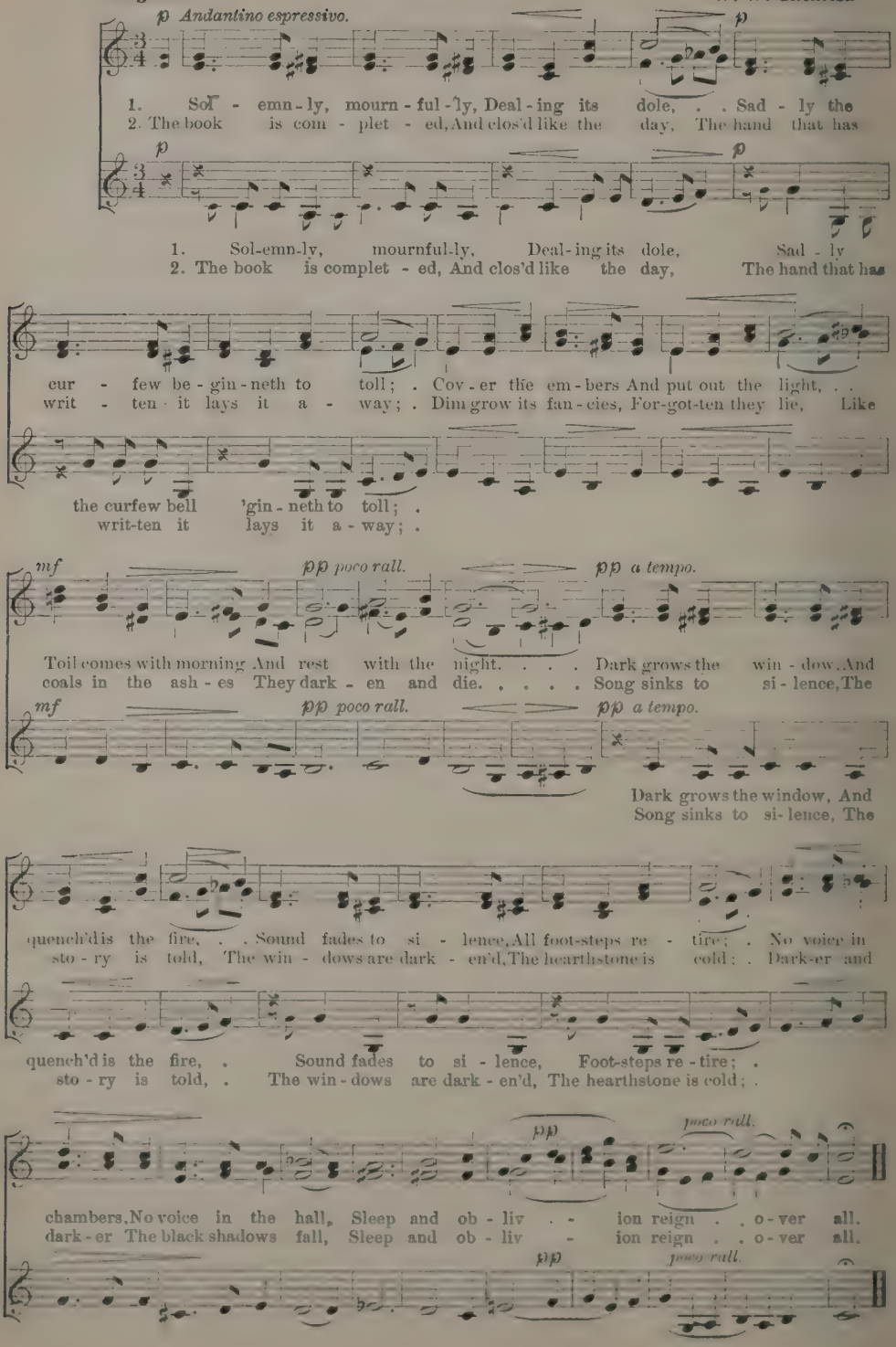
(EVENTIDE.)

Henry F. Lyte. *William H. Monk.*
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
4. Hold Thou Thy Cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where,
gloom, and point me to the skies. Heav'n's morn - ing breaks! and
fail, and com - forts flee, . . Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; . . O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
grave, thy vic - to - ry? . . I tri-umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
earth's vain shad-ows flee! . . In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

THE CURFEW.

H. W. Longfellow. *W. W. Gilchrist.*


p Andantino espressivo.
1. Sol - emn - ly, mourn - ful - ly, Deal - ing its dole, . . Sad - ly the
2. The book is com - plet - ed, And clos'd like the day, The hand that has
1. Sol-emn-ly, mournful-ly, Deal-ing its dole, Sad - ly
2. The book is complet - ed, And clos'd like the day, The hand that has
cur - few be - gin - neth to toll; . Cov - er the em - bers And put out the light, . .
writ - ten it lays it a - way; . Dim grow its fan - cies, For-got-ten they lie, Like
the curfew bell 'gin - neth to toll; .
writ-ten it lays it a - way; .
mf pp poco rall. pp a tempo.
Toil comes with morning And rest with the night. . . . Dark grows the win - dow, And
coals in the ash - es They dark - en and die. . . . . Song sinks to si - lence, The
mf pp poco rall. pp a tempo.
Dark grows the window, And
Song sinks to si- lence, The
quench'd is the fire, . . Sound fades to si - lence, All foot-steps re - tire; . No voice in
sto - ry is told, The win - dows are dark - en'd, The hearthstone is cold; . Dark-er and
quench'd is the fire, . Sound fades to si - lence, Foot-steps re - tire; .
sto - ry is told, . The win - dows are dark - en'd, The hearthstone is cold; .
pp poco rall.
chambers, No voice in the hall, Sleep and ob - liv - - ion reign . . o - ver all.
dark - er The black shadows fall, Sleep and ob - liv - ion reign . . o - ver all.
pp poco rall.

THE WILLOW.

Andante molto. *17th Century.*

1. To the brook and the wil-low, for - sak - ing the plain, Ah, wil - low!
2. On her trem - bling wing she re - clin'd her soft head, Ah, wil - low!
3. Quite ear - ly in sum-mer my nest has been robb'd, Ah, wil - low!
4. To the gun of the sports man my hap - less mate fell, Ah, wil - low!
5. Having trust - ed the wil-low and brook with her grief, Ah, wil - low!

wil - low,

wil - low! Ah, wil - low, wil - low, The Swal - low came mourn - ful - ly
wil - low! Ah, wil - low, wil - low, And closed her sweet eyes from where
wil - low! Ah, wil - low, wil - low, My chil - dren all stol - en, The
wil - low! Ah, wil - low, wil - low, And I am left lone - ly My
wil - low! Ah, wil - low, wil - low, She call'd up - on death to

plead-ing in vain, Oh, the brook and the wil - low, Ah, wil - low, wil - low!
bright-ness was fled, Oh, the brook and the wil - low, Ah, wil - low, wil - low!
poor Swal - low sobb'd, Oh, the brook and the wil - low, Ah, wil - low, wil - low!
hard fate to tell, Oh, the brook and the wil - low, Ah, wil - low, wil - low!
give her re - lief, Oh, the brook and the wil - low, Ah, wil - low, wil - low!

Ah, the

MY FAITHFUL JOHNIE.

Scotch Folk Song.
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist.

1. When will you come again, my faithful Johnie, When will you come again? (*humming . .*) When the corn is
2. Then winter's wind will blow, my faithful Johnie, Then winter's wind will blow, (*humming .*) Though the day be
3. Then will you meet me here, my faithful Johnie, Then will you meet me here, (*humming .*) Tho' the night were

TENOR. *ad lib.*

John-ie,

rall.

ga - ther-ed, and the leaves are wi-ther-ed, I will come again, my sweet and bonny, I will come a - gain.
dark wi' drift, that I can-not see the lift, I will come again, my sweet and bonny, I will come a - gain.
ha.-low - e'en, when the fearfu' sights are seen, I would meet thee here, my sweet and bonny, I would meet thee here.

rall.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

(MARRIAGE OF FIGARRO.)

Bertha Thekla Smith.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

Moderato.

mf

1. Peace and Joy, O love - ly blos - soms of child-hood, Do ye
2. Peace and Joy, Ye live with child - hood for - ev - er In the

mf

1. Peace and Joy, O love - ly blos - soms of child-hood, Do ye
2. Peace and Joy, Ye live with child - hood for - ev - er In the

BASS *ad lib.* *mf*

fade like flow - ers of the wild - wood, Leav - ing but the with - ered pet - als of
na - ture whose faith makes con - stant sum - mer. There your beau - ty blooms un - fad - ing, im -

fade like flow - ers of the wild - wood. Leav - ing but the with - ered pet - als of
na - ture whose faith makes con - stant sum - mer. There your beau - ty blooms un - fad - ing, im -

FINE.

beau - ty Whose de - light and fra - grance nev-er-more, can nev - er - more be ours
mor - tal, For all love - li - ness lives ev - er-more where faith keeps man a child.

FINE.

beau - ty Whose de - light and fra-grance nev - er - more, can nev - er - more be ours.
mor - tal, For all love - li - ness lives ev - er - more where faith keeps man a child.

FINE.

Whose de - light can nev - er, nev-er more be ours.
For sweet Faith will keep us ev - er - - more a child.

mf *slower, and with tender feeling.*

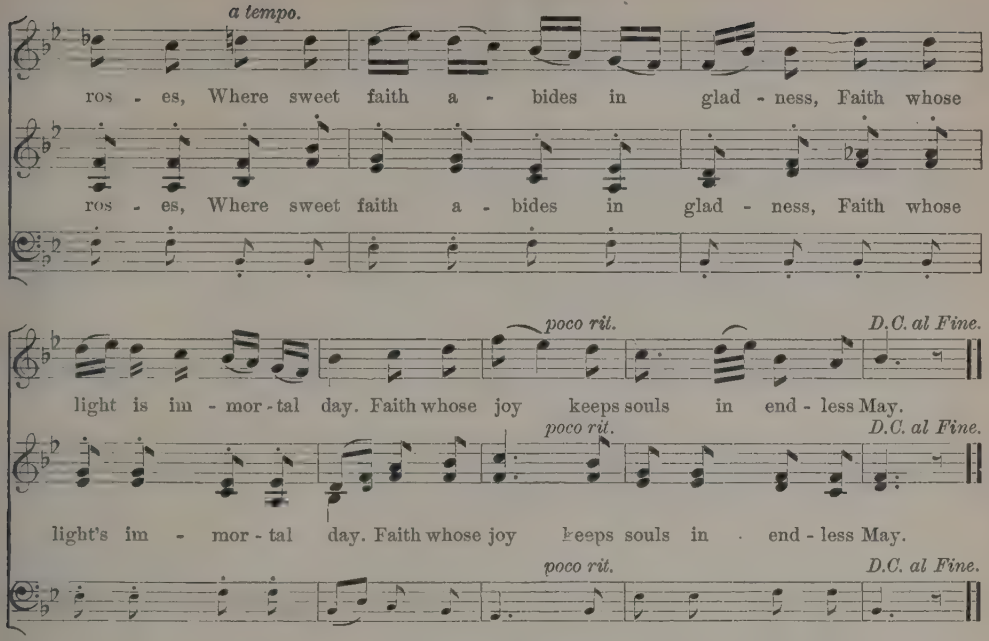
Yet O heart, . . Nor years, nor sad - ness, Can de - stroy our child - hood's

p

O heart, No sad - ness can de - stroy our child - hood's

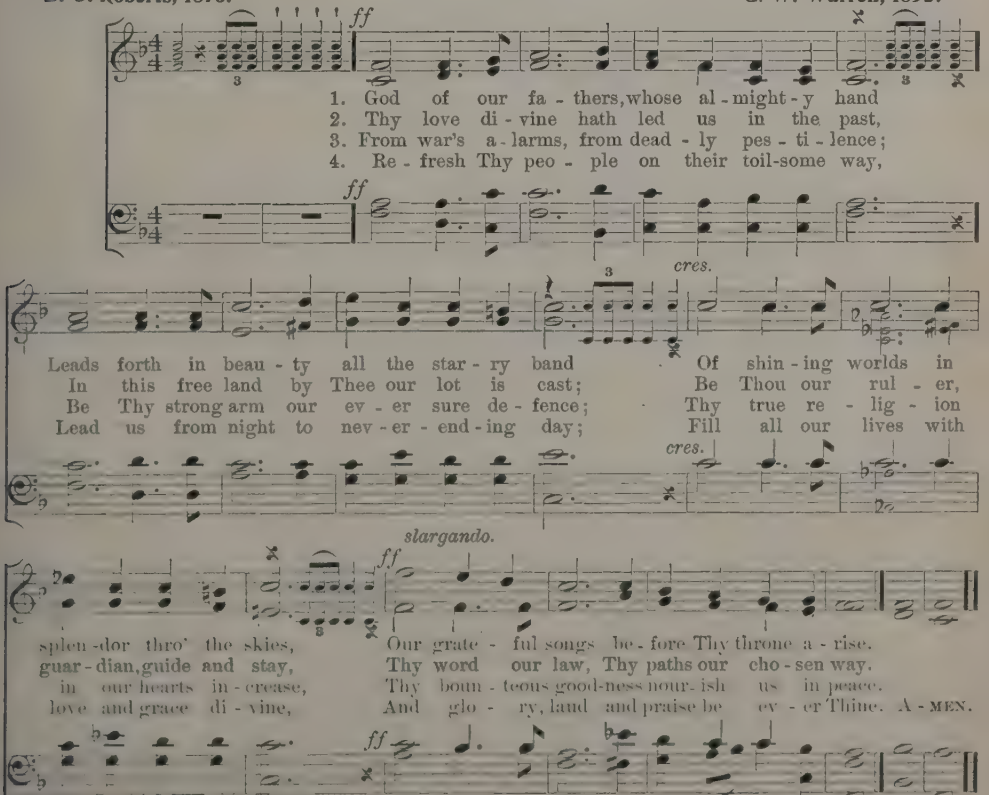
p

* The small notes in Alto-Tenor part are to be sung when there are no Basses.


a tempo.
ros - es, Where sweet faith a - bides in glad - ness, Faith whose
ros - es, Where sweet faith a - bides in glad - ness, Faith whose
poco rit.
D.C. al Fine.
light is im - mor - tal day. Faith whose joy keeps souls in end - less May.
poco rit.
D.C. al Fine.
light's im - mor - tal day. Faith whose joy keeps souls in end - less May.
poco rit.
D.C. al Fine.

NATIONAL HYMN.*

D. C. Roberts, 1876. *G. W. Warren, 1892.*

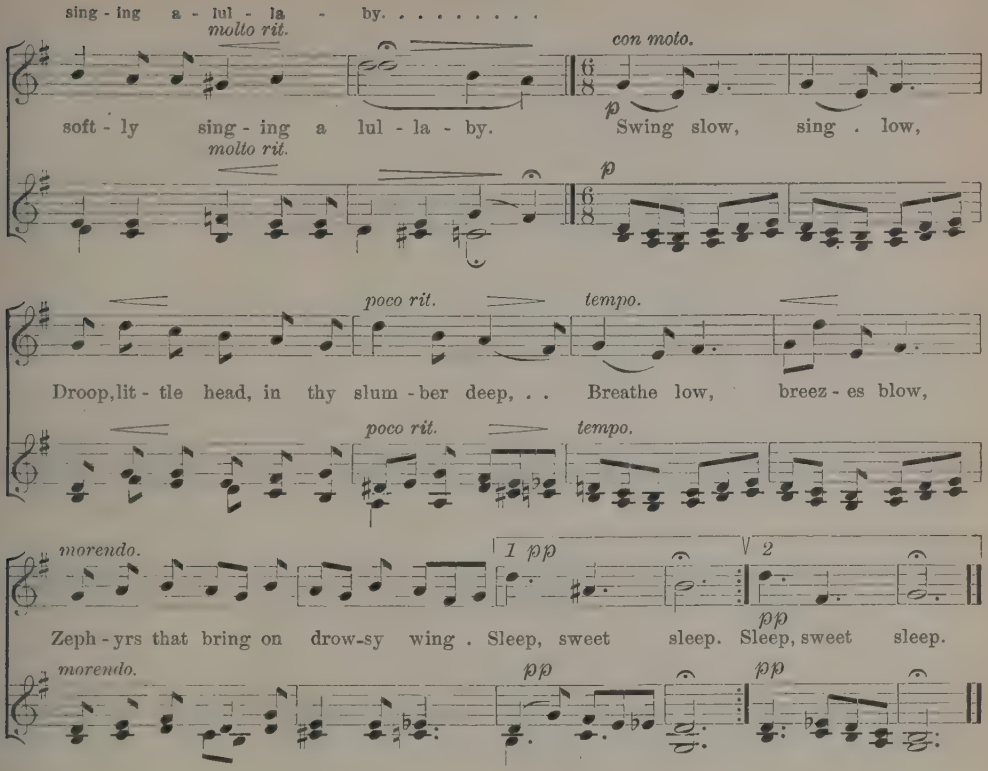

ff
1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence;
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil-some way,
ff
cres.
Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our rul - er,
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fence; Thy true re - lig - ion
Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day; Fill all our lives with
cres.
slargando.
ff
splen - dor thro' the skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
guar - dian, guide and stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.
in our hearts in - crease, Thy boun - teous good-ness nour - ish us in peace.
love and grace di - vine, And glo - ry, land and praise be ev - er Thine. A - MEN.
ff

*From the Tucker Hymnal, by permission of the owner.

LULLABY.

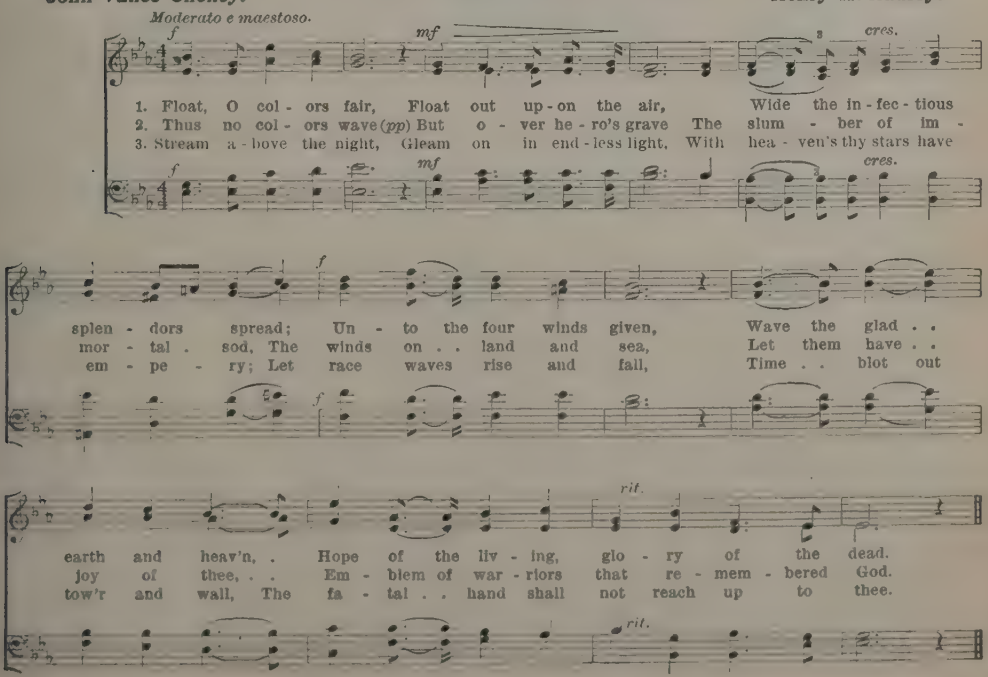
Grace Mitchell. *Ralph L. Baldwin.*

Hm - - - m
Hm - - - - - - - m
Moderato.
p
p
Birds in their nests are soft - ly call - ing, The
Down in the grass the fold - ed clo - ver, With
p
mf
Hm - - - - - - - - - m
Hm - - - - - - - - - m
Come the
Stars that
mf
dew is fall - ing, the day is done; O - ver the hill come the
moth - er leaf o - ver lies warm and deep; Stars in the blue that
mf
night winds creep - ing, To lull thy sleep - ing, my lit - tle one.
light - ly hov - er, Shine bright - ly o - ver to guard thy sleep.
Far gleams the gold - en cres - cent, With mo - tion in - ces - sant she
Dreams from your home in heav - en, This mid - sum - mer e - ven, and
Far in the sky gleams the gold - en cres - cent, With mo - tion in - ces - sant she
Come, hap - py dreams, from your home in heav - en, This mid - sum - mer e - ven, and
swings on high— A gold - en ham - mock for an - gels swing - ing. While
hov - er nigh— While ba - by and I in our ham - mock are swing - ing. And


sing - ing a - lul - la - by.
molto rit.
con moto.
soft - ly sing - ing a lul - la - by. Swing slow, sing . low,
molto rit.
p
poco rit.
tempo.
Droop, lit - tle head, in thy slum - ber deep, . . Breathe low, breez - es blow,
poco rit.
tempo.
morendo.
1 pp
2
pp
Zeph - yrs that bring on drow - sy wing . Sleep, sweet sleep. Sleep, sweet sleep.
morendo.
pp
pp

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

John Vance Cheney. *Henry K. Hadley.*

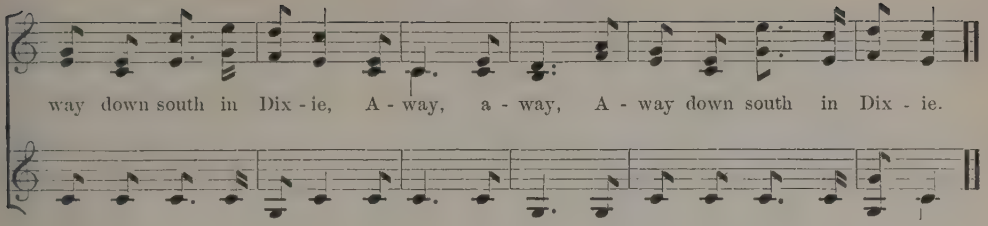

Moderato e maestoso.
f
mf
cres.
1. Float, O col - ors fair, Float out up - on the air, Wide the in - fec - tious
2. Thus no col - ors wave (pp) But o - ver he - ro's grave The slum - ber of im -
3. Stream a - bove the night, Gleam on in end - less light, With hea - ven's thy stars have
f
mf
cres.
splen - dors spread; Un - to the four winds given, Wave the glad . .
mor - tal . sod, The winds on . . land and sea, Let them have . .
em - pe - ry; Let race waves rise and fall, Time . . blot out
f
rit.
earth and heav'n, . Hope of the liv - ing, glo - ry of the dead.
joy of thee, . . Em - blem of war - riors that re - mem - bered God.
tow'r and wall, The fa - tal . . hand shall not reach up to thee.
rit.

DIXIE'S LAND.

Dan Emmet. *Dan Emmet.*

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am not for- got - ton, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie land. In Dix - ie land whar I was born in', Ear - ly on one frost - y morn - in', Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie land.
2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes and In - jun bat - ter, Makes you fat or a lit - tle fat - ter, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grab - ble, To Dix - ie's land I'm bound to trab - ble, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie land.
Chorus.
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie land I'll take my stand, To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way! a - way! A -

The first eight measures may be sung as a Solo the next eight measures as a Duet, and the Chorus as arranged, or it can be sung as arranged, the small notes to be used by the 2nd Alto



WHITE BUTTERFLIES.

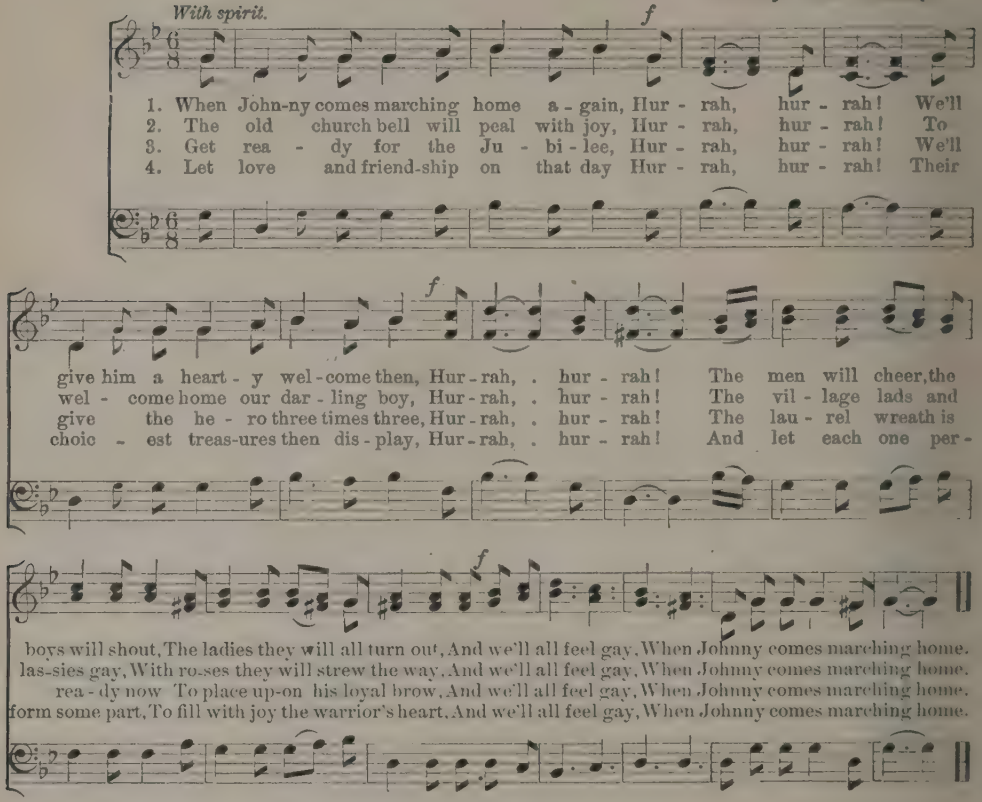
Algernon Charles Swinburne. *Margaret Ruthven Lang.*

Allegretto.
mp
sea,
glee,
1. Fly, white but - ter - flies, out to sea, out . . to sea, . .
2. Some fly high as a laugh of glee, laugh . of glee, . .
to sea,
of glee,
BASS
ad lib.
try,
sigh;
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try, . . to . . try, Small white wings that we scarce can
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh, low sigh; All to the haven where each would
Frail, pale wings . . . for the wind to try, . .
Some fly soft . . . as a long, low sigh; . .
see, Fly, Fly, Fly, ... Fly, Fly, Fly, . . .
be, Fly, Fly, Fly, ... Fly, Fly, Fly, . . .
fly, ...
Fly, ...
Fly, Fly, white but-ter-flies, out to sea! Fly, Fly, Fly, Fly. . . .

NOTE: This song with piano accompaniment is published in our sheet music collection — the Laurel Octavo.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

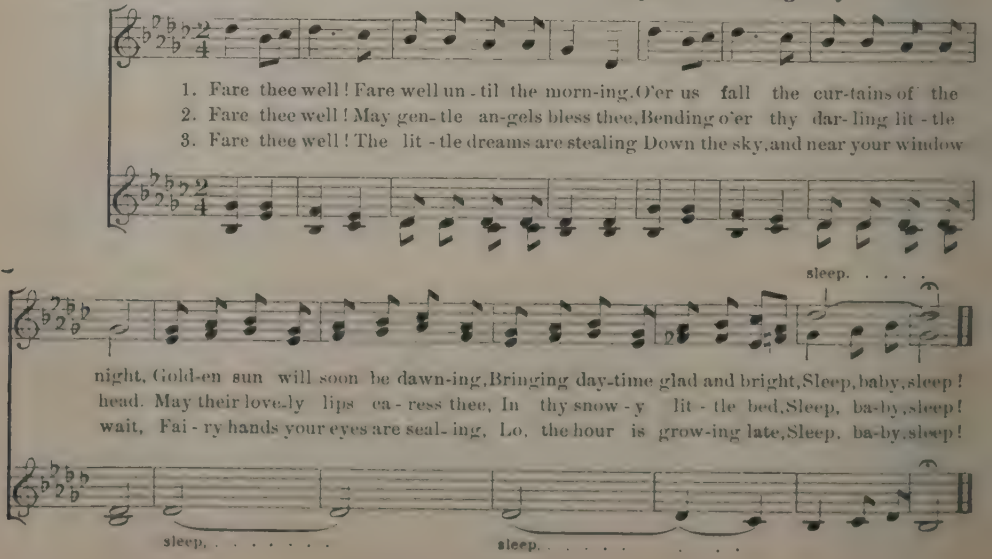
War Song.
Arr. by Frank Belknap.


With spirit.
f
1. When John-ny comes marching home a - gain, Hur - rah, hur - rah! We'll
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah, hur - rah! To
3. Get rea - dy for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah, hur - rah! We'll
4. Let love and friend-ship on that day Hur - rah, hur - rah! Their
f
give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah, . hur - rah! The men will cheer, the
wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, . hur - rah! The vil - lage lads and
give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah, . hur - rah! The lau - rel wreath is
choic - est treas-ures then dis - play, Hur - rah, . hur - rah! And let each one per -
f
boys will shout, The ladies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
las-sies gay, With ro-ses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
rea - dy now To place up-on his loyal brow, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
form some part, To fill with joy the warrior's heart, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.

SLUMBER SONG.

Abbie Farwell Brown.

Lithuanian Air.
Adapted and arranged by W. L. T.


1. Fare thee well! Fare well un - til the morn-ing, O'er us fall the cur-tains of the
2. Fare thee well! May gen-tle an-gels bless thee, Bending o'er thy dar-ling lit - tle
3. Fare thee well! The lit - tle dreams are stealing Down the sky, and near your window
sleep. . . . .
night, Gold-en sun will soon be dawn-ing, Bringing day-time glad and bright, Sleep, baby, sleep!
head. May their love-ly lips ca - ress thee, In thy snow - y lit - tle bed, Sleep, ba-by, sleep!
wait, Fai - ry hands your eyes are seal - ing, Lo, the hour is grow-ing late, Sleep, ba-by, sleep!
sleep. . . . . .
sleep. . . . . .

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

Heinrich Heine.
Tr. by Frederic Field Bullard.

Robert Schumann.

Moderato. *mf*

To France were re-turn-ing two Gren-a-diers; In Rus-sia they both had been

ta-ken, And when they came to the Ger-man fron-tier, All hope their brave hearts had for-sa-ken. For

A

there they were told, to their fear-ful a-larm, That France to her foes was for-sa-ken, Be-

cres. *f rit.* *a tempo.*

sieged and in rout were their broth-ers at arms, and the Em-p'ror, the Em-p'ror was ta-ken!

B *p*

Then bit-ter-ly sor-row'd the Gren-a-diers, Such dire-ful ti-dings learn-ing. The first one

C

said, "The end is here! Like fire my old wounds are burn-ing!" The oth-er said, "Our luck is gone. The

mf

thought of death I'd cher-ish, But I have wife and child at home; With-out me they might per-ish." "What matters

D *f*

wife or child to me! A far great-er claim has a-ris-en. They can beg their bread if they

ff *p* E *più moto.*

hun-gry be. My Em-p'ror, my Em-p'ror in pris-on! Oh, com-rade, grant this last re-quest! For

I hear Death's stern or-der. Bear with thee my bod-y, in France to rest, And bu-ry it on her

più moto. mf

bor-der. The I-ron Cross on crimson band o-ver my dead heart place me; The mus-ket give me in my

cres. e rit. *f* F *maestoso.*

hand, and with my sword-belt brace me. And there I'll watch like a sen-ti-nel On guard in the cof-fin

ly-ing, Till the can-non o-pen with thun-der-ing yell, And I hear the squad-rons fly-ing. Then

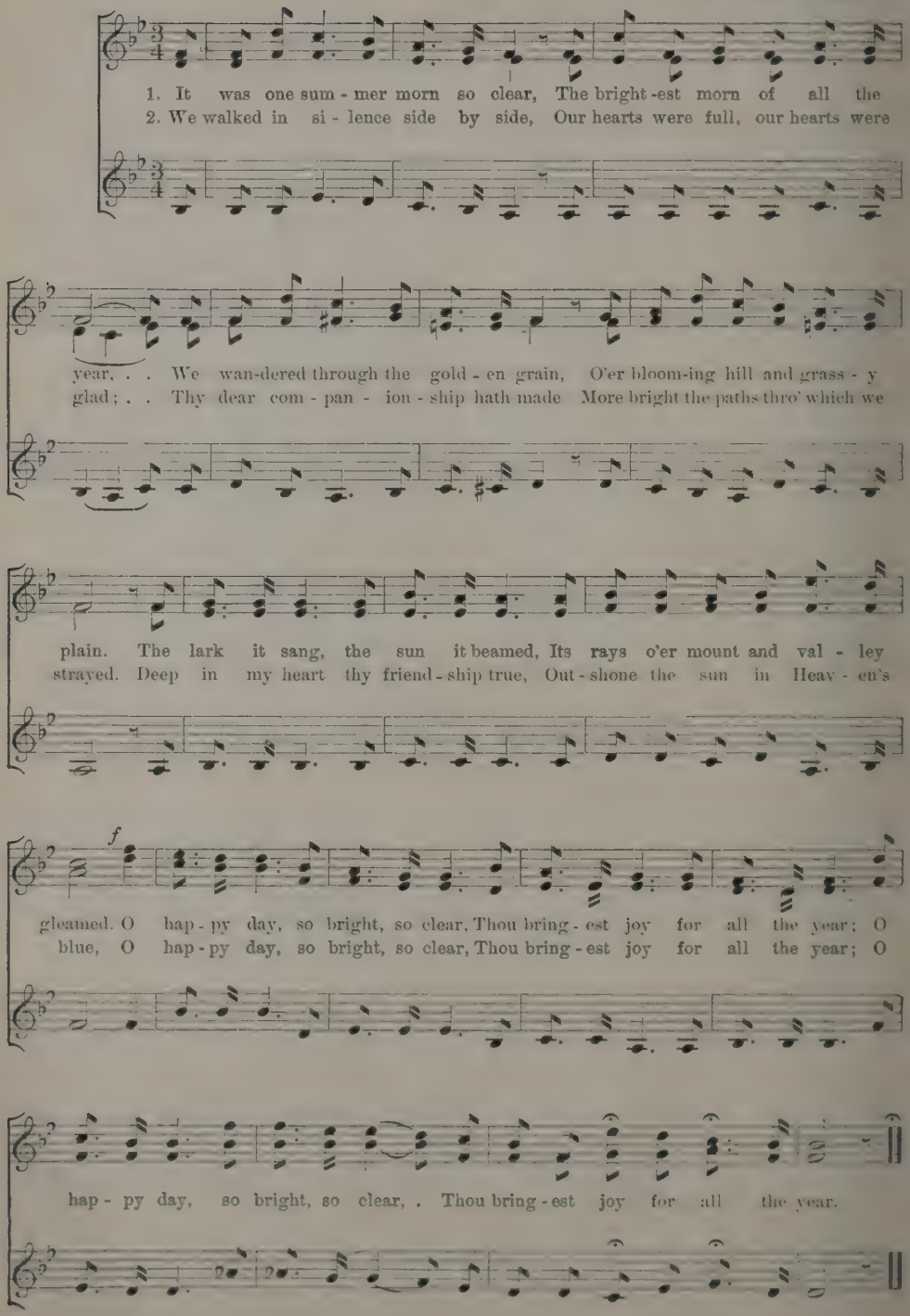
sure-ly the Em-p'ror will ride o'er my grave, While sa-bres flash and rat-tle, while sa-bres flash and

ff 4

rat-tle. Then, armed to the teeth, will I rise from the grave For my Em-p'ror, my Em-p'ror to bat-tle!"

ONE SUMMER MORN.

Goetz.
Arr. by Frank Belknap.


1. It was one sum - mer morn so clear, The bright - est morn of all the
2. We walked in si - lence side by side, Our hearts were full, our hearts were
year, . . We wan-dered through the gold - en grain, O'er bloom-ing hill and grass - y
glad; . . Thy dear com - pan - ion - ship hath made More bright the paths thro' which we
plain. The lark it sang, the sun it beamed, Its rays o'er mount and val - ley
strayed. Deep in my heart thy friend - ship true, Out - shone the sun in Heav - en's
f
gleamed. O hap - py day, so bright, so clear, Thou bring - est joy for all the year; O
blue, O hap - py day, so bright, so clear, Thou bring - est joy for all the year; O
hap - py day, so bright, so clear, . Thou bring - est joy for all the year.

LULLABY.

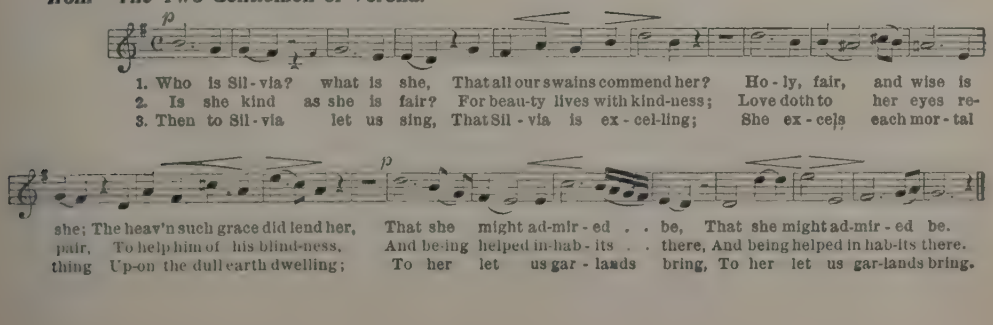
Brahms.
Arranged by Henry F. Gilbert.

pp
1. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by and good - night! With ro - ses be -
2. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by and good - night! Thy moth - er's de -
p
1. Lul - la - by and good-night! With ro - ses be -
2. Lul - la - by and good-night! Thy moth - er's de -
dight, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Lay thee down now and
light, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, They will guard thee at
dight, With lil - ies o'er-spread Is ba - by's wee bed : Lay thee down now and
light! Bright an - gels be - side My dar - ling a - bide ; They will guard thee at
pp
rest, May thy slumber be blest; Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, May thy slum - ber be blest.
rest, Thou shalt wake on my breast; Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Thou shalt wake on my breast.
p
rest, May thy slumber be blest; Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slum - ber be blest.
rest, Thou shalt wake on my breast; They will guard thee at rest, Thou shalt wake on my breast.

WHO IS SILVIA?

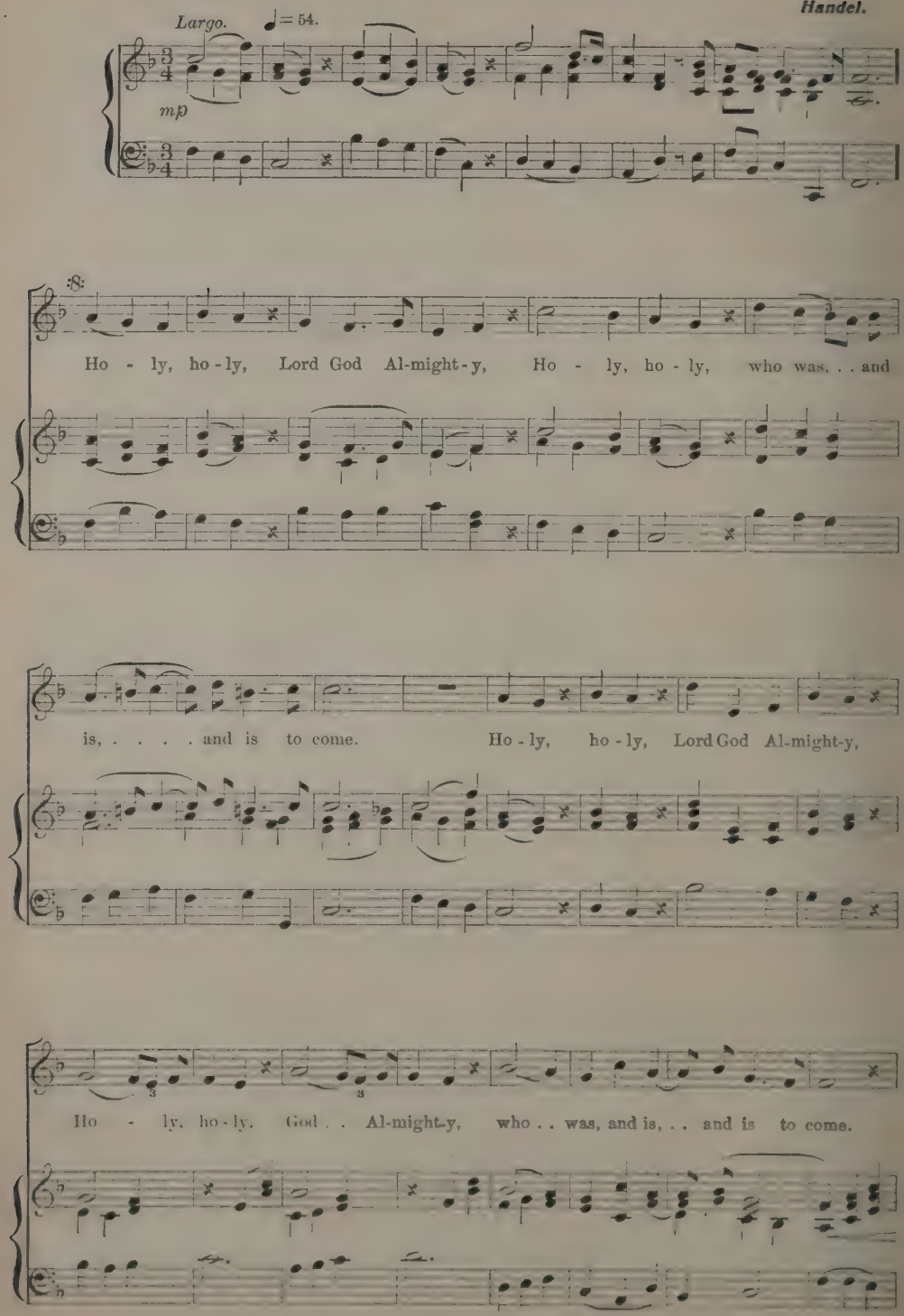
Wm. Shakespeare,
from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

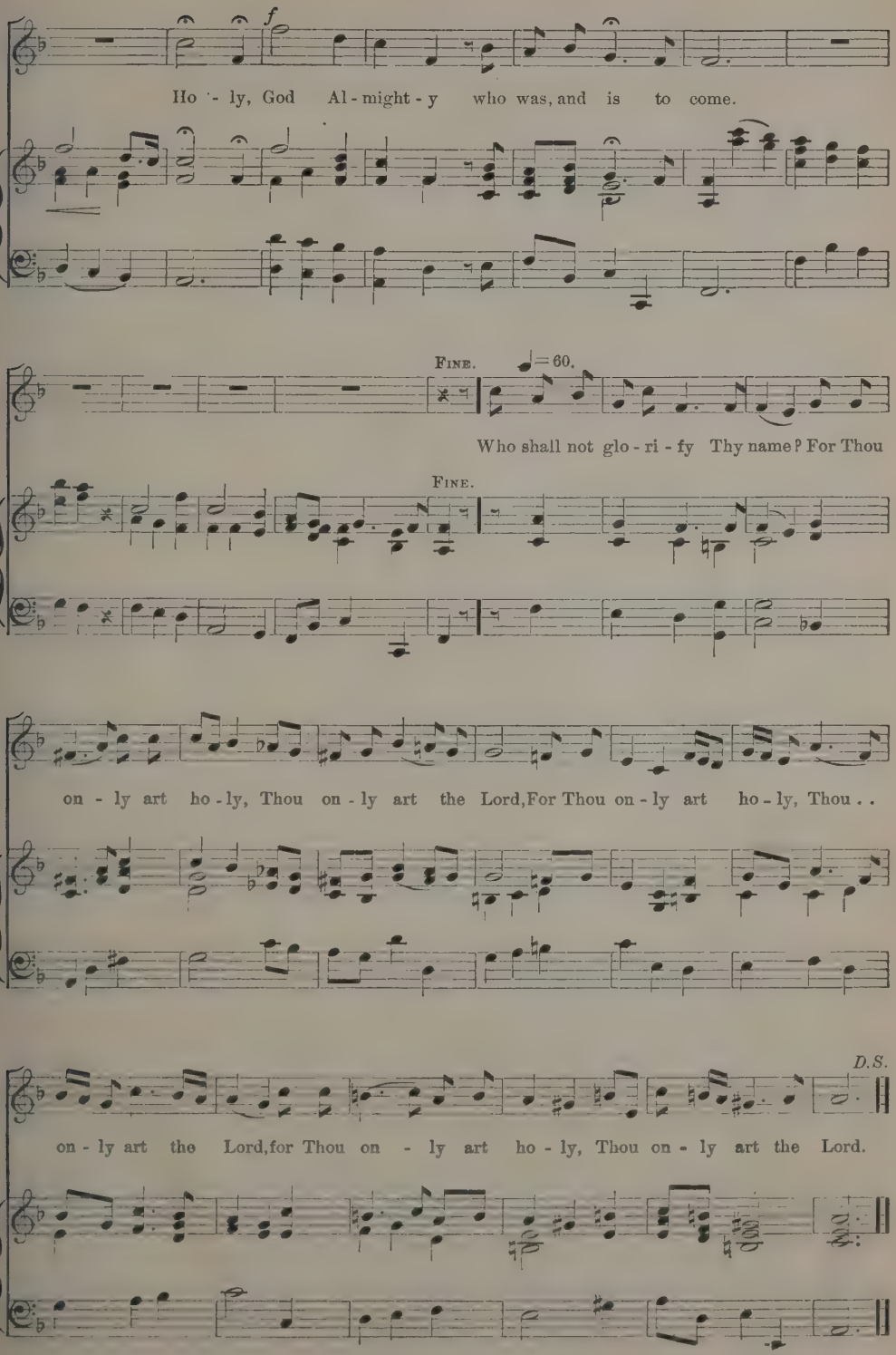
Fr. Schubert.


p
1. Who is Sil - via? what is she, That all our swains commend her? Ho - ly, fair, and wise is
2. Is she kind as she is fair? For beau-ty lives with kind-ness; Love doth to her eyes re-
3. Then to Sil - via let us sing, That Sil - via is ex - cel-ling; She ex - cels each mor - tal
p
she; The heav'n such grace did lend her, That she might ad-mir - ed . . be, That she might ad-mir - ed be.
pair, To help him of his blind-ness, And be-ing helped in-hab - its . . there, And being helped in hab-its there.
thing Up-on the dull earth dwelling; To her let us gar - lands bring, To her let us gar-lands bring.

HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

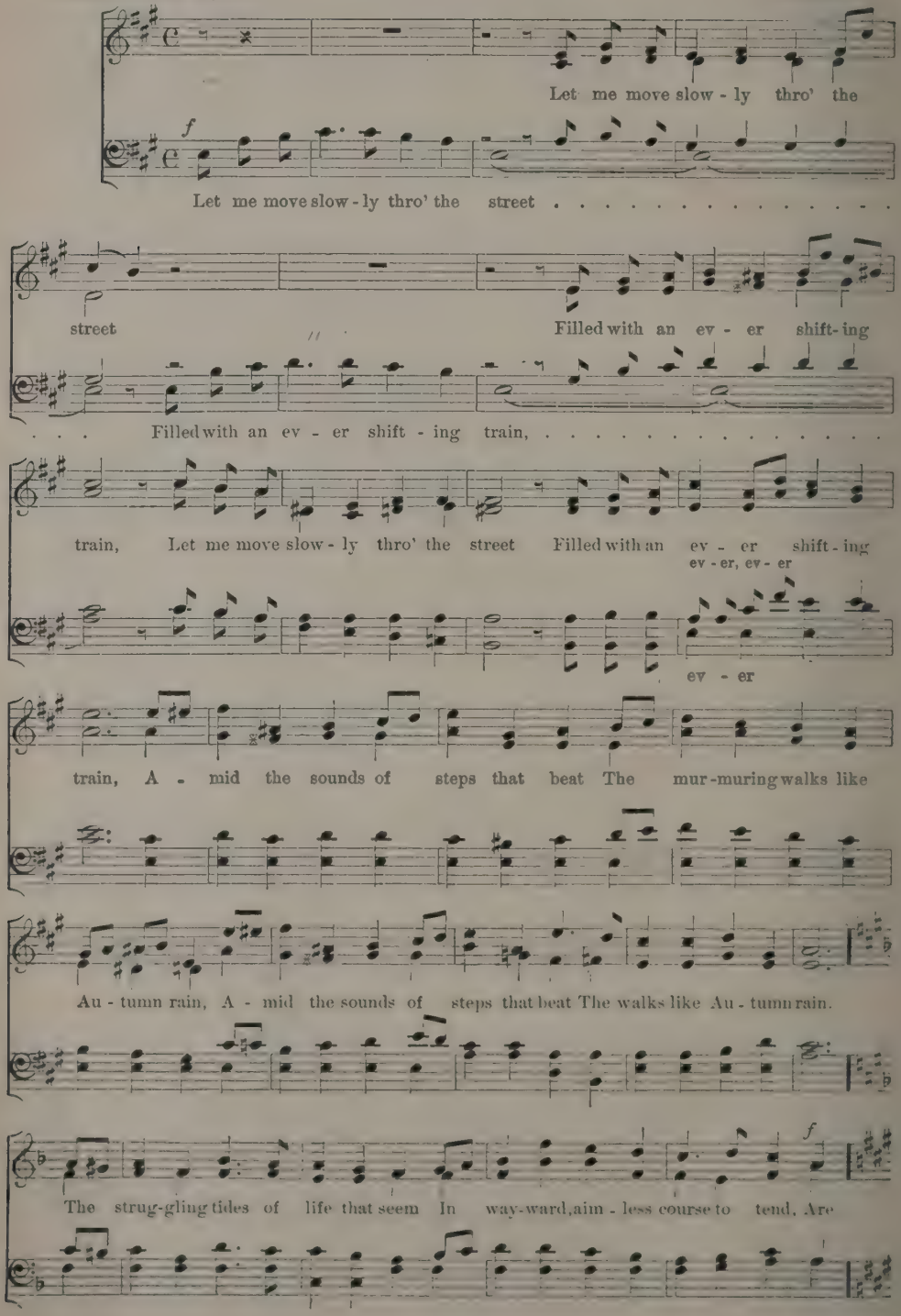
Handel.

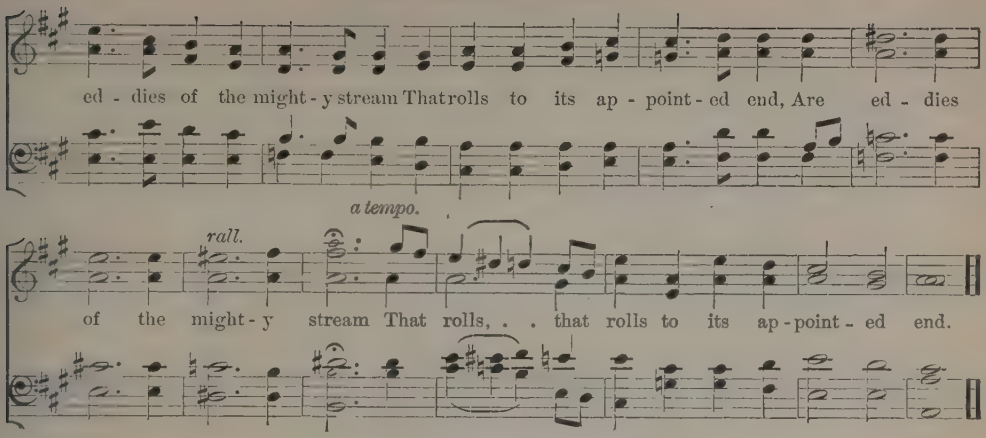

Largo.
♩= 54.
mp
Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y, Ho - ly, ho - ly, who was. . . and
is, ... and is to come. Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y,
Ho - ly, ho - ly, God . . Al-might-y, who . . was, and is, . . and is to come.


f
Ho - ly, God Al - might - y who was, and is to come.
FINE.
♩= 60.
Who shall not glo - ri - fy Thy name? For Thou
FINE.
on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly art the Lord, For Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou . .
D.S.
on - ly art the Lord, for Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly art the Lord.

THE CROWDED STREET.

William Cullen Bryant. *P. A. Schnecker.*


Let me move slow - ly thro' the
f
Let me move slow - ly thro' the street . . . . . .
street
Filled with an ev - er shift - ing
. . . Filled with an ev - er shift - ing train, ...
train, Let me move slow - ly thro' the street Filled with an ev - er shift - ing
ev - er, ev - er
ev - er
train, A - mid the sounds of steps that beat The mur - muring walks like
Au - tumn rain, A - mid the sounds of steps that beat The walks like Au - tumn rain.
f
The strug - gling tides of life that seem In way - ward, aim - less course to tend, Are


ed - dies of the might - y stream That rolls to its ap - point - ed end, Are ed - dies
a tempo.
rall.
of the might - y stream That rolls, . . that rolls to its ap - point - ed end.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Thomas Moore.

Irish Folk Song.
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist.

1. The min - strel boy to the war has gone, In the ranks of death you'll
2. The min - strel fell! but the foe-man's chain Could not bring his proud soul
TENOR
ad lib.
be -
a -
find . him. His fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be -
un - der. The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -
hind . him. "Land of Song" said the war - rior - bard, "Tho' all the world be
sun - der. And said "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and
trays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp . shall praise . . thee."
bra - v'ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in slav - 'ry."

PRITHEE, PRETTY MAIDEN.

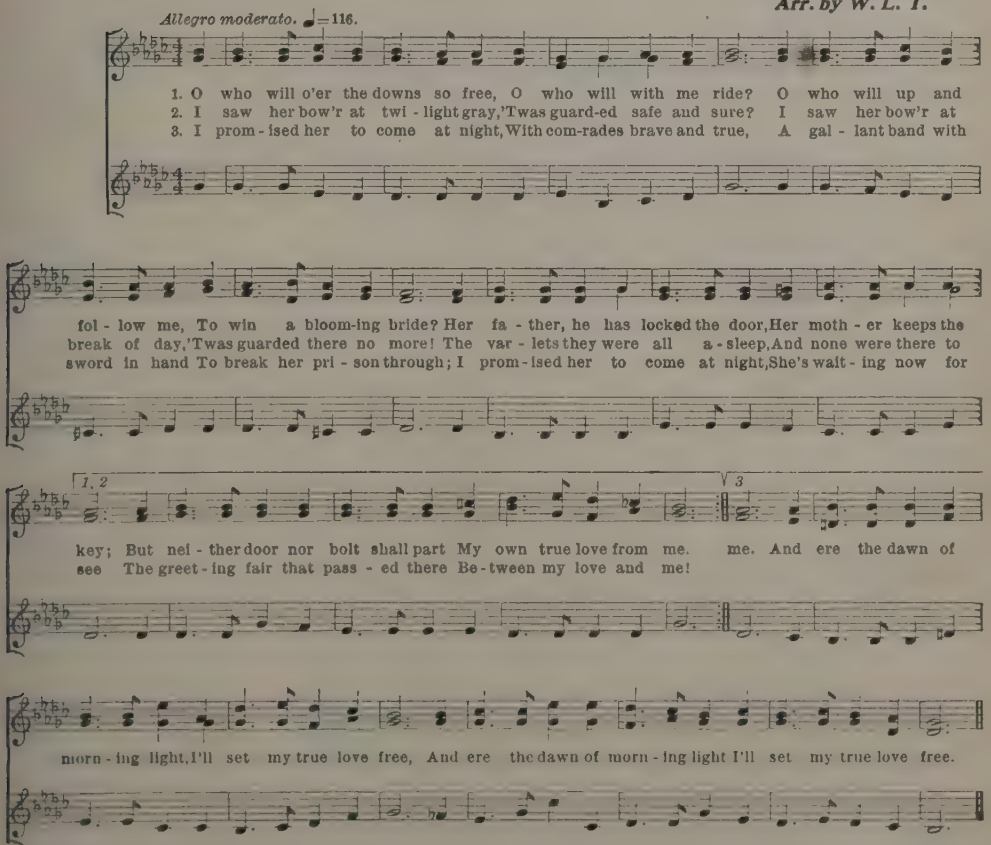
Gilbert. *Sullivan.*
Arr. by Osborne McConathy.

Allegretto.
p
1. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, pri - thee, tell me true,
2. Gen - tle sir, my heart is frol - ic - some and free,
3. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, will you mar - ry me?
4. Gen - tle sir, al - though to mar - ry I de - sign,
p
1. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, tell me true,
2. Gen - tle sir, my heart is gay and free,
3. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, mar - ry me,
4. Gen - tle sir, al - though to wed I pine,
BASS. ad lib.
p
(Hey but I'm dole - ful, wil -low, wil -low Wal - ly,) Have you e'er a lov - er a -
(Hey but he's dole - ful, wil -low, wil -low Wal - ly,) No - bod - y I care for . .
(Hey but I'm hope - ful, wil -low, wil -low Wal - ly,) I may say at once, I'm a
(Hey but he's hope - ful, wil -low, wil -low Wal- ly,) As yet I do not know you, and
Hey, wil - low, Wal - ly O! Have you e'er a lov - er a -
Hey, wil - low, Wal - ly O! No - bod - y I care for . .
Hey, wil - low, Wal - ly O! I may say at once, I've
Hey, wil - low, Wal - ly O! As yet I do not know you, and
dang-ling af - ter you? Hey wil - low Wal - ly O! I would fain dis - cov - er . .
comes a count-ing me, Hey wil - low Wal - ly O! No - bod - y I care for .
man of pro - per - tee, Hey wil - low Wal - ly O! Mon - ey I de - spise it, But
so I must de - cline, Hey wil - low Wal - ly O! Oth - er maid-ens woo you, As
af - ter you? Hey wil - low Wal - ly O! I would fain dis - cov - er . .
comes for me, Hey wil - low Wal - ly O! No - bod - y I care for .
pro - per - tee, Hey wil - low Wal - ly O! Mon - ey I de - spise it, But
so de - cline, Hey wil - low Wal - ly O! Oth - er maid-ens woo you, As

rall.
If you have a lov - er! Hey . . wil - low wal - y O!
Comes a court - ing—there - fore, Hey . . wil - low wal - y O!
ma - ny peo - ple prize it, Hey . . wil - low wal - y O!
yet I do not know you, Hey . . wil - low wal - y O!
If you have a lov - er! Hey . . wil - low wal - y O!
Comes a court - ing—there - fore, Hey . . wil - low wal - y O!
ma - ny peo - ple prize it! Hey . . wil - low wal - y O!
yet I do not know you, Hey . . wil - low wal - y O!

O WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE?

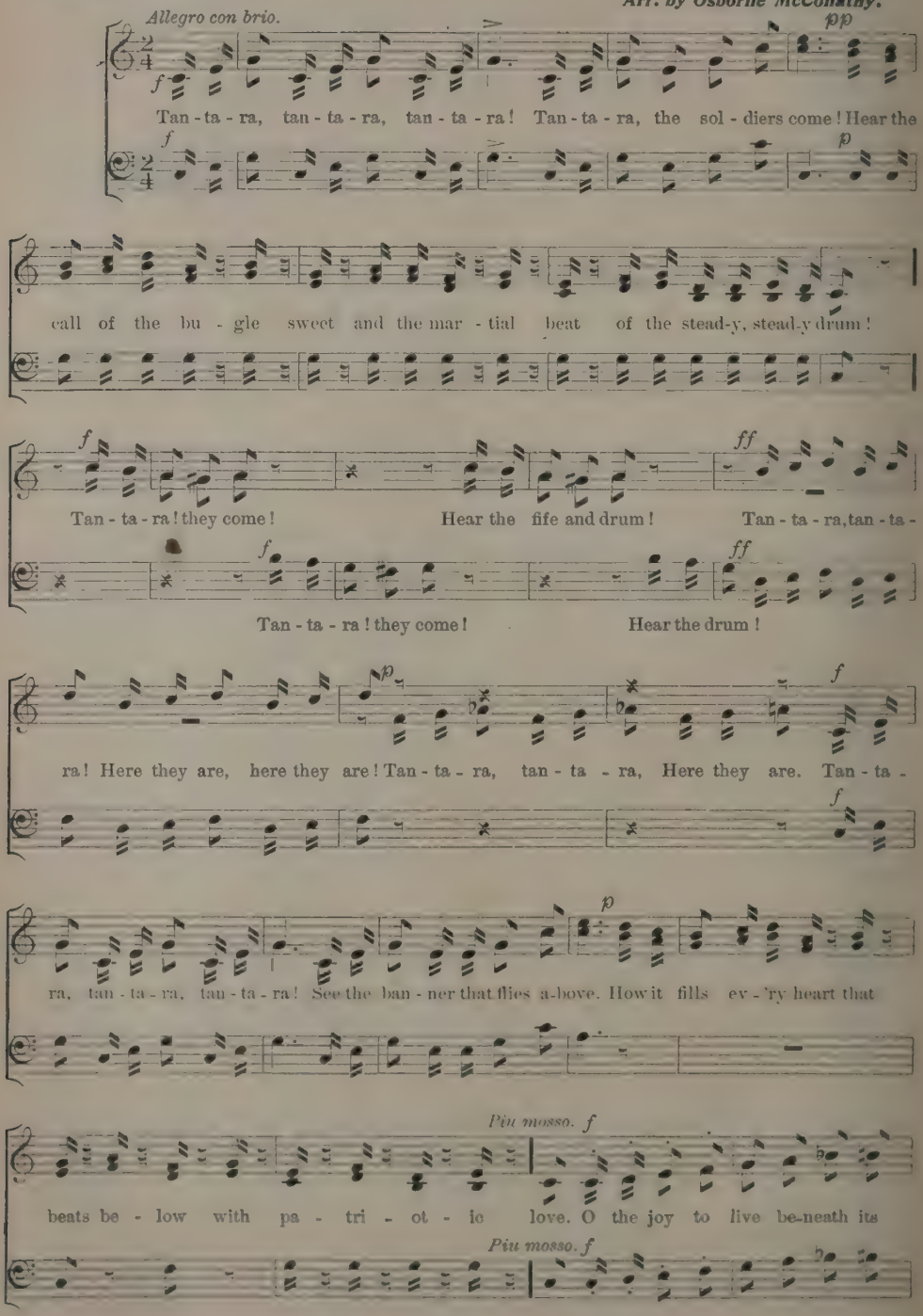
R. L. de Pearsall.
Arr. by W. L. T.

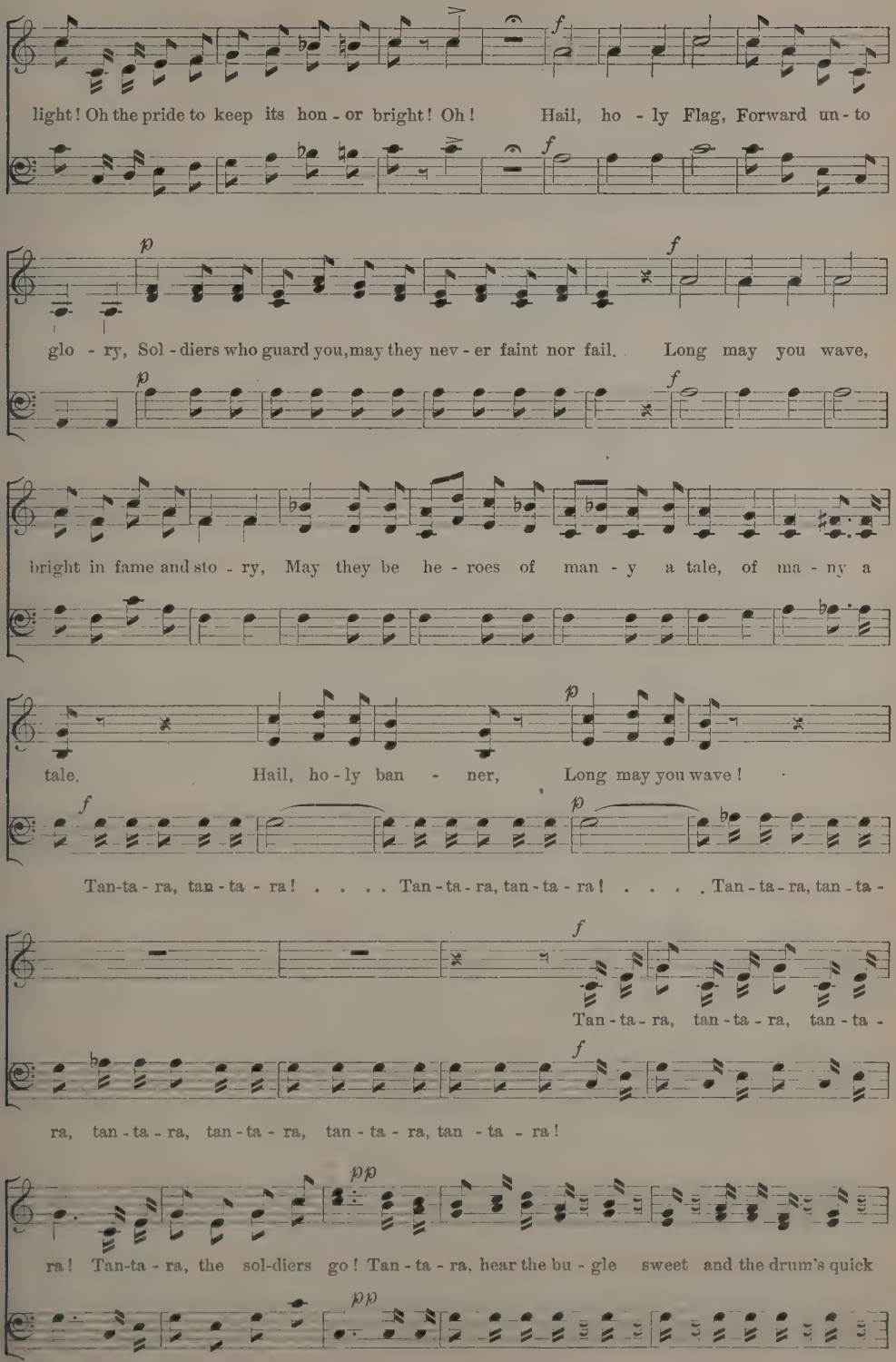

Allegro moderato. ♩=116.
1. O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride? O who will up and
2. I saw her bow'r at twi - light gray, 'Twas guard-ed safe and sure? I saw her bow'r at
3. I prom - ised her to come at night, With com-rades brave and true, A gal - lant band with
fol - low me, To win a bloom-ing bride? Her fa - ther, he has locked the door, Her moth - er keeps the
break of day, 'Twas guarded there no more! The var - lets they were all a - sleep, And none were there to
sword in hand To break her pri - son through; I prom - ised her to come at night, She's wait - ing now for
1, 2
3
key; But nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me. me. And ere the dawn of
see The greet - ing fair that pass - ed there Be - tween my love and me!
morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light I'll set my true love free.

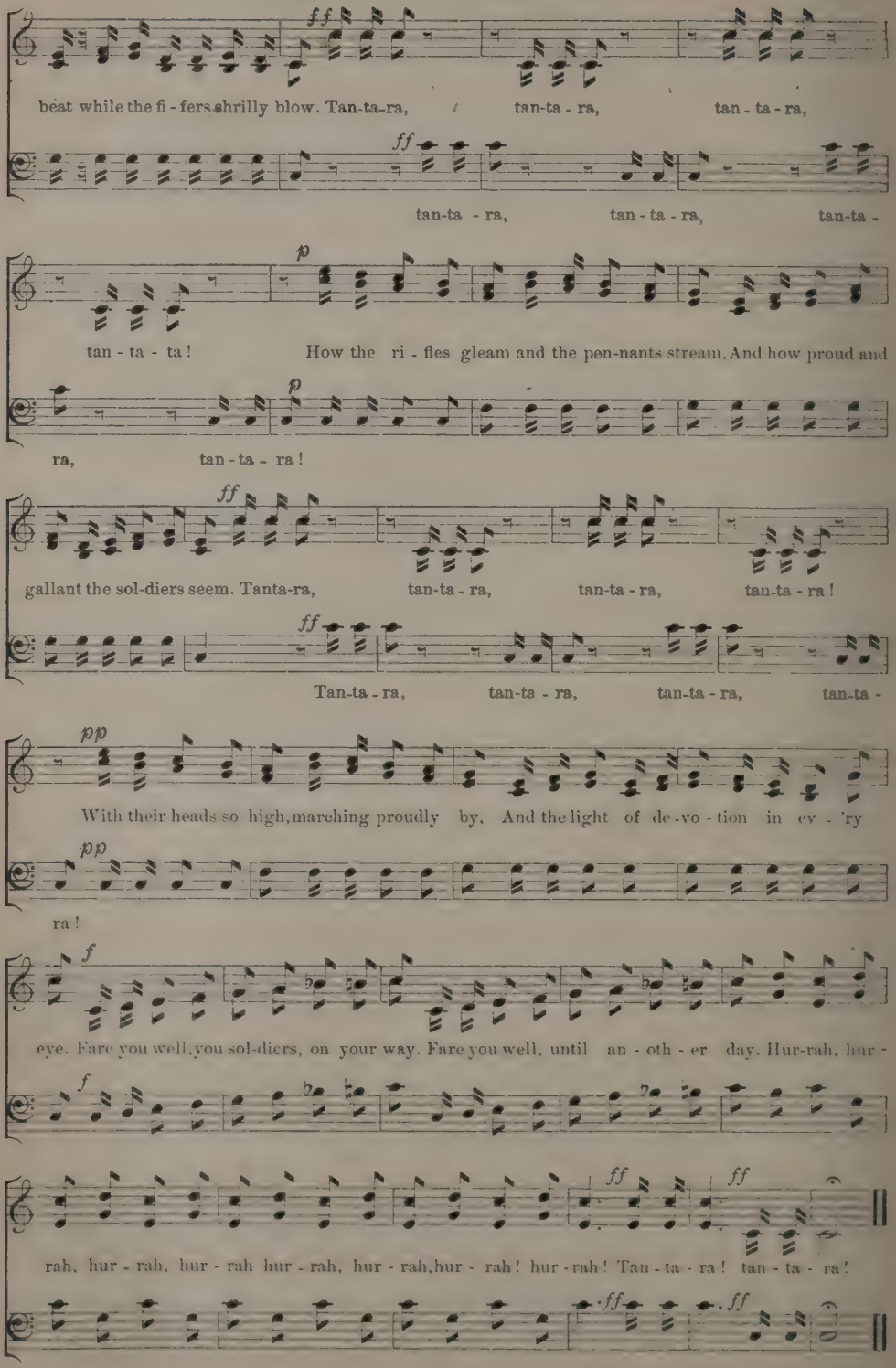
REVIEW OF THE SOLDIERS.

Abbie Farwell Brown.

Donizetti.
Arr. by Osborne McConathy.

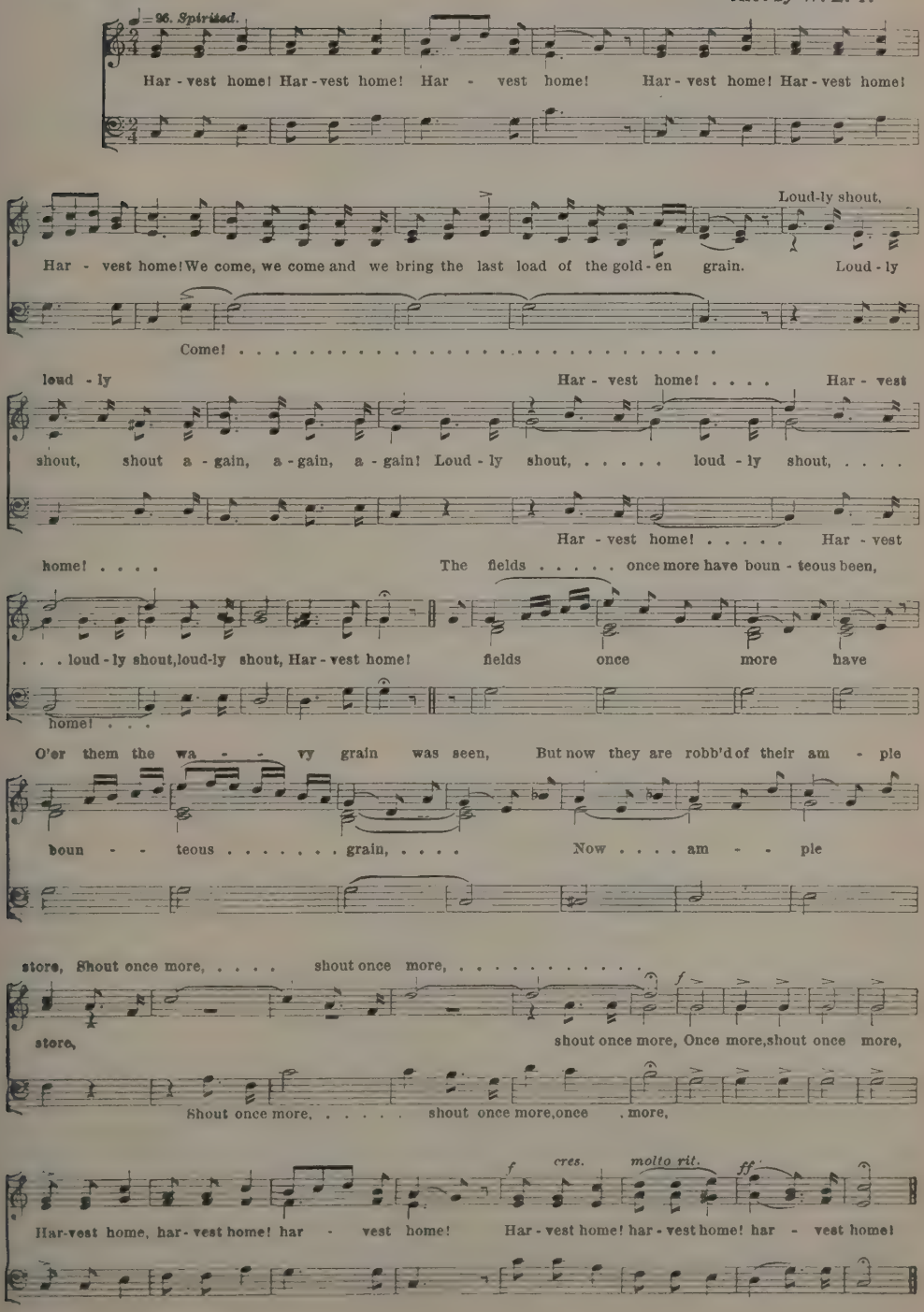

Allegro con brio.
Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra! Tan - ta - ra, the sol - diers come! Hear the
call of the bu - gle sweet and the mar - tial beat of the stead-y, stead-y drum!
Tan - ta - ra! they come! Hear the fife and drum! Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -
Tan - ta - ra! they come! Hear the drum!
ra! Here they are, here they are! Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, Here they are. Tan - ta -
ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra! See the ban - ner that flies a-bove. How it fills ev - 'ry heart that
Più mosso.
beats be - low with pa - tri - ot - ic love. O the joy to live be-neath its
Più mosso.


light! Oh the pride to keep its hon - or bright! Oh! Hail, ho - ly Flag, Forward un - to
glo - ry, Sol - diers who guard you, may they nev - er faint nor fail. Long may you wave,
bright in fame and sto - ry, May they be he - roes of man - y a tale, of ma - ny a
tale. Hail, ho - ly ban - ner, Long may you wave!
Tan-ta - ra, tan - ta - ra! . . . . Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra! . . . . Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -
Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -
ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra!
ra! Tan-ta - ra, the sol-diers go! Tan - ta - ra, hear the bu - gle sweet and the drum's quick


ff
beat while the fi - fers shrilly blow. Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta - ra, tan - ta - ra,
ff
tan-ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan-ta -
p
tan - ta - ta! How the ri - fles gleam and the pen-nants stream. And how proud and
p
ra, tan - ta - ra!
ff
gallant the sol-diers seem. Tanta-ra, tan-ta - ra, tan-ta - ra, tan-ta - ra!
ff
Tan-ta - ra, tan-ta - ra, tan-ta - ra, tan-ta -
pp
With their heads so high, marching proudly by. And the light of de - vo - tion in ev - 'ry
pp
ra!
f
eye. Fare you well, you sol-diers, on your way. Fare you well, until an - oth - er day. Hur-rah, hur -
f
ff
ff
rah, hur - rah, hur - rah hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! hur - rah! Tan - ta - ra! tan - ta - ra!
ff
ff

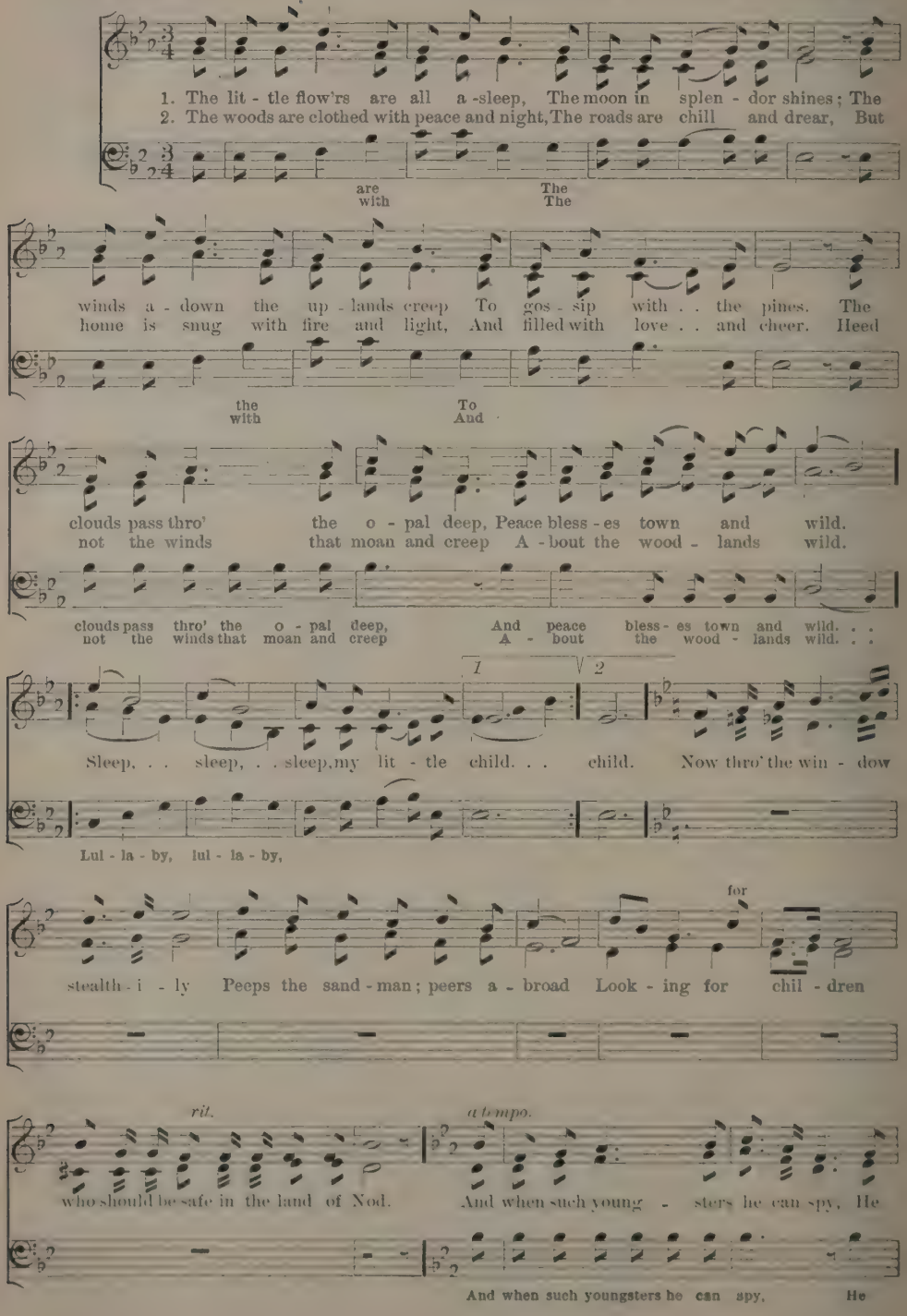
HARVEST HOME.

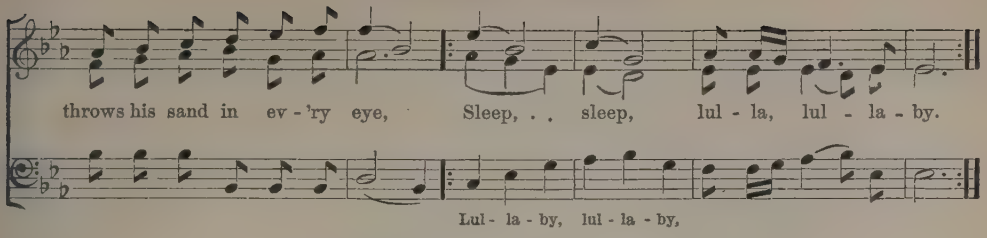
John Oxenford. *George Macfarren.*
Arr. by W. L. T.


♩= 96. Spirited.
Har - vest home! Har - vest home! Har - vest home! Har - vest home! Har - vest home!
Loud-ly shout,
Har - vest home! We come, we come and we bring the last load of the gold - en grain. Loud - ly
Come!
loud - ly
Har - vest home!
Har - vest
shout, shout a - gain, a - gain, a - gain! Loud - ly shout, loud - ly shout,
Har - vest home!
Har - vest
home!
The fields once more have boun - teous been,
. . . loud - ly shout, loud-ly shout, Har - vest home! fields once more have
home!
O'er them the wa - vy grain was seen, But now they are robb'd of their am - ple
boun - teous grain, Now am - ple
store, Shout once more, shout once more,
f
store,
shout once more, Once more, shout once more,
Shout once more, shout once more, once more,
f
cres.
molto rit.
ff
Har-vest home, har - vest home! har - vest home! Har - vest home! har - vest home! har - vest home!

THE SANDMAN'S COMING.

Lawrence Godard. *Heinrich Schnell, arr. by Henry F. Gilbert.*

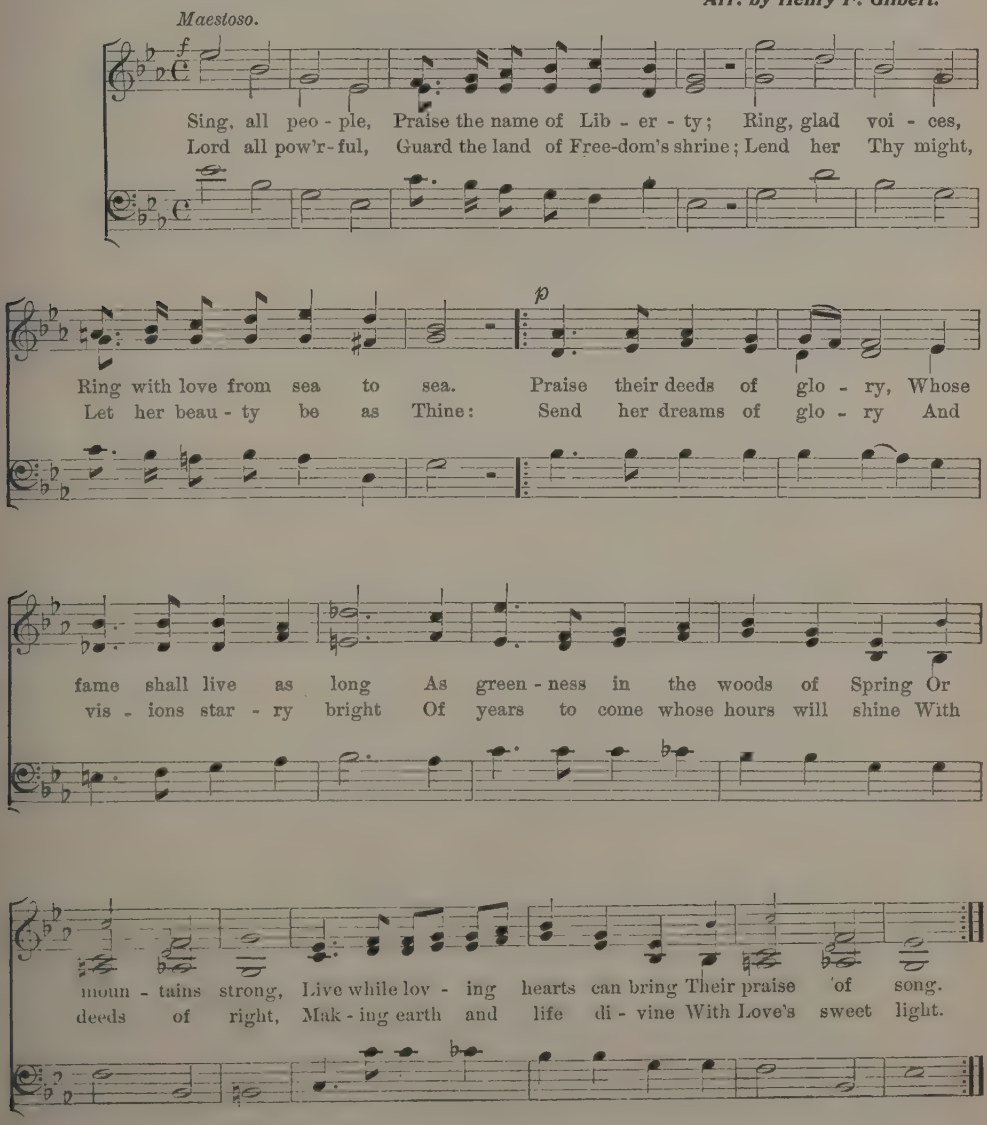

1. The lit - tle flow'rs are all a -sleep, The moon in splen - dor shines; The
2. The woods are clothed with peace and night, The roads are chill and drear, But
are with
The The
winds a - down the up - lands creep To gos - sip with . . the pines. The
home is snug with fire and light, And filled with love . . and cheer. Heed
the with
To And
clouds pass thro' the o - pal deep, Peace bless - es town and wild.
not the winds that moan and creep A - bout the wood - lands wild.
clouds pass thro' the o - pal deep, And peace bless - es town and wild. . .
not the winds that moan and creep A - bout the wood - lands wild. . .
1
2
Sleep, . . sleep, . . sleep, my lit - tle child. . . child. Now thro' the win - dow
Lul - la - by, lul - la - by,
for
stealth - i - ly Peeps the sand - man; peers a - broad Look - ing for chil - dren
rit.
a tempo.
who should be safe in the land of Nod. And when such young - sters he can spy, He
And when such youngsters he can spy, He



THE PATRIOT'S PRAYER.

Poem by Bertha Thekla Smith.

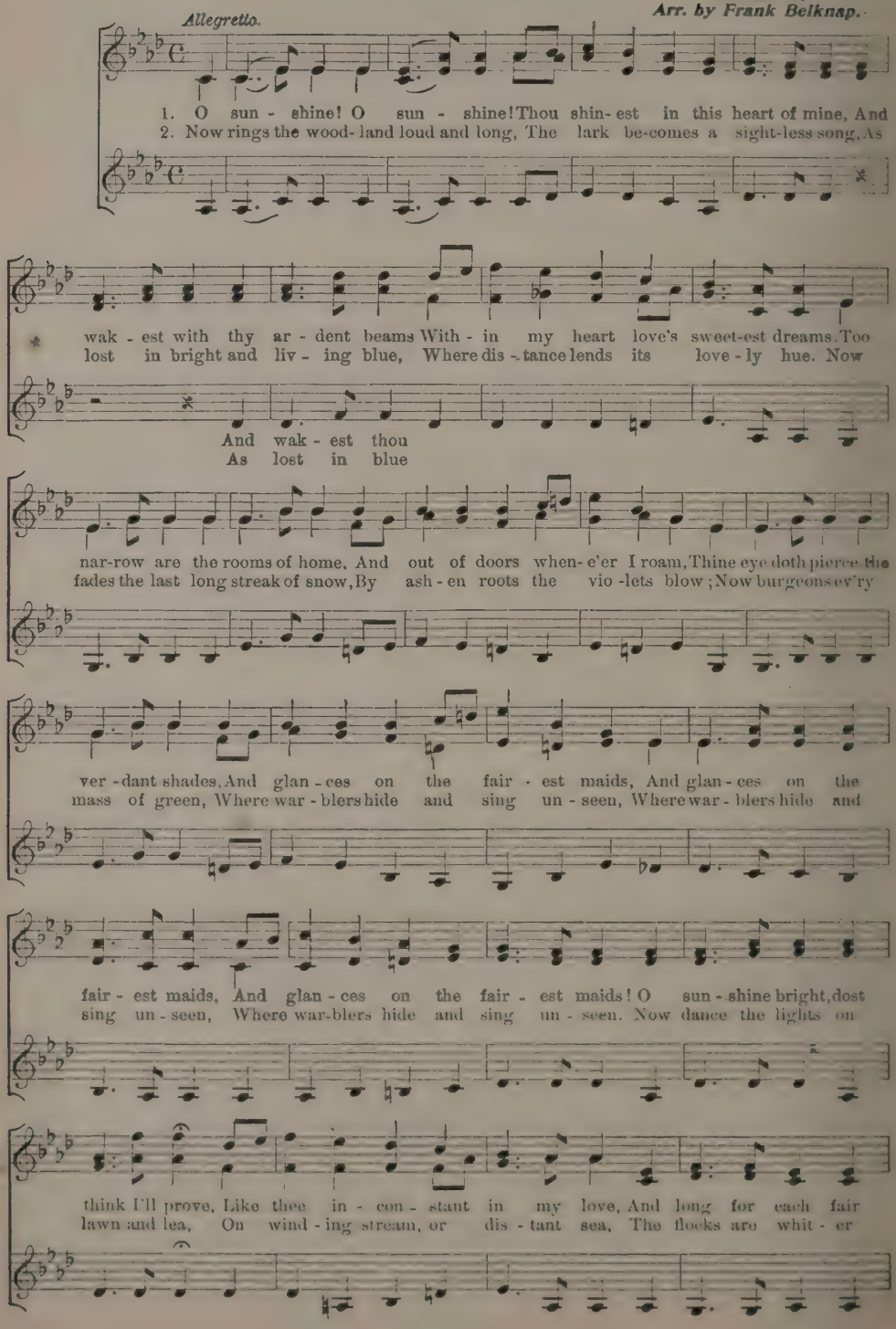
Music by Edvard Grieg.
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert.

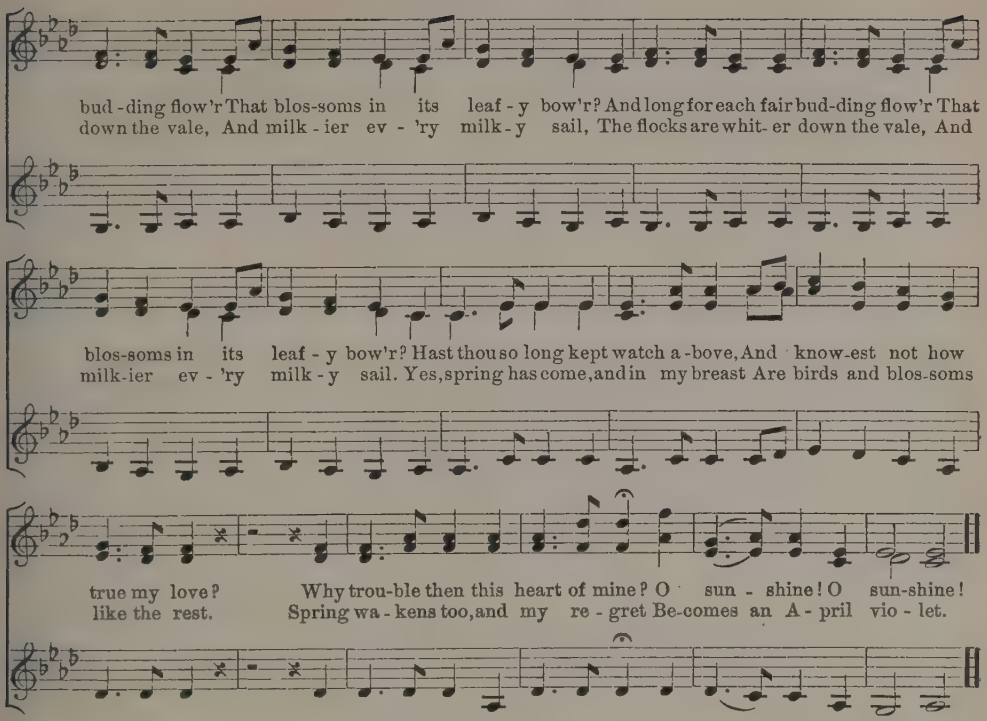

Maestoso.
Sing, all peo - ple, Praise the name of Lib - er - ty; Ring, glad voi - ces,
Lord all pow'r - ful, Guard the land of Free-dom's shrine; Lend her Thy might,
Ring with love from sea to sea. Praise their deeds of glo - ry, Whose
Let her beau - ty be as Thine: Send her dreams of glo - ry And
fame shall live as long As green - ness in the woods of Spring Or
vis - ions star - ry bright Of years to come whose hours will shine With
moun - tains strong, Live while lov - ing hearts can bring Their praise of song.
deeds of right, Mak - ing earth and life di - vine With Love's sweet light.

O SUNSHINE.

Schumann.
Arr. by Frank Belknap.

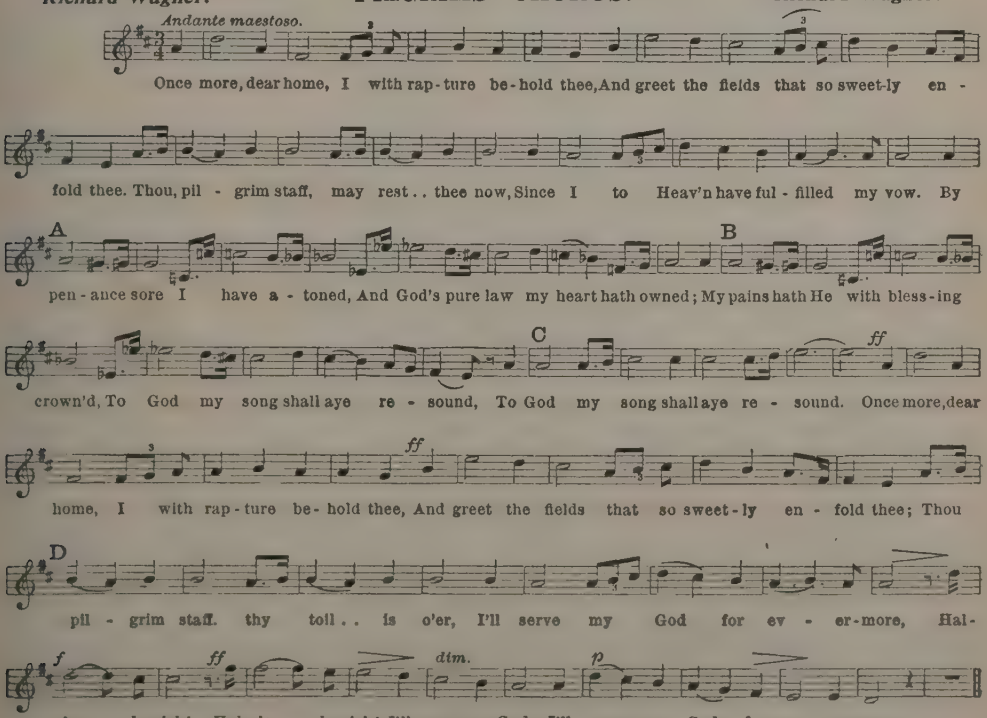
Allegretto.


1. O sun - shine! O sun - shine! Thou shin- est in this heart of mine, And
2. Now rings the wood- land loud and long, The lark be-comes a sight-less song, As
wak - est with thy ar - dent beams With - in my heart love's sweet-est dreams. Too
lost in bright and liv - ing blue, Where dis - tance lends its love - ly hue. Now
And wak - est thou
As lost in blue
nar-row are the rooms of home, And out of doors when- e'er I roam, Thine eye doth pierce the
fades the last long streak of snow, By ash - en roots the vio -lets blow; Now burgeons ev'ry
ver - dant shades, And glan - ces on the fair - est maids, And glan - ces on the
mass of green, Where war - blers hide and sing un - seen, Where war - blers hide and
fair - est maids, And glan - ces on the fair - est maids! O sun - shine bright, dost
sing un - seen, Where war-blers hide and sing un - seen. Now dance the lights on
think I'll prove, Like thee in - con - stant in my love, And long for each fair
lawn and lea, On wind - ing stream, or dis - tant sea, The flocks are whit - er


bud-ding flow'r That blos-soms in its leaf-y bow'r? And long for each fair bud-ding flow'r That
down the vale, And milk-ier ev-'ry milk-y sail, The flocks are whit-er down the vale, And
blos-soms in its leaf-y bow'r? Hast thou so long kept watch a-bove, And know-est not how
milk-ier ev-'ry milk-y sail. Yes, spring has come, and in my breast Are birds and blos-soms
true my love? Why trou-ble then this heart of mine? O sun-shine! O sun-shine!
like the rest. Spring wa-kens too, and my re-gret Be-comes an A-pril vio-let.

PILGRIMS' CHORUS.

Richard Wagner. *Richard Wagner.*

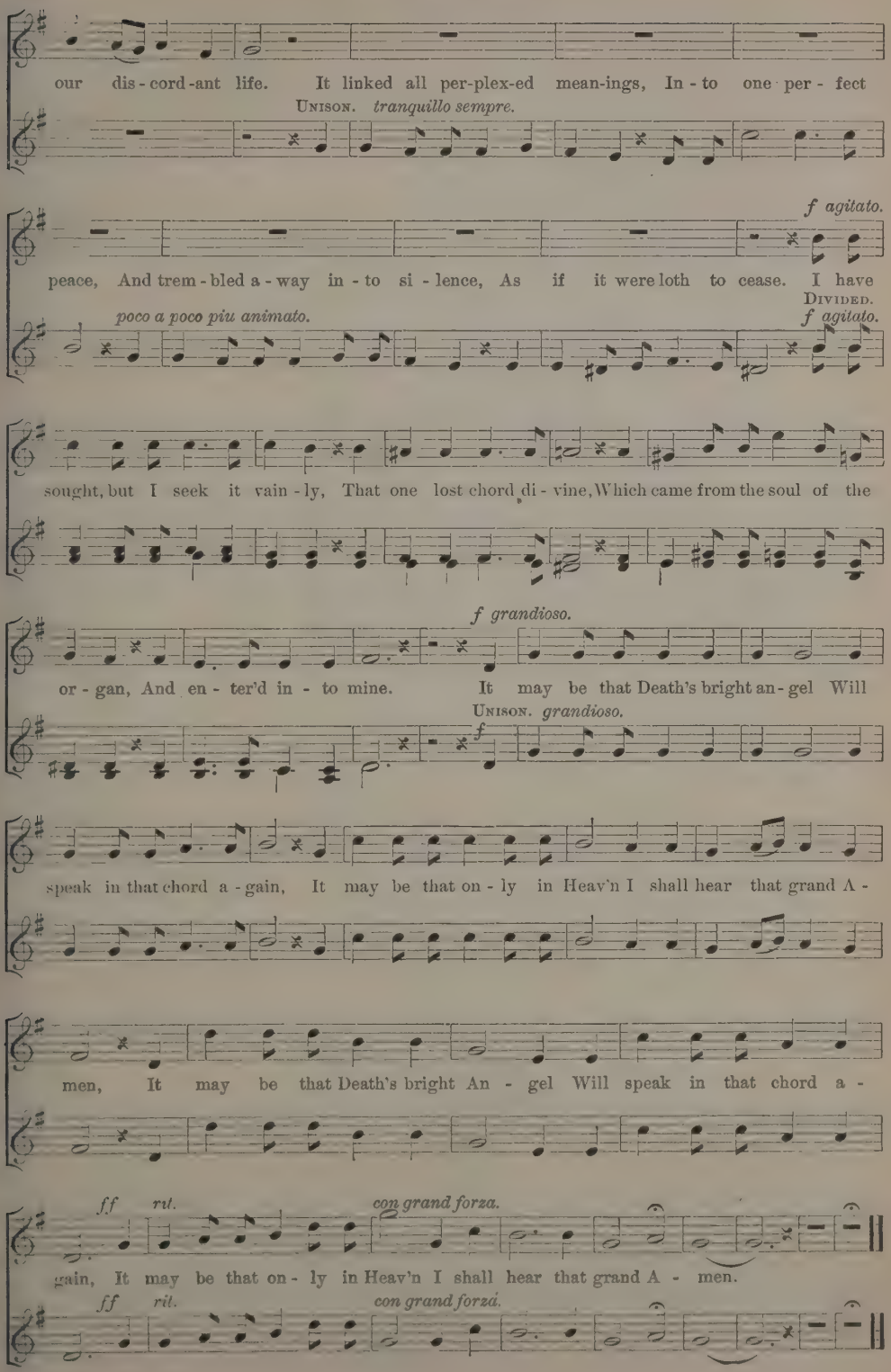

Andante maestoso.
Once more, dear home, I with rap-ture be-hold thee, And greet the fields that so sweet-ly en-
fold thee. Thou, pil-grim staff, may rest . . thee now, Since I to Heav'n have ful-filled my vow. By
A
pen-ance sore I have a-toned, And God's pure law my heart hath owned; My pains hath He with bless-ing
B
C
ff
crown'd, To God my song shall aye re-sound, To God my song shall aye re-sound. Once more, dear
ff
home, I with rap-ture be-hold thee, And greet the fields that so sweet-ly en-fold thee; Thou
D
pil-grim staff, thy toil . . is o'er, I'll serve my God for ev-er-more, Hal-
f
ff
dim.
p
le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll serve my God, I'll serve my God for ev-er-more.

THE LOST CHORD.

Adelaide A. Procter. *Arthur Sullivan. Arranged by Osbourne McConathy.*

Andante moderato.
Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea - ry and ill at ease, And my
fin - gers wan-dered i - dly O - ver the nois - y keys, I know not what I was
cres.
dim.
play-ing Or what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of mu - sic Like the
cres.
f
poco rall. dim.
3
p
sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A - men. It
flood - ed the crim - son twi - light, Like the close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it
lay on my fev - er'd spir - it, With a touch of in - fi - nite calm; It qui - et - ed pain and
sor - row, Like love o - ver - com - ing strife, It seem'd the har - mo-nious ech - o From

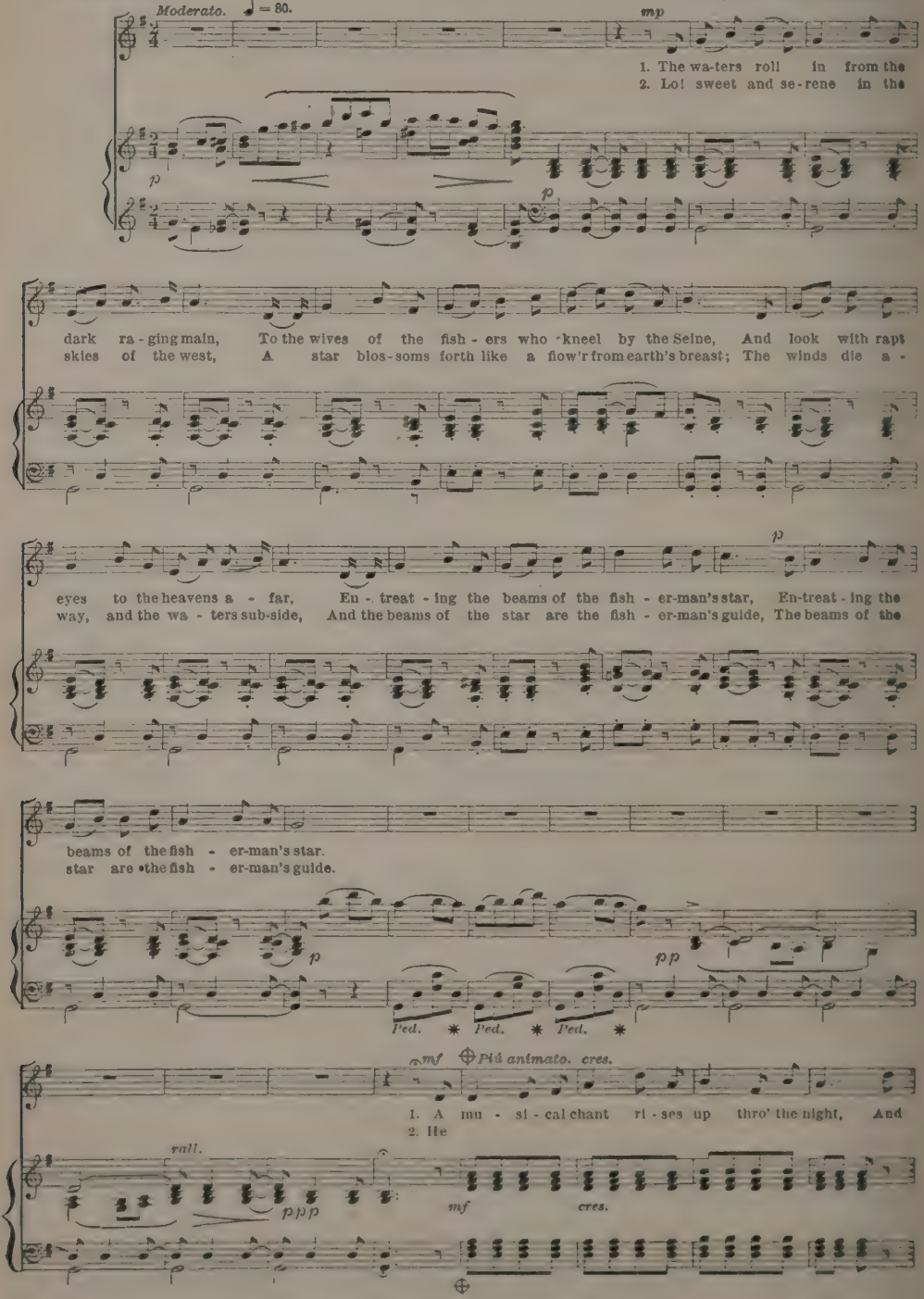
NOTE.—Piano part to this song may be obtained at any music stor

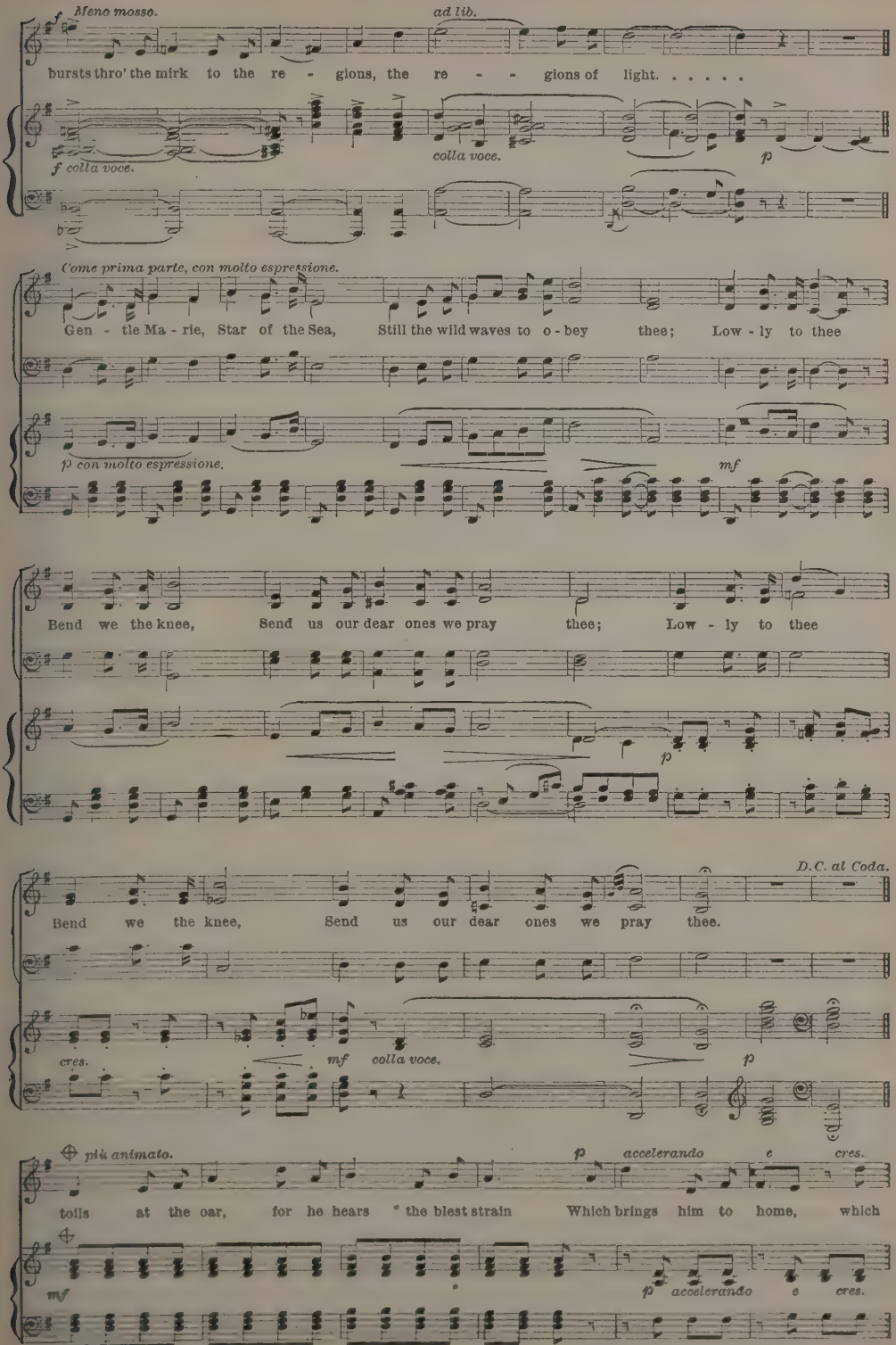

our dis - cord - ant life. It linked all per-plex-ed mean-ings, In - to one per - fect
Unison. tranquillo sempre.
f agitato.
peace, And trem - bled a - way in - to si - lence, As if it were loth to cease. I have
poco a poco piu animato.
Divided.
f agitato.
sought, but I seek it vain - ly, That one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the
f grandioso.
or - gan, And en - ter'd in - to mine. It may be that Death's bright an - gel Will
Unison. grandioso.
f
speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A -
men, It may be that Death's bright An - gel Will speak in that chord a -
ff rit. con grand forza.
gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men.
ff rit. con grand forza.

STAR OF THE SEA.

Druid Grayl.

Herbert W. Wareing.
Arr. by Frank Belknap.


Moderato. ♩ = 80.
mp
1. The wa-ters roll in from the
2. Lo! sweet and se-rene in the
p
p
dark ra-ging main, To the wives of the fish-ers who kneel by the Seine, And look with rapt
skies of the west, A star blos-soms forth like a flow'r from earth's breast; The winds die a-
p
eyes to the heavens a-far, En-treat-ing the beams of the fish-er-man's star, En-treat-ing the
way, and the wa-ters sub-side, And the beams of the star are the fish-er-man's guide, The beams of the
beams of the fish-er-man's star.
star are the fish-er-man's guide.
p
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
mf
Più animato. cres.
1. A mu-si-cal chant ri-ses up thro' the night, And
2. He
rall.
ppp
mf
cres.


Meno mosso.
ad lib.
bursts thro' the mirk to the re - gions, the re - - gions of light. . . . . .
f colla voce.
colla voce.
p
Come prima parte, con molto espressione.
Gen - tle Ma - rie, Star of the Sea, Still the wild waves to o - bey thee; Low - ly to thee
p con molto espressione.
mf
Bend we the knee, Send us our dear ones we pray thee; Low - ly to thee
p
D.C. al Coda.
Bend we the knee, Send us our dear ones we pray thee.
cres.
mf colla voce.
p
più animato.
p accelerando e cres.
toils at the oar, for he hears the blest strain Which brings him to home, which
mf
p accelerando e cres.

Solo. p
sigh; . . . . But I, ... I love to spend my time in
tell! . . . . With laugh, ... and dance, and song, the day soon
p
Chorus.
sing - ing . . Some joy - ous song, ... Some joy - ous song; . . .
pass - es, . . Full soon is gone, ... Full soon is gone; . . .
Solo.
. . To set . . . . . the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing . .
. . For mirth . . . . was made for joy - ous lads and lass - es . .
Chorus.
f
. . Is far from wrong! . . . . Is far from wrong! . . . .
. . To call their own! . . . . . To call their own! . . . . .
f

f 1st time SOLO.
Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu- sic sounds a - far! . . . Hark - en! Hark - en!
UNISON
f
Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu- sic sounds a - far! . . . Hark - en! Hark - en!
f
ten.
Mu- sic sounds a -far! Tra- la - la - la, tra- la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!
Mu- sic sounds a -far! Tra- la - la - la, tra- la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra, la - la - la!
p cres - cen - do. col canto.
f
Joy is ev - 'ry - where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la.
Joy is ev - 'ry - where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la.
f

BULL FROGS' SERENADE.

Joseph C. Lincoln. *Henry K. Hadley.*

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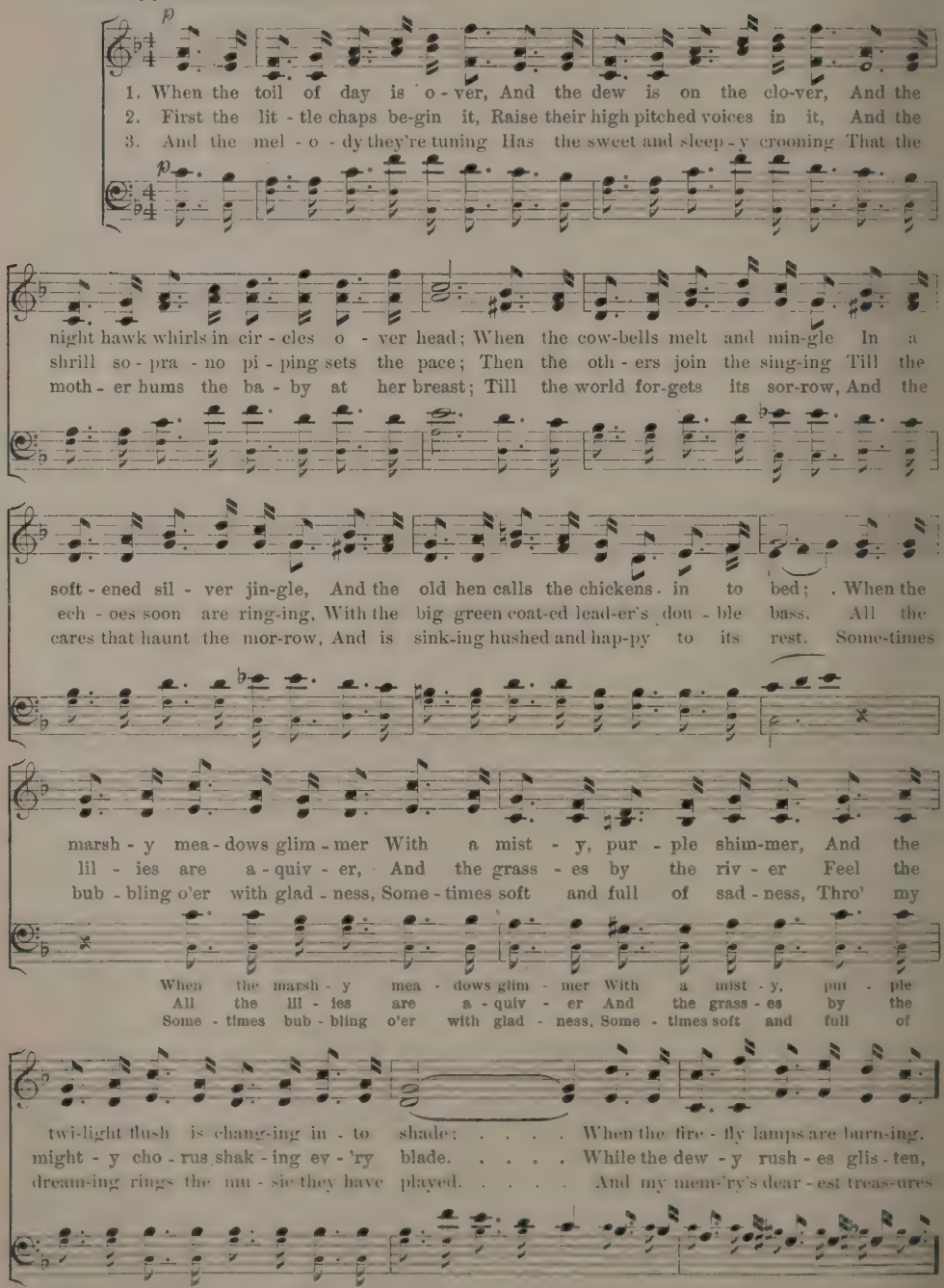

1. When the toil of day is o - ver, And the dew is on the clo-ver, And the
2. First the lit - tle chaps be-gin it, Raise their high pitched voices in it, And the
3. And the mel - o - dy they're tuning Has the sweet and sleep - y crooning That the
night hawk whirls in cir - cles o - ver head; When the cow-bells melt and min-gle In a
shrill so - pra - no pi - ping sets the pace; Then the oth - ers join the sing-ing Till the
moth - er hums the ba - by at her breast; Till the world for-gets its sor-row, And the
soft - ened sil - ver jin-gle, And the old hen calls the chickens - in to bed; When the
ech - oes soon are ring-ing, With the big green coat-ed lead-er's dou - ble bass. All the
cares that haunt the mor-row, And is sink-ing hushed and hap-py to its rest. Some-times
marsh - y mea - dows glim - mer With a mist - y, pur - ple shim-mer, And the
lil - ies are a - quiv - er, And the grass - es by the riv - er Feel the
bub - bling o'er with glad - ness, Some - times soft and full of sad - ness, Thro' my
When the marsh - y mea - dows glim - mer With a mist - y, pur - ple
All the lil - ies are a - quiv - er And the grass - es by the
Some - times bub - bling o'er with glad - ness, Some - times soft and full of
twi-light flush is chang-ing in - to shade; . . . . When the fire - fly lamps are burn-ing,
might - y cho - rus shak - ing ev - 'ry blade. . . . . While the dew - y rush - es glis - ten,
dream-ing rings the mu - sic they have played. . . . . And my mem-'ry's dear - est treas-ures
shim - mer, And the twi - light flush is chang - ing in - to shade;
riv - er Feel the might - y cho - rus shak - ing ev - 'ry blade.
sad - ness Thro' my dream - ing rings the mu - sic they have played.

NOTE: This song with piano accompaniment is published in sheet form in the "Laurel Octavo."

Hum with closed lips.

a tempo.

And the dusk to dark is turning, Then the bull frogs chant their evening serenade.
As they bend their heads to listen To the bull frogs' summer evening serenade. *Hum with closed lips.*
Have been fit-ted to the measures Of the bull frogs' summer evening serenade.

Deep, deep,

Bet-ter go round, bet-ter go round, Deep deep, Bet - ter go round, bet - ter go round,

rit.

Bet - ter go round, Bet - ter go round, Bet - ter go round, Bet - ter go round.

rit.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Old Welsh.

David Owen.
Arr. by N. Clifford Page.

Quietly. ♩ = 66.
Humming with lips closed.

pp

1. Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee, All thro' the night; Guar-dian an-gels
2. While the moon her watch is keeping, All thro' the night; While the wea - ry
3. Hark, a sol-emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the night; Thou, my love, art

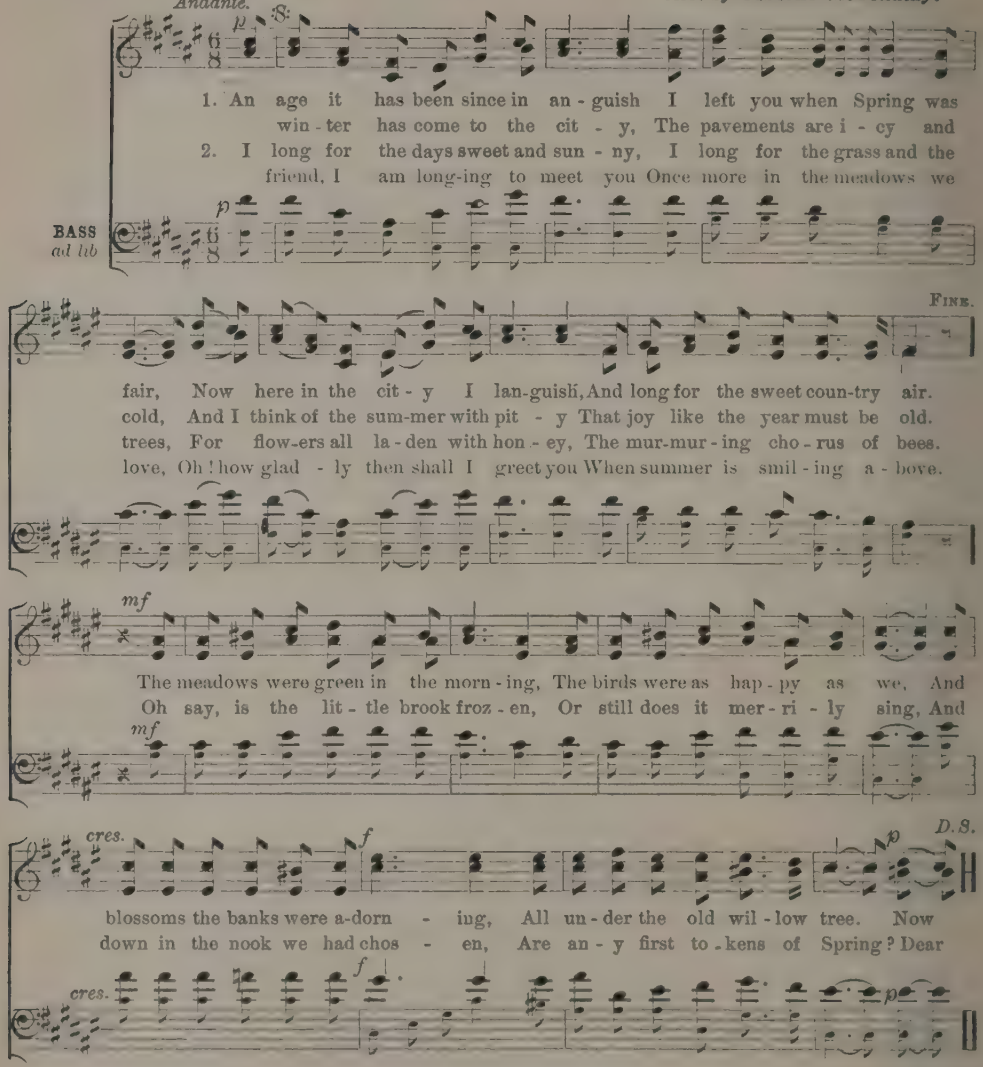
mp

God will send thee, All thro' the night. Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing,
world is sleep - ing, All thro' the night. O'er thy spir - it gen - tly steal - ing,
heav'n-ward wing - ing, Home thro' the night. Earth - ly dust from off thee shak - en,

Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing, I my lov - ing vi - gil keep-ing. All thro' the night.
Vi - sions of de-light re-veal - ing, Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel-ing, All thro' the night.
By good an - gels art thou tak - en, Soul im-mor - tal thou shalt wak-en, Home thro' the night.

A LETTER.

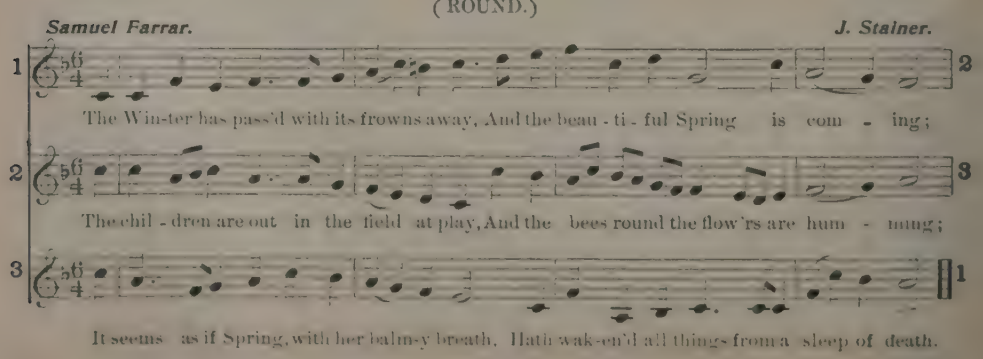
Abbie Farwell Brown. *Offenbach.*
Arr. by Osborne McConathy.


Andante.
p
1. An age it has been since in an - guish I left you when Spring was
win - ter has come to the cit - y, The pavements are i - cy and
2. I long for the days sweet and sun - ny, I long for the grass and the
friend, I am long-ing to meet you Once more in the meadows we
BASS
ad lib
Fine.
fair, Now here in the cit - y I lan-guish, And long for the sweet coun-try air.
cold, And I think of the sum-mer with pit - y That joy like the year must be old.
trees, For flow-ers all la - den with hon - ey, The mur-mur - ing cho - rus of bees.
love, Oh! how glad - ly then shall I greet you When summer is smil - ing a - bove.
mf
The meadows were green in the morn - ing, The birds were as hap - py as we, And
Oh say, is the lit - tle brook froz - en, Or still does it mer - ri - ly sing, And
cres.
f
D.S.
blossoms the banks were a-dorn - ing, All un - der the old wil - low tree. Now
down in the nook we had chos - en, Are an - y first to - kens of Spring? Dear

SPRING.

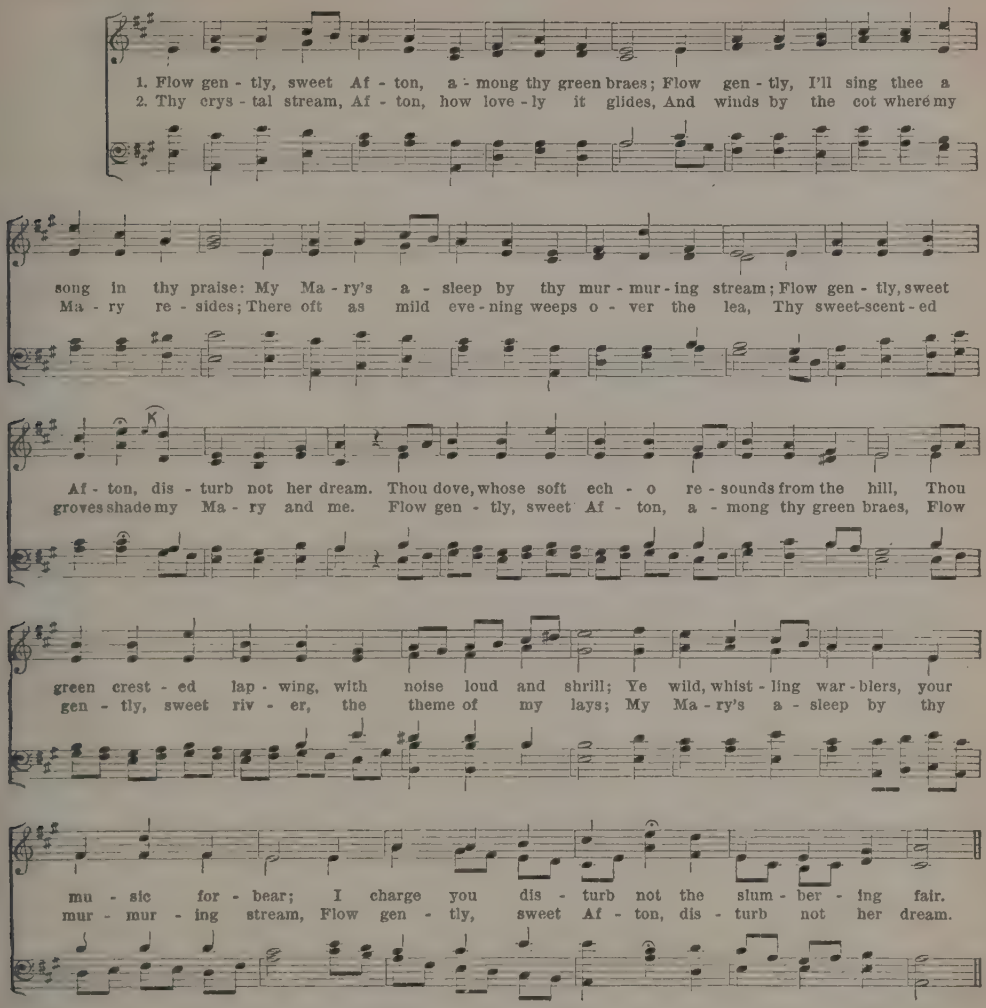
(ROUND.)

Samuel Farrar. *J. Stalner.*


1
2
The Win-ter has pass'd with its frowns away, And the beau - ti - ful Spring is com - ing;
2
3
The chil - dren are out in the field at play, And the bees round the flow'rs are hum - ming;
3
1
It seems as if Spring, with her balm-y breath, Hath wak-en'd all things from a sleep of death.

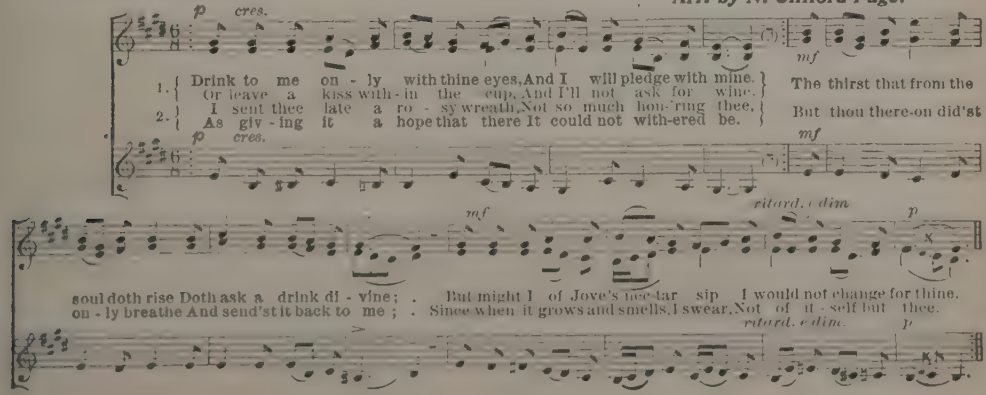
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Robert Burns. *Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist.*


1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a
2. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my
song in thy praise: My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream; Flow gen - tly, sweet
Ma - ry re - sides; There oft as mild eve - ning weeps o - ver the lea, Thy sweet-scent - ed
Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou dove, whose soft ech - o re - sounds from the hill, Thou
groves shade my Ma - ry and me. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow
green crest - ed lap - wing, with noise loud and shrill; Ye wild, whist - ling war - blers, your
gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
mu - sic for - bear; I charge you dis - turb not the slum - ber - ing fair.
mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

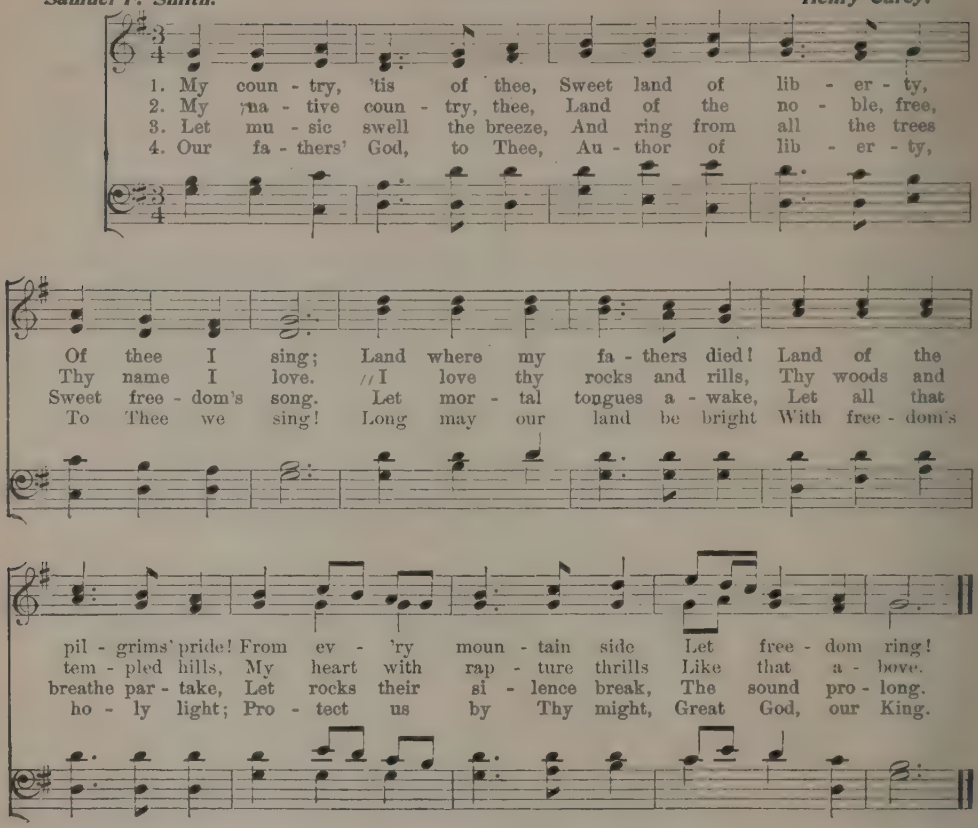
Ben Jonson (1573-1637). *Old English Air. Date unknown.*
Arr. by N. Clifford Page.


p cres.
mf
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine.
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with-ered be.
But thou there-on did'st
p cres.
mf
mf
ritard. e dim.
p
soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine; But might I of Jove's nec-tar sip I would not change for thine.
on - ly breathe And send'st it back to me; Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.
ritard. e dim.
p

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

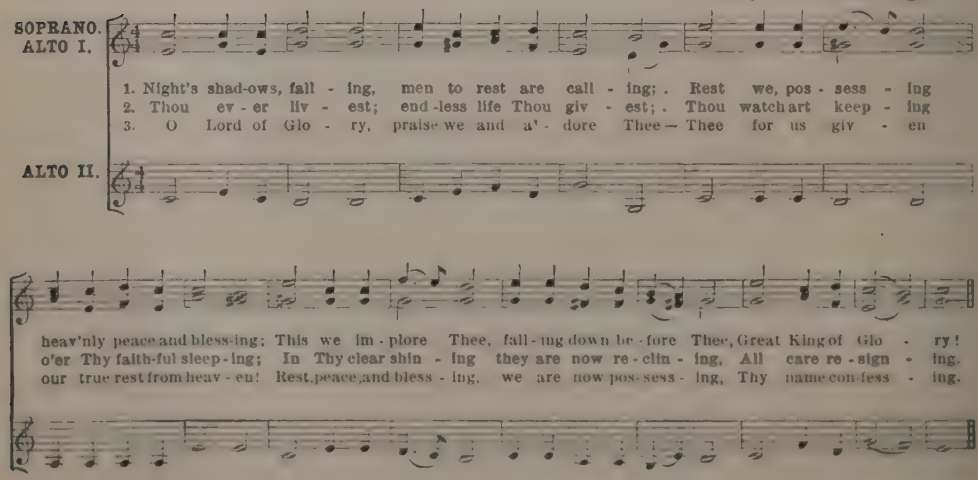
(AMERICA.)

Samuel F. Smith. *Henry Carey.*


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song. Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing! Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

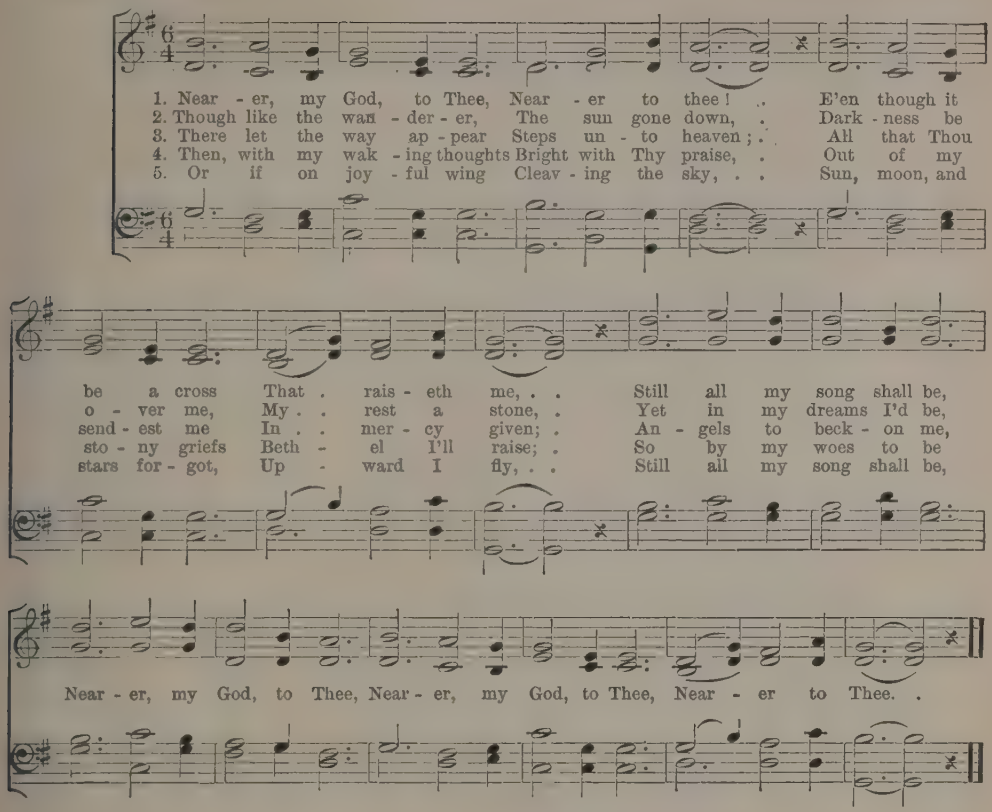
INTEGER VITÆ.

Flemming.
Arr. by N. Clifford Page.


SOPRANO.
ALTO I.
1. Night's shad-ows, fall - ing, men to rest are call - ing; Rest we, pos - sess - ing
2. Thou ev - er liv - est; end - less life Thou giv - est; Thou watch art keep - ing
3. O Lord of Glo - ry, praise we and a' - dore Thee — Thee for us giv - en
ALTO II.
heav'nly peace and bless-ing; This we im - plore Thee, fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Great King of Glo - ry!
o'er Thy faith-ful sleep - ing; In Thy clear shin - ing they are now re - clin - ing, All care re - sign - ing.
our true rest from heav - en! Rest, peace, and bless - ing, we are now pos - sess - ing, Thy name con-fess - ing.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

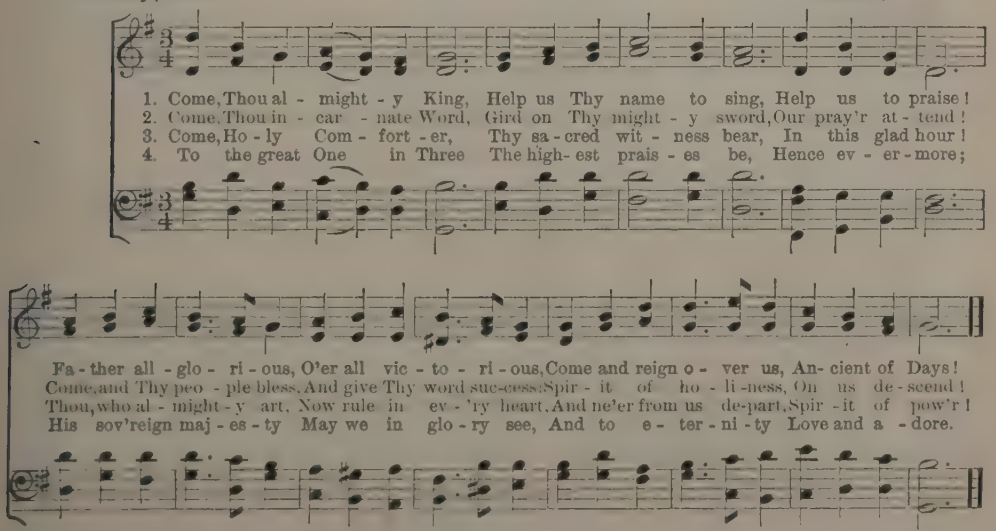
Sarah F. Adams, 1841. *Lowell Mason, 1856.*


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be,
send - est me In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

C. Wesley, 1757. *F. De Giardini, 1769.*


1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise!
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r at - tend!
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour!
4. To the great One in Three The high- est prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more;
Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An- cient of Days!
Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
His sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

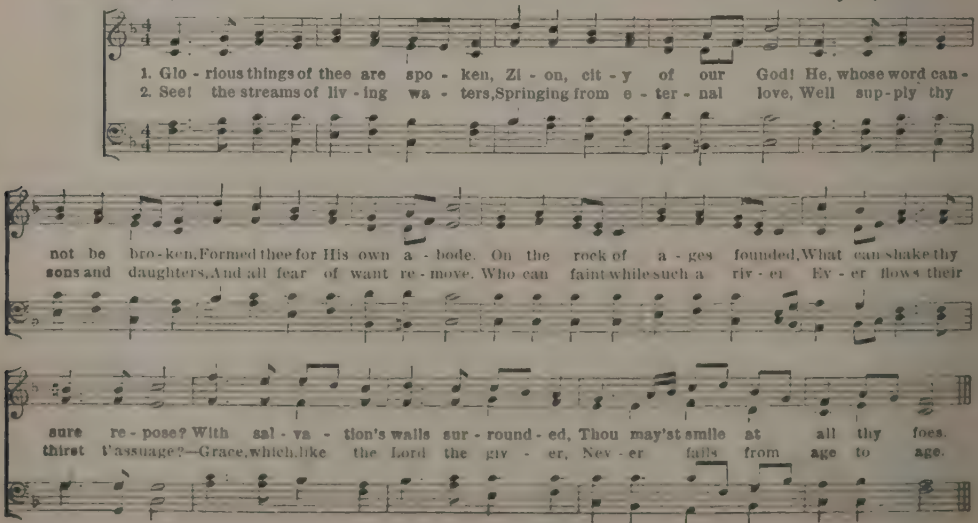
(CREATION.)

J. Addison, 1712. *Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1798.*

1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous
3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this dark ter - res - trial
sky, And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great o - rig - in - al pro -
tale, And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her
ball; What though no re - al voice nor sound A - midst their ra - diant orbs be
claim. Th' un-wea - ried sun from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis -
birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their
found; In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a glo - rious
Ped.
play, And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al-might - y hand.
turn, Con - firm the tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
voice; For - ev - er sing - ing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

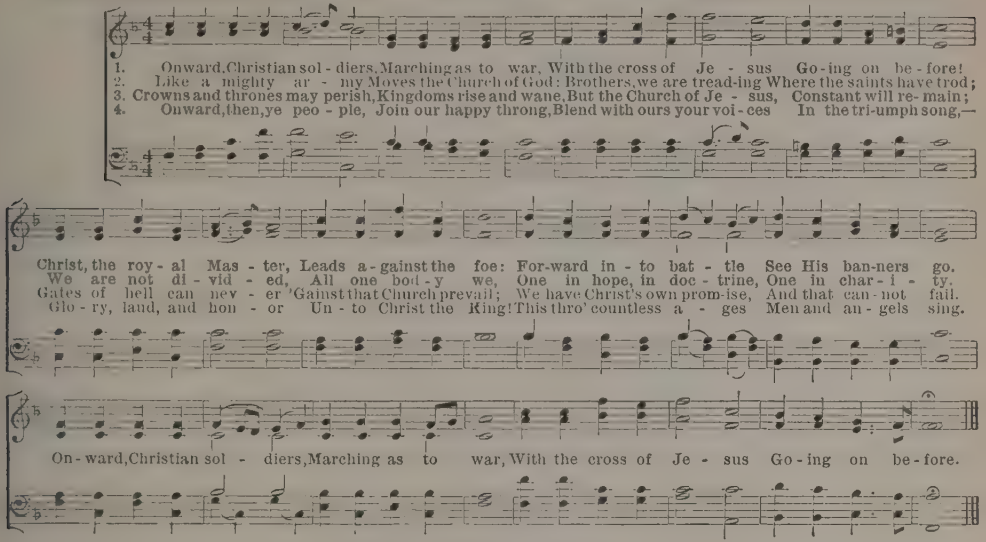
GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

John Newton, 1779. *F. J. Haydn, 1797.*


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! He, whose word can -
2. See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love, Well sup-ply thy
not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. On the rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy
sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move. Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their
sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
thirst t'assuage?—Grace, which, like the Lord the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.

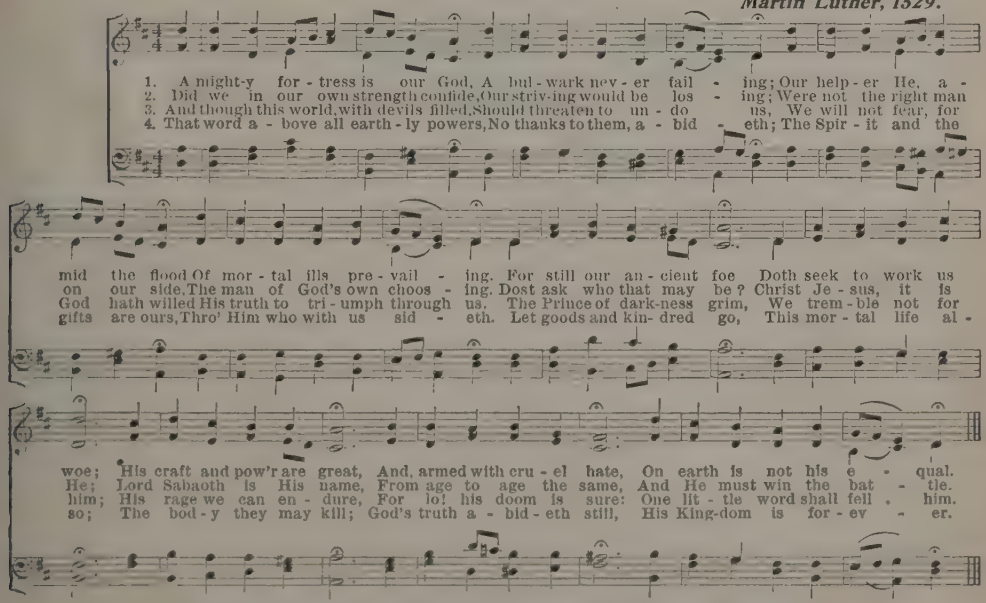
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865. *Arthur S. Sullivan, 1871.*


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod;
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus, Constant will re - main;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri-umph song,—
Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe: For-ward in - to bat - tle See His ban-ners go.
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail.
Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King! This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

EIN' FESTE BURG.

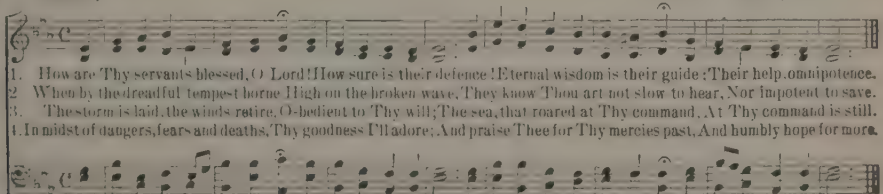
Martin Luther, 1529.


1. A might-y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our help - er He, a -
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing; Were not the right man
3. And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un - do us, We will not fear, for
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The Spir - it and the
mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us
on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is
God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us. The Prince of dark-ness grim, We trem - ble not for
gifts are ours, Thro' Him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin- dred go, This mor - tal life al -
woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
He; Lord Sabaoth is His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
him; His rage we can en - dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell . him.
so; The bod - y they may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His King-dom is for - ev - er.

THESE SEE HIS WONDERS IN THE DEEP.

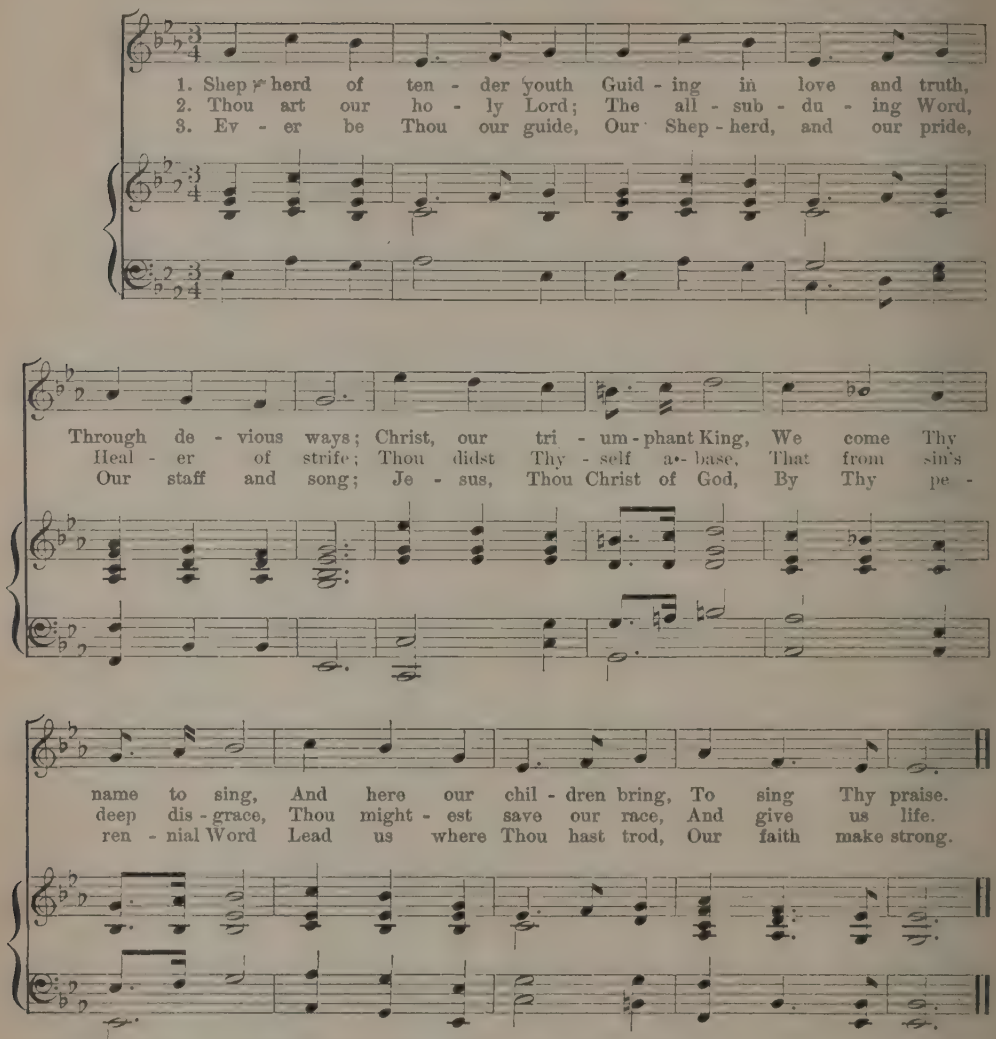
(DUNDEE.)

Joseph Addison, 1712. *Scottish Psalter, 1615.*


1. How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord! How sure is their defence! Eternal wisdom is their guide: Their help omnipotence.
2. When by the dreadful tempest borne High on the broken wave, They know Thou art not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.
3. The storm is laid, the winds retire, O-bedient to Thy will; The sea, that roared at Thy command, At Thy command is still.
4. In midst of dangers, fears and deaths, Thy goodness I'll adore; And praise Thee for Thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH.

Jessie L. Gaynor.

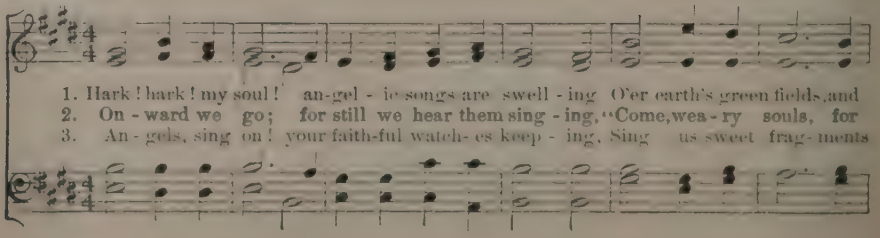

1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth Guid - ing in love and truth,
2. Thou art our ho - ly Lord; The all - sub - du - ing Word,
3. Ev - er be Thou our guide, Our Shep - herd, and our pride,
Through de - vious ways; Christ, our tri - um - phant King, We come Thy
Heal - er of strife; Thou didst Thy - self a - base, That from sin's
Our staff and song; Je - sus, Thou Christ of God, By Thy pe -
name to sing, And here our chil - dren bring, To sing Thy praise.
deep dis - grace, Thou might - est save our race, And give us life.
ren - nial Word Lead us where Thou hast trod, Our faith make strong.

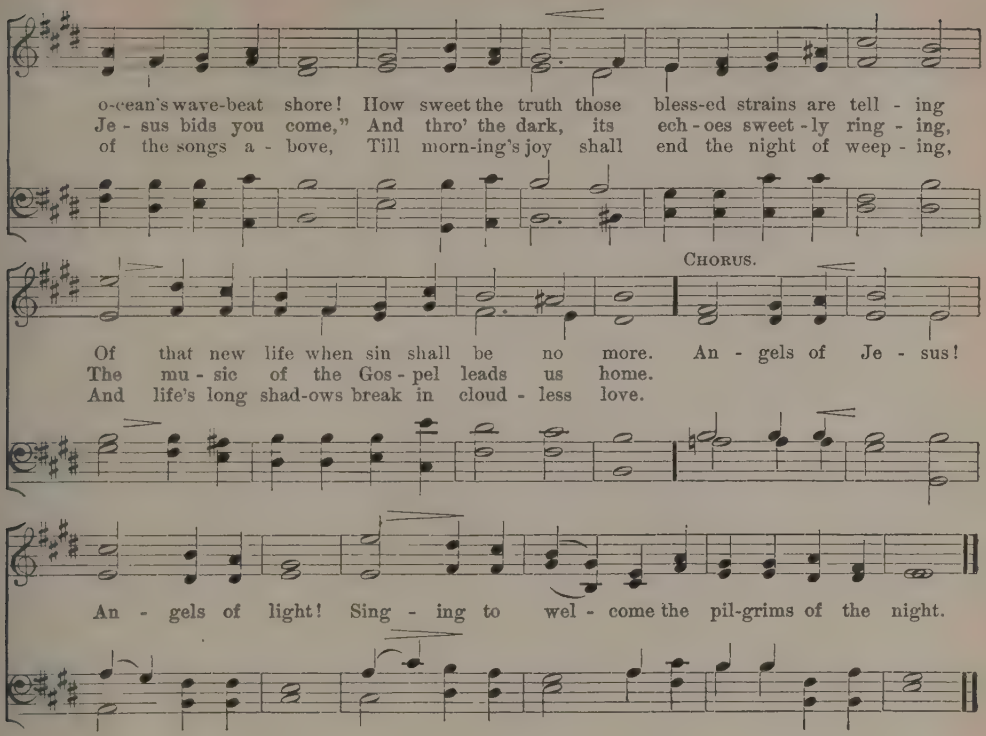
NOTE. — This hymn, from the third book of Clement of Alexandria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the primitive Christian Church.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL, ANGELIC SONGS.

(PILGRIMS.)

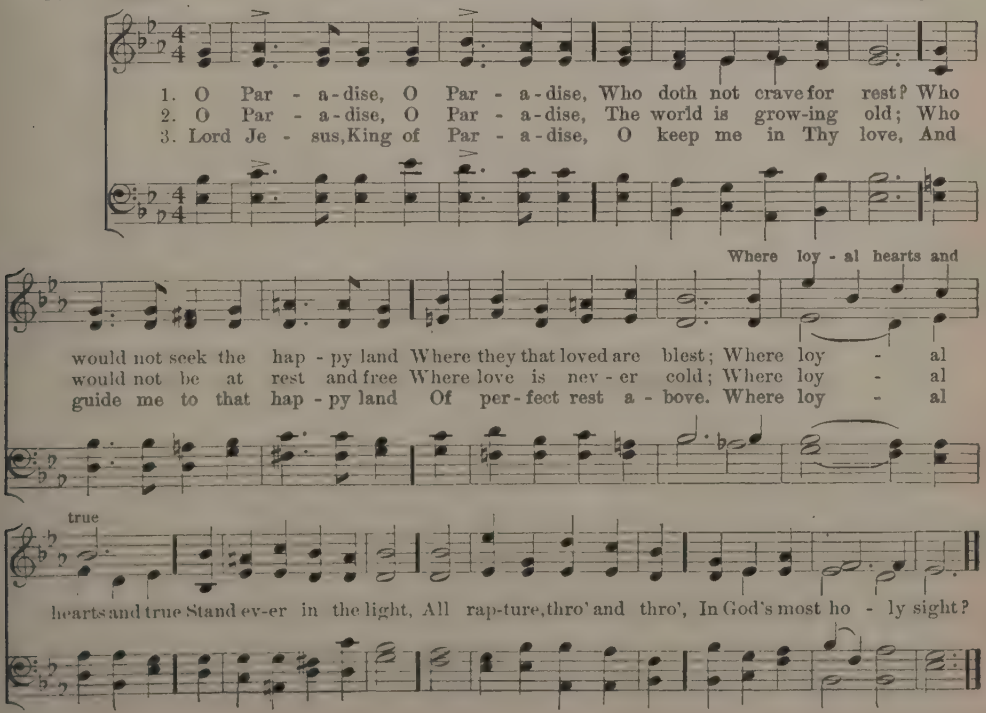
Frederick W. Faber. *Henry Smart.*


1. Hark! hark! my soul! an-gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go; for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
3. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch- es keep - ing, Sing us sweet frag - ments


o-cean's wave-beat shore! How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
Je - sus bids you come," And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,
Chorus.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus!
The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
And life's long shad-ows break in cloud - less love.
An - gels of light! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night.

O PARADISE, O PARADISE.

F. W. Faber. *J. Barnby.*


1. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who
2. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, The world is grow-ing old; Who
3. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a-dise, O keep me in Thy love, And
Where loy - al hearts and
would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loy - al
would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold; Where loy - al
guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove. Where loy - al
true
hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light, All rap-ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight?

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